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THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL



VIEW OF COVENT GARDEN
(About 1720)

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

By
SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR
KNT. CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN
(HENRY FIELDING)

EDITED BY
GERARD EDWARD JENSEN

VOLUME I



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TO
MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER
AND IN MEMORY OF E. R. R.

PREFACE

In this edition of Henry Fielding's contributions to his *Covent-Garden Journal* I have omitted two book-reviews which are very obviously not his, but have reprinted all of the leading articles irrespective of their authorship. The accentuation and punctuation of the original have been followed throughout; and with the exception of the substitution of the modern *s* for the older form and of the separate Greek characters in place of ligatures, no changes have been made in the original text. The presence of rotograph prints of the entire *Journal* in the Yale Library and the publication of these volumes, now for the first time make a complete text readily available.

The most important service which I have rendered to students of the *Journal* is the discovery of all the folio numbers missing in the British Museum. Another gratifying discovery is the evidence that Fielding was generous with his money at a time when he is supposed to have been in financial distress—witness his support of the Lying-in Hospital on Brownlow Street. In gathering the material which has a direct bearing on the Newspaper-War, I have been able to do another slight service in a relatively unimportant field. Finally, I believe that I have definitely proved that the Z. Z. signature commonly supposed to be Fielding's is not his.

My thanks are due to Messrs. Henry W. Thompson, of London, and F. F. Norcross, of Chicago, for obtaining access to the collection of the late John Henry

Wrenn, of Chicago, in whose library is a complete file of the numbers of this *Journal*. I am indebted especially to Professor W. L. Cross, of New Haven, for his companionship and suggestions during the preparation of this work, but I can make no adequate acknowledgment of my debt here.

G. E. J.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

INTRODUCTION.

THE ORIGIN OF THE COVENT-GARDEN 9083 JOURNAL.

At the time when he was planning to issue his *Covent-Garden Journal*, in November, 1751, "Henry Fielding, Esq.," who had attained great prominence as a novelist and as a writer on legal subjects, was at the highest point of his career. In the law, after a long apprenticeship, he had procured, in 1748, a position much beneath his powers, but one which paid him a very necessary income—the office of Justice of the Peace for Westminster; and in 1749 his jurisdiction was extended to the County of Middlesex. In this office he acted as a kind of police-court magistrate, giving to it more time and more arduous labor than he was really fit to give, and had gained therein some distinction and no little notoriety. There he had conducted his duties most efficiently and honestly (unlike his predecessors), and had gone far beyond what was required of him in an attempt to reform the corrupt methods of administering justice and to remedy defects in the laws themselves. He had already published his *Increase of Robbers*, and had in mind other schemes for ridding London of its large horde of criminals and for providing for its poor.¹

As a novelist Fielding had already accomplished his

¹ See *London Daily Advertiser*, No. 229, Nov. 25, 1751, and *Notes* on No. 36, I. 341. 27.

greatest work with the publication, in 1749, of *Tom Jones*; and in November, 1751, he was preparing for the press his last novel, *Amelia*, a book which brought him a substantial reward and gave him renewed prominence in the literary world. But in his own day, Fielding seems never to have gained that just and full measure of appreciation and praise which later generations have given him. Yet in the rapid sale of his novels and in the praise of a few worthy critics, Fielding must have found no little satisfaction, even in the face of numerous hostile criticisms; for whatever degree of success he had won was due to his own natural talents and his unceasing labor. Some credit, however, must be given to the encouragement and assistance which had come from his friends—men who continued their support in his new venture: Henry Pelham, the Prime Minister; the Duke of Bedford, whose “princely benefactions”¹ to Fielding may have included the rental of the Bow-Street house in which Fielding lived with his second wife; Ralph Allen,² who continued to assist the Fielding family even after Henry’s death; George Lyttleton, to whose influence he owed his appointment to the office of Justice; and such associates as Garrick and Hogarth.³

One naturally wonders why Fielding, at this point in his career, contemplated writing a paper which he must have realized, from previous experiences,⁴ would bring a swarm of enemies about him, even though it might well serve his purpose. His main motive seems to have been unselfish—a whole-hearted desire to

¹ Dobson’s *Life* (N. Y. 1900), p. 164.

² The patron of *Amelia*.

³ For Garrick see *Notes* on No. 3, I. 151. 14; for Hogarth, *Notes* on No. 21, I. 258. 17.

⁴ The *Champion*, *Jacobite’s Journal*, and *True Patriot*.

reform the manners and morals of the age, and to remedy the defects in the administering of justice to those whom the pernicious influences of the age had perverted.¹ In analyzing other possible motives, we must reject the idea that Fielding intended to make his paper a political sheet for the support of the party then in power, for we find him expressly denying any such intention in his first issue, and faithfully adhering to his word thereafter. It is also certain that Fielding, in his first plan, had no intention of conducting a paper-war which was to be waged chiefly with abusive personal attacks; for at the time he was ignored by most of his enemies, and was on good terms with his arch-enemy, John Hill, the 'Inspector.' Indeed, after delaying the publication of his *Journal* to a time when he might well have found cause to retaliate bitterly for his enemies' abuse of *Amelia*, it is evident that he had no intention of doing this, even in printing the account of the mock Paper-War in his early issues. For in this "jocose war," begun in friendly conflict with Hill, there was to be no personal abuse, merely gentle ridicule of the Grub-Street publications—as Fielding puts it, "vice and folly, not particular men" were to be ridiculed; but he did not foresee that Hill would use forbidden weapons and that he would have to be fought with personal ridicule.

Closely connected with his program of reform, there was in Fielding's mind a very strong desire for giving publicity to his work and plans in his office of Justice of the Peace—his attempts to reconstruct the legal machinery with which he worked. But we must not overlook another very probable motive, one, however, which certainly was not uppermost in Fielding's mind.

¹ See Nos. 4 and 5.

This was his very earnest desire to add to his insufficient income, and to provide for his family's welfare in the days when he knew he would be prostrated by his chronic illness. Since early in the forties, Fielding had been suffering from the gout; and now, after a very serious attack in 1749, was somewhat better, but still going about on crutches.¹ He refers to himself in his *Journal* as an old man,² though he had not yet begun his forty-sixth year; and his unkind contemporaries speak of him as in his decline, in a physical and mental dotage;³ but the spirit of the man was by no means old or broken as yet. Indeed, it was two years before he finally gave in to his disease and took, as a last resort, a sea-voyage to Lisbon, where he died of a complication of disorders. In this condition, with a wife and children on his hands and two homes to keep up, one in Bow Street and the other near Ealing, Fielding's expenses must have exceeded the slender income received from his regular employment, a sum "little more than £300, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk . . ."⁴ It is also apparent that the £700 received from his *Tom Jones*, and the £1000 from his *Amelia* were insufficient to tide him over any great length of time; for at the beginning of the winter of 1753, his private affairs, to quote his own words, "had but a gloomy aspect."⁵ Even with the assistance of his wealthy friends, his total income

¹ See *Old England*, Dec. 2, 1752, on p. 91, below.

² See No. 8, I. 186. 34.

³ See extract from *Old England*, on p. 40, below, and Smollett's *Faithful Narrative*, Henley Edit., XII. 175. In this last Fielding is represented as old and failing. Smollett mentions his having lost all of his teeth, and this seems to be borne out in Hogarth's portrait of Fielding.

⁴ *Journal of a Voyage*, Henley Edit., XVI. 190.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 189.

seems to have been inadequate;¹ it is no wonder, therefore, that he undertook his *Covent-Garden Journal* as a possible new source of income. From the sale of this paper and from the advertisements therein he certainly must have derived some profit; no such venture would have weathered eleven months unless it had paid Fielding some slight return. Then by inserting in his *Journal* the advertisements of the Universal Register Office, an employment bureau founded by John and Henry Fielding in 1749, Fielding may have increased the business of this concern, and may have realized a better return on his twenty shares in it.

Preceding Fielding's *Covent-Garden Journal* there had been a paper by the same name, one which may have suggested to Fielding the title for his own paper:

The *Covent-Garden JOURNAL*. No. I.

To be publish'd Once every Month; during the present
WESTMINSTER ELECTION

By PAUL WRONGHEAD, of the *Fleet*, Esq:

TUESDAY, *December 5*, 1749.

Printed for *T. Smith, R. Webb, and S. Johnson . . .*

This is a single folio,² printed on one side only, and is an ephemeral political sheet directed at Lord Trentham; but, beyond the suggestiveness of its name, has no more connection with Fielding's paper than has the *Covent-Garden Journal* of 1810, or the *Covent-Garden Magazine* of 1774.

¹ See extract from *Spring-Garden Journal* on p. 95, below.

² In the British Museum.

The first announcement of Henry Fielding's venture came in the *London Daily Advertiser*, Friday, November 1, 1751, in a paragraph immediately following an advertisement of his Universal Register Office, and reads as follows:

At this OFFICE

On Saturday the 23^d instant will be published (Price
Three-Pence)

The Covent-Garden JOURNAL
A Paper of ENTERTAINMENT
By Several EMINENT HANDS

To be continued every Tuesday and Saturday in the
Morning.

All Persons who are pleased to subscribe their Names
and Places of Abode at the said Office, will be supplied
with this Paper at their Houses.

This announcement, however, was premature, for Fielding did not publish his new paper on the date which he had set; and when that date had passed, gave no notice of postponing publication until December 18th, of that same year, the day on which he published his *Amelia*. In the second volume of this book, at the end, there is an advertisement of the Universal Register Office, and, following it, this notice:

All Persons, who intend to take in THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, which will be certainly published on *Saturday* the 4th of January next, Price 3d. are desired to send their Names, and Places of Abode, to the above Office, opposite *Cecil-Street* in the Strand. And the said Paper will then be delivered at their Houses.

On the same day, the *London Daily Advertiser* contains the following advertisement:

On Saturday January 4 will be Published,

Price Three-pence

(And to be continued every Tuesday and Saturday)

The Covent-Garden JOURNAL

By Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knight,

CENSOR of Great Britain.

Those Gentlemen and Ladies who are willing to take in this Paper . . . [the rest slightly varied from the wording of the previous notice].

Herein we discover the date to which Fielding had postponed his first issue, but no explanation of the delay; and, secondly, the new heading under which his paper might be expected to appear, and under which it did make its appearance on the date advertised. On the face of things, Fielding had changed his first plan of issuing a paper by *Several Eminent Hands*, and was now about to act in solitary grandeur as *Knight-Censor*. The significance of this change is somewhat uncertain,¹ but the delay in publication is readily explained here by stating that the labor involved in the publication of *Amelia*, in addition to the burden of Fielding's other work, made the earlier publication of his *Journal* impossible. Subsequent to this date, Fielding advertised his paper in the *London Daily Advertiser* on the 19th, 23d, and 31st of December, and in the *Whitehall Evening Post* on the 24th of December and the 4th of the next month, the day on which his paper first appeared.

¹ See pp. 99 ff., below, for signatures and tests for Fielding's contributions.

THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF
THE JOURNAL.

The *Covent-Garden Journal* was published during eleven months of 1752, and went through seventy-two issues, all uniform in general appearance, each number containing four three-column pages measuring $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Throughout its career this paper was issued regularly from the press of Mrs. Dodd, at the *Peacock, Temple-Bar*. Beginning on January 4, 1752, as a bi-weekly, the *Journal* was issued on Tuesdays and Saturdays until July 4th (No. 53); and thereafter was issued on Saturdays only, the final number appearing on November 25th. There is an apparent gap of two weeks between the sixty-first number, on August 29th, and the sixty-second, on September 15th, but as a matter of fact only five days elapsed between these two issues; for under the provisions of the Calendar Act,¹ September 2d was reckoned as September 14th, eleven days being dropped in order to bring England's reckoning up to the Gregorian computation then generally adopted on the Continent. During the year the headquarters of this *Journal* were at Fielding's Universal Register Office, opposite Cecil Street in the Strand; but Mrs. Dodd acted also as his agent in taking in advertisements and *Letters to the Author*, and in selling the paper.

In its own day the *Covent-Garden Journal* was somewhat unique in form and contents, and in the style of its leading articles resembled the earlier types more closely than the contemporary. Indeed, the whole

¹ 1751.

sheet smacks less of purely business interests, and has a stronger personal atmosphere than any other of the *bona fide* newspapers which were then being issued. In format it was slightly smaller than the other news-sheets, and was on better paper and better printed—in appearance a superior sheet and in price unusually high, bringing in threepence an issue.¹ Fielding speaks of this superiority in format, and contends,² in a humorous vein, that the unusual excellence of its contents also warranted his charging an unusual rate for subscriptions. To be sure, his leaders are not extraordinarily excellent essays, but in that period they certainly were quite out of the ordinary, and if not more highly regarded in his own day than those of his contemporaries, are now of especial value to students of Fielding.

These leaders and the contributed articles, which sometimes took their place, usually occupied the three columns of the first page and several of the second, but rarely ran over five columns in all. The rest of the columns was given up to a pageful, more or less, of news,—*Modern History*, *Foreign Affairs*, stock-quotations, news from Fielding's Covent-Garden Office, and legal notices—which ran over pages two, three, and four; and to paid advertisements, which usually filled the last page, or were divided between pages two and four. In addition to this, there appeared in the first four numbers a *Journal* of the Paper-War, and in the following twenty-four issues³ occasional reports of the *Proceedings* of his Censorial Court.

¹ Each number, however, bore a paper-tax stamp of a halfpenny.

² In No. 1, I. 136. 19.

³ There is one isolated case in No. 72.

Every number was headed by the title¹ which is herein shown in facsimile facing p. 8, and each of the seventy-two leaders, excepting that in No. 63,² begins with an appropriate motto. The greater number of these leaders are essays from Fielding's pen and are signed with his pen-initials. But there are also many contributed articles in prose and verse; and in some cases we find bits of verse contributed probably by Fielding himself. All of these leaders, together with most of the reports from the Censorial Court, are herein reprinted entire, with notes, for the first time. The other parts (a facsimile of the last page faces p. 12, below) need a brief description here.

The news, both foreign and domestic, was taken bodily from the current newspapers and arranged under the week-days which had elapsed since the last issue. For the first fifty-three numbers due acknowledgment was made to those papers by suffixing to the items the initials of the papers from which they had been borrowed—*L. D. A.* indicating the *London Daily Advertiser*; *L. G.*, the *London Gazetteer*, etc.; but thereafter the custom was dropped. This was a most convenient and inexpensive system—no reporters were required, merely a pair of scissors and a paste-pot. His *Modern History* (London and country news) in the first sixteen issues was enlivened *Cum Notis Variorum*, serious or humorous comments on the home news of the day, in spirit sharply sarcastic, sympathetic, or burlesque. Take for instance this gem:³

¹ Unchanged except for dates and the insertion of *3d.* beginning with No. 5.

² See *Notes* on 63, II. 97. 6.

³ From No. 1 (p. 2, c. 3).

The Covent-Garden Journal.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of GREAT BRITAIN.

Price 3 d.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1752.

NUMB. 51.

To be continued every TUESDAY and SATURDAY.

He libi erant artes.

VIRGO.

These must be your golden Rules.



IF all our Manufactures, there is none at present in a more flourishing Condition, or which hath received more considerable Improvement of late Years, than the Manufacture of Paper. To such Perfection is this brought at present, that it almost promises to rival the great Staple Commodity of this Kingdom.

The two principal Branches of this Manufacture are carried on by Paining and Printing. To what a Degree of Excellence the Artists are arrived in the former, I need not mention. Our painted Paper is scarce distinguishable from the finest Silk; and there is scarce a modern House, which hath not one or more Rooms lined with this Furniture.

But however valuable this Branch may be, it is by no Means equal to that which is carried on by Printing. Of such Consequence indeed to the Public may this Part of the Paper Manufacture be made, that I doubt not but that with proper Care, it would be capable of finding an ample Provision for the Poor. To which Purpose it seems better adapted than any other, for a Reason which I shall presently assign.

Of Printing likewise, there are two Kinds; that of the Rolling, and that of the Letter Press, — or perhaps I shall be better understood by most of my Readers, by the Terms Prints and Books.

The Former (though of infinitely the less Consequence) hath been of late much improved; and though it doth not consume a great Quantity of Paper, doth however employ a great Number of

Hands. This was formerly an inconsiderable Business, and very few got their Bread by it; but some ingenious Persons have of late so greatly extended it, that there are at present almost as many Print-Shops, as there are Bakers in this Metropolis.

This Improvement hath been owing to a deep Penetration into human Nature, by which it hath been discovered, that there are two Sights which the Generality of Mankind do hunger after, with little less Avidity, than after their daily Bread. The one is to behold certain Prints which are severally common to one half of the Species exhibited to View, in the most amiable and inviting Manner; the other is to see certain Faces, which belong to Individuals, exposed in a ridiculous and contemptible Light. By feeding both which Appetites the Print-makers have very plentifully fed themselves.

I come now to the second Branch of Printing, namely to that which is performed at the Letter-press, and which consists of Books, Pamphlets, Papers, &c. The flourishing State of this Manufacture needs no Kind of Proof. It is indeed certain, that more Paper is now consumed this Way in a Week, than was formerly the Consumption of a Year.

To this notable Encrease, nothing perhaps hath more contributed, than the new Invention of writing without the Qualifications of any Genius or Learning. The first Printers, possibly misled by an old Precept in one Horace, seem to have imagined, that both those Ingredients were necessary in the Writer; and accordingly we find they employed themselves on such Samples only, as were produced by Men, in whom Genius and Learning concurred; but modern Times have discovered, that the Trade is very well to be carried on without either; and this by introducing several new Kind of Wares, the Manufacture of which, is extremely easy, as well as extremely lucrative. The Principal of these, are Blasphemy, Treason, Bawdry and Scandal. For in the making up of all these, the Qualifications above-mentioned, together with that Modesty, which is inseparable from them, would be rather an Incumbrance than of any real use.

No sooner were these new fashioned Wares brought to Market, than the Paper Merchants, commonly called Book-sellers, found so immense a Demand for them, that their Business was to find Hands sufficient to supply the Wants of the Public. In this however, they had no great Difficulty, as the Work was so extremely easy, that no Talents whatever (except that of being able to write) not even the Capacity of Spelling, were requisite.

The Methods however which have been used by the Paper-Merchants to make these new fashioned Wares universally known, are very ingenious and worthy our Notice.

The first of these Methods was for the Merchant himself to mount in the most public Part of the Town into a wooden Machine called the Pillory, where he stood for the Space of an Hour proclaiming his Goods to all that pass that Way. This was practised with much Success by the late Mr. Curl, Mr. Mill and others, who never failed of selling several large Bales of Goods in this Manner.

Notwithstanding however the Profits arising from this Method of Publication, it was not without Objections; for several wretched Persons among the Mob, were used on such Occasions to divert themselves by pelting the Merchant while he stood exposed on the Publishing-Stool, with rotten Eggs and other mischievous Implements, by which Means, he often came off much bedawbed, and sometimes not without bodily Hurt.

Some of the more cunning therefore among the Merchants, began to decline

Note, This Paper is to be had at the Universal Register Office, next the Corner of Bishopsgate-Street, Cornhill.



A TITLE-PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

“We are assured there will be no Ode performed in the Great Council Chamber at St. James’s this Day [Wed. Jan. 1st], as has been usual on New Year’s Day. Id.—*If this Fact be true, the Town will have this Year escaped both the annual Odes; and the true Lovers of the Muses may hope, that the Laureate will, for the future, make a Sine Cure of his Office.*”

This was, of course, directed against Fielding’s old enemy, Colley Cibber, then Laureate, whose wretched *Odes* were perpetrated upon the town at regular intervals.¹ But after No. 16, Fielding abandoned adding these comments, and gradually increased the quantity of his news; until, at the last, especially when the paper was issued on Saturdays only, nearly one-half of the entire paper was filled solid with home and foreign news.

Newsgathering in those days was particularly difficult in all matters which went on outside of London, but of the city news there was an easy and abundant supply. Most of the country and foreign news came by letter, often from special correspondents situated in the larger cities. One reads with great interest of Benjamin Franklin’s electrical experiments in Philadelphia, of troubles in India and other colonial possessions:

“By a Letter from Fort St. George, dated the 24th of October last [1751], we have an Account that Trichonopoly is closely besieged, as is also Arcot. The former is defended by Gingeus, the other by Clive. Sindarsack’s Army, with the French, are very numerous, and all Communications are cut off from both Places. L. D. A.”—*Covent-Garden Journal*, March 10th.

¹ See *Notes* on No. 1, I. 135. 29.

Then in addition to the petty chronicles of London life, there loomed up large the topics of the smallpox plague, military affairs, murders, robberies, and hangings. One's life then hung by a very slender thread:

“Some Weeks past the Grave-Digger at Chelwood, in Somersetshire, open'd a Grave, wherein a Man who died of the Small-Pox had been interr'd about thirty Years ago—By the Deceased's Desire, he was buried in an Oak Coffin, which was now so firm, that it might have been taken out whole: but the Grave-Digger not chusing that, forc'd his Spade through the Lid, when there came forth such a Stench, that he never smelt the like before.—It being a Person of Credit that was to be buried in the Grave, the whole Village attended the Funeral, as well as many People from the neighbouring Villages; and a few Days after, fourteen Persons were seized in one Day with the usual Symptoms of the Small-Pox, and in three Days more every Soul, but two, in the whole Village, who had not had it, were seized in the like Manner.—Their Disorder proved to be that Disease, and was so favourable that no more than two Persons died of the whole Number, which was about Thirty; and one of them was a Woman who came down Stairs when the Pock was at the Height, and died the same Night.—The same Disorder was carried all round the Villages, by the Country People who attended the Funeral, and proved very favourable every where.”—*Covent-Garden Journal*, April 18th.

In these columns we read also of the social whirl in London, in Bath, and Tunbridge Wells; of the Gunning sisters¹ who took London society by storm and during the year “set in great Houses”; of nobility, even royalty, in their goings and comings between London

¹ See *Notes* on No. 12, I. 210. 22.

Swan was to be hung in Chains, near two Miles on the other Side of Walthamlow, at about a Quarter after Two, Swan was taken out of the Hurdle into the Cart, where Miss Jeffries again floated away upon pulling the Rope 'bout her Neck, and was obliged to be supported. After they had continued some Time in Devotion, Swan asked Leave to salute Miss Jeffries, but the refused him that Favour, which she granted to the Executioner; Moreover they mutually forgave one another. Miss Jeffries had two Handkerchiefs tied about her Head and Face after her Bonnet was taken off, but she kept on her Capuchin. At thirteen Minutes after three the Cart was drawn from under them, and they were hung very low, the two Ends of one long Rope serving them both, which in the Middle was twisted about the upper Beam of the Gibbet. The Length of the Rope occasioned them both to twist round, and her Head fell into Swan's Bosom, in which Manner she expired. The Executioner behaved very unskillfully, and is said to have been hired purposely by Miss Jeffries, and to be one who had never practised the Trade before. After they had hung about three Quarters of an Hour they were cut down, and the was carried in the Hearse to the Green Man on Epping-Forell, in order to be confined and afterwards interred; he was removed in the Cart to the Eagle at Sandbrook, in order to be hung in Chains. Id.

STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 74 1/2 4th Best India Stock, 186 opening South-Sea Stock Ditto Old Annuities, 18 Sub. ditto Ditto a Ditto, Best Ditto New, 1 Sub. 105 1/2 1/4 Ditto a Sub. 104 1/2 1/4 1/2 per Cent. Bank Ann. 1746 1 Sub. 104 1/2 1/4 1/2 Ditto a Sub. 105 1/2 1/4 1/2 Ditto Lottery 1747, 1 Sub. Ditto a Sub. 105 1/2 1/4 1/2 Ditto 1747-8-9, 1 Sub. ditto Ditto a Sub. ditto Ditto India Annuities ditto 1 1/2 1/4 1/2

Mr. HOGARTH

Proposes to Publish by
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and the country; of drums, routs, levees, and other entertainments; of the activities of the infant Royal Society; of shipping and trade; and of such soul-stirring spectacles as that of Slack the Butcher's knocking out Falkener in twenty-seven and one-half minutes at Broughton's Amphitheatre. One notices that there were no columns reserved for *Births*, *Marriages*, and *Deaths*,¹ as there are today; such notices were mixed in with incongruous companion items, and obviously comprised only a small portion of the vital statistics of the day.

In his advertisements Fielding seems to have been quite fortunate, especially in his earlier issues; for seldom an issue appeared, up to No. 53, without a full page of advertisements. And, curiously enough, Fielding seems to have exercised some care in his acceptance of copy for this section; indeed, we do not find in his paper any such objectionable advertisements as those found in other contemporary papers, conspicuous among which were those contributed by the notorious Dr. Richard Rock.² But Fielding did not draw the line on all specifics and panaceas, for he did take in advertisements of Dr. James' *Fever Powders*³ and Dr. Greenough's *Tinctures*. The great bulk of his advertisements, however, came from the booksellers; but in accepting these Fielding seems to have refused advertisements of scurrilous and indecent Grub-Street publications, even if he did permit a few notices to creep in which advertised such pamphlets as Hill's *Letters to a Lady*,⁴ *Some Remarks*⁵

¹ These were usually tabulated in the current magazines.

² See *Notes* on No. 38, I. 349. 10.

³ See *Notes* as above.

⁴ See p. 37, below.

⁵ See p. 70, below.

by Kennedy, and *Pasquin turn'd Drawcansir*¹ by Macklin.

By taking Millar's advertisements, Fielding necessarily advertised his own novels and pamphlets; and, similarly, in advertising the Universal Register Office, Fielding puffed his own enterprise. Since 1749, when John and Henry Fielding founded this office, the business had increased rapidly, even in the face of opposition from P. Dullwin² at the Public Register Office, and from another rival which had sprung up in imitation of the Fieldings'. A branch office was opened during the year,³ and the business was extended in scope. It no longer served merely as an employment bureau, but undertook to rent and sell land and houses, to manage estates, to dispose of curios (from bullfinches to pocket pistols), and to act as selling agent for such a company as that in Glastonbury which sold life-giving spring water from the 'blood-spring' near the Abbey, a miraculous spring dating back to the days when Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have come to this *Isle of Avalon*, bringing with him in a sacred vessel the blood of Christ.⁴

Glastonbury-Water.

LAST Night came to the Universal Register Office, opposite Cecil-street in the Strand, a fresh Parcel of

¹ See p. 71, below.

² See pp. 32 ff., below. The other rival was the General Register Office.

³ On Bishopsgate Street in London. A Dublin branch was in operation also during the year; see p. 121, below.

⁴ Fielding knew Glastonbury from his boyhood days at Sharpham Park, and may have had an interest in the company which sold this water. But it is very doubtful if, in this connection, he wrote the Z. Z. letter which various biographers have taken as his work; see p. 102, below.

Glastonbury-Waters, to be sold at the usual Price, viz. One shilling a Bottle, and the Bottle to be returned.

The Diseases in which these Waters have been, and continue to be, remarkably efficacious, are in Asthmatic and all Kinds of Scrophulous Cases.

They give great Spirits and Appetite.

Both of the theatres took space in his paper; and a few numbers contain advertisements of other amusements—*Concerts of Musick* and *Lectures*, and other respectable diversions. And then, occasionally, one finds such interesting advertisements as those reproduced in facsimile facing p. 12: Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*, and a very amusing advertisement of a Kensington boarding school. One reads with much delight of the feats which Paul Jullion promised to perform upon his victims:

At the Two Heads in Coventry-Street, between Piccadilly and Leicester-Fields, all Persons of what Age, Sex, or Condition soever, who have had the Misfortune of losing their Teeth, or only Part of them, but more particularly their Front ones, by any accidental Blow or Fall, or thro' Decay of their Teeth or Gums, to the great Disfigurement of their Mouth, and Interruption of their Speech and Pronunciation, may have such Deficiencies replaced with artificial ones, so admirably adapted as to serve every Use of natural ones, and no way painful or discernable, they being made, fitted, and set after an entire new Method, never before put in Practice by any other than Paul Jullion, Operator for the Teeth, at the above Place, who is the only and sole Inventor of them . . .¹

When his paper had reached its thirtieth issue, the advertising began to fall off gradually; and when the

¹ See p. 56, below, and No. 31 (p. 4, c. 2).

Journal became a weekly and refused to accept any advertisements for less than three shillings, the quantity decreased rapidly to a point where some issues had scarcely an advertisement. But this may have been due, also, to the increase in the quantity of news which was concentrated into one issue a week.

Beginning with the second number of his *Journal*, Fielding introduced a feature which runs through nearly the entire series. This was a column or more of news from the Bow-Street Court contributed by Fielding himself and by his clerk, Joshua Brogden¹—‘chronicles of crime,’ one might call them. Fielding’s Court-Room, where he acted as Justice of the Peace, was on the site of the present Police Court, and was probably a lower room in the house where he resided.² At all hours of the day and night, Fielding was on hand to issue warrants, to act as a notary, to make examinations of culprits, to hold them under bail for trial in the higher courts, or to commit minor offenders to prison or to a madhouse. One can picture him, aroused in the dead of night, coming down to examine some thief brought in by the firm hand of Saunders Welch.³ It was a part of Fielding’s duty to see to it that a proper force of efficient constables was

¹ Dobson’s *Notes* to Henley Edit. of Fielding’s *Works*, XVI. 288.

² In his *Journal* Fielding asks that notices of robberies be sent to him “at his House in Bow-Street,” and writes of examinations made before him at his house, etc.

³ “One of the best officers who was ever concerned in the execution of justice.”—Fielding, Henley Edit., XIII. 284. Welch was a good friend of his, and, upon his recommendation, was later made a Justice, but not to succeed Fielding. Welch, after Henry Fielding’s death, became a partner of John Fielding’s in the Universal Register Office.—See *Works*, Henley Edit., XVI. 291; Boswell’s *Johnson* (Oxford, 1908), II. 165 and 470; Godden’s *Memoir* (London, 1910), p. 279; Dobson’s *Life* (N. Y. 1900), p. 271.

always on hand in his district to preserve law and order by day and night; his burden was therefore doubly irksome. Under *Covent-Garden* Fielding regularly printed brief reports of his examinations, sometimes with comments from his own pen. The record is very interesting reading, sordid as the accounts may be; for in this chronicle we discover much about Fielding's daily life, his efficiency in his office, and his plans for legal reform.

In reading over the essays printed in this *Journal*, one notices that Fielding divides his space between those essays which are purely literary studies and those which we may call *essays of purpose*. Indeed, one is tempted to suspect that Fielding's desire to reform the age was much stronger than his desire to create real literature; he denies¹ any wish on his part to contribute solely to the amusement of his readers, and in his papers very often makes his literary instinct subservient to the demands of his program of social reform. And believing that examples of what he wished to remedy, or to approve, would serve his end better than any precepts which he might preach, he filled his columns—his leaders, news, advertisements, and *Proceedings* of the Censorial Court—with concrete examples of what he had in mind. Ridicule was his favorite weapon in criticising that which he wished to exterminate; and, in many instances, his comments are extremely mordant; but where no comment seemed advisable he presented his examples either as eminently worthy of emulation or as most horrible instances of that which men should fear and shun in their own lives.

On every side Fielding saw with real consternation

¹ In No. 5, I. 163. 4.

a growing degeneracy which was permeating all classes of society. Men were abandoning their faiths and fears, and were turning into profligate courses. The amusements of all classes were tending to become degrading; the presses groaned with indecent books and prints; the theatres were catering to a depraved taste; and men were growing more and more intemperate in their drinking, in their gaming, and in their passions. The streets swarmed with beggars and criminals; the brothels and halls were crowded with unruly mobs; robberies and murders were very openly performed and often went unpunished; and when culprits were caught, the mob took a holiday and went off to enjoy a hanging or two. Indeed, London social conditions at that time might be compared with those of Rome or Corinth in its worst days, although, as Fielding ironically remarks,¹ London was then *some-what* better off.

Fielding's interest in this appalling condition was that of a God-fearing, sober-minded citizen who daily came into close contact with the problem in his official duties as magistrate. Ever since his appointment as Justice, the subject had been vitally interesting to him; and to arouse a general public interest in reform, he had taken up the problem in two pamphlets dealing with the causes and the remedy. The first of these was his *Charge to the Grand Jury*, in 1749, wherein he deals briefly with the matter, but in a manner which shows that he had already diagnosed the source of the prevailing corruption and had in mind plans for improving the situation. In the second pamphlet, his *Increase of Robbers* (1751), he had made an extensive and brilliant exposition of the entire problem.

¹ See No. 2, I. 139 ff., and No. 16, I. 231 ff.

Therein he traces the prevailing evils back to their first cause and suggests remedies. Centuries of trade, he states, had revolutionized the social conditions among all classes; for with trade had come a vast increase of wealth in which all classes now had their share; and with wealth had come luxury, an evil which lay at the roots of all others. The luxury of the rich had inevitably worked its way downward to the poor, so that the mob, in imitation of their betters, spent their slender means in degrading extravagancies and in excesses of all kinds. In the wake of debauchery had come disability, then poverty, and finally, crime. The streets were unsafe to walk in, the jails were overcrowded with vagabonds and criminals, and the hospitals with idiots and lunatics.

This problem Fielding was attacking in two different ways: by attempting to remove the causes which underlay this degeneracy, and by endeavoring to reform the current methods of dealing with the victims of this social condition. In this attempt he was admirably equipped, for on the one hand, he had a practical knowledge of the statutes and the power to enforce them—a splendid law library and a good training back of him, and unhampered jurisdiction over his district—and on the other, the press, in which he was able to give publicity to what he was accomplishing and what he planned to do. In his own *Journal*, not content merely with recording his work as Justice, Fielding employed a great part of his leaders, and most of the *Proceedings* of his Court of Censorial Enquiry, in ridiculing the manners and morals of his contemporaries—to turn the dissolute in the direction of virtuous living, and to arouse men of moral stamina and true worth to a full realization of the importance

of dangers which confronted them and of the immediate need of combining in an attempt to exterminate them.

As a Justice of the Peace he tried to measure punishment to all offenders, and to intimidate those who had not yet come under his notice, by making capital punishment a really awful example. By providing some scheme for prison reform he hoped to turn those nurseries of vice and crime into places of confinement where men with vicious tendencies might be made to do regular work, and eventually might be made over into decent, industrious citizens. In a similar manner he planned to present a method of employing the poor and thereby to reduce the horde of beggars and petty criminals which lived in utter dependence on the town.

The record of what he desired to accomplish and did accomplish in these eleven months in 1752 is interesting to review. In most of the issues of his *Journal* Fielding printed the following notice against robbers, with the hope that the public might be stimulated to coöperate with him in his work:

To the PUBLIC

All Persons who shall for the Future suffer by Robbers, Burglars, &c. are desired immediately to bring, or send, the best Description they can of such Robbers, &c. with the Time and Place, and Circumstances of the Fact, to Henry Fielding, Esq., at his House in Bow-Street.

His *Increase of Robbers* had stirred the public to a serious consideration of the matter,¹ and Parliament to the point where, in March, 1752, an Act was passed

¹ Several pamphlets appeared after Fielding's: *A Method to prevent the many Robberies in London* (Nov., 1751), *A Scheme to prevent Robberies* (Jan., 1752), etc.

for the licensing of public amusement halls, in an attempt to remove from the criminal class their common meeting-places. Fielding's own efforts were extraordinarily successful, and he was extremely active in rounding up highwaymen and pickpockets. His Covent-Garden news abounds in reports of examinations and commitments; and we know from Fielding's own word¹ that, by the winter of 1753, he had almost completely cleaned out the swarm of criminals which had infested London.

In addition to his crusade against gaming,² gin-drinking,³ duelling,⁴ much space in his *Journal* is devoted also to the 'Social Evil.' It was one of his duties to enforce the laws against disorderly houses; but for a long time he was almost without power to attack this vice, because, as he frequently remarks in his news-comments, adultery was no crime by the laws of England. He regarded this evil as *ineradicable*,⁵ but felt that it was the duty of every magistrate to suppress the practice as far as it was possible. The subject is threshed out in several leaders and in one letter;⁶ and during the year Fielding, supported by a new Act of Parliament, passed early in that year, succeeded in closing up those *bagnios* which ran in open defiance of the law, and in generally suppressing the worst of the traffic.

In spite of the vigilance of the London magistrates and frequent hangings, the crimes of robbery and murder seemed, then, to be on the increase. One

¹ *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, Henley Edit., XVI. 188.

² See *Notes* on No. 17, I. 239. 32.

³ See *Notes* on No. 11, I. 201. 16.

⁴ See *Notes* on No. 4, I. 156. 16.

⁵ *Charge to the Grand Jury* (1749), Henley Edit., XIII. 213.

⁶ In No. 50, II. 38 ff.

particularly atrocious case is reported in Fielding's *Journal*, under the news for Friday, January 17th:

“Wednesday Night, Mr. George Cary, a Higgler, who lived near Epping, on his Return home from Leaden-hall-market, was robbed and murdered by three Footpads near the Windmill, which is within half a Mile of his own House: They likewise shot his Son, who was in the Cart with him, but his Wound is not likely to prove mortal. Mr. Cary was an honest, industrious Man, and has left a Wife and five Children.”¹

The affair was taken up with unusual expedition, and popular interest was aroused to an extreme. One can follow the events of the case in other numbers² of Fielding's paper. Parliament arose to the occasion and passed an Act providing for a more speedy trial and execution of those guilty of such a crime.³ In April Fielding published his *Examples of the Interposition of Providence in the Detection and Punishment of Murder*; and in one instance,⁴ at least, distributed copies *gratis* for the purpose of further intimidating the mob. Other pamphlets followed,⁵ but nothing very much seems to have been accomplished in that year. Fielding himself was somewhat discouraged over the failure of the new Act, for he believed that murder could not be effectually held in check until the execution of criminals could be made an awe-inspiring and horrible example to the mob, by hanging *every* offender, and always in *private*. In his

¹ In No. 5, Jan. 18th (p. 3, c. 2).

² In Nos. 8, 13, 18, etc.

³ In March.

⁴ See No. 30 (p. 2, c. 3).

⁵ *Methods for putting a Stop to Murder* (April, 1752), *A Warning Piece* (June, 1752).

Covent-Garden Journal of July 18th is found this news-item:

“On Monday last [July 13th] eleven Wretches were executed at Tyburn, and the very next Night one of the most impudent Street-Robberies was committed near St. James’s Square; an Instance of the little Force which such Examples have on the Minds of the Populace . . .”

Taking the matter up in other issues, Fielding contributes a parable on the subject of public hangings in his leader No. 25,¹ and in the same number makes further comment:²

“The real Fact at present is, that instead of making the Gallows an Object of Terror, our Executions contribute to make it an Object of Contempt in the Eye of the Malefactor; and we sacrifice the Lives of Men, not for *the Reformation*, but *the Diversion of the Populace*.”

Another topic which takes up much space in Fielding’s *Journal* is that of the poor-laws. Fielding had long been planning a workhouse scheme for providing for the employment and reformation of beggars and unfortunates. In November, 1751, rumor³ had it that he laid before Henry Pelham a plan for solving the problem; but if this was the first draft of his *Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor*, it did not get into print until January, 1753. During 1752, however, he kept the subject continually before his readers in his essays⁴ and news-items. Indiscriminate alms-giving he decried, although he was himself quick

¹ March 28th.

² Under *Covent-Garden* (p. 2, c. 3).

³ *London Daily Advertiser*, Nov. 25, 1751; see *Notes* on No. 36, I. 341. 31.

⁴ See *Notes* on No. 36, as above.

to help a needy brother. Indeed, we know that during the year he established a fund for a burned-out baker by the name of Peirce,¹ giving one guinea out of his own pocket, and a similar fund for an unfortunate man by the name of Redman.² Then in connection with his plea for hospital reform,³ we know that he gave his support to the Foundling Hospital, and that he gave both of his money and time to the founding and maintenance of the Lying-in Hospital on Brownlow Street. It was possibly owing to his activity that, in April, Parliament passed a new Act for providing for the poor. Other letters and pamphlets had come out with poor-law schemes;⁴ but no great success seems to have attended any of the efforts to solve this problem.

In order to arrest this flood-tide of crime, Fielding necessarily had to attack it at the source; but to completely eradicate the luxurious habits of those men whose example had been such a powerful force in degrading the lower classes, was impossible. The most he could do was to get at his reading public, men of means and education, and to make them realize the seriousness of their own plight, and that of those men who were below them in the social scale and were imitating their betters in their follies and vices, but not their virtues. On his peers, at least, Fielding might hope to have a wholesome influence.

To ridicule the degeneracy of the moral and spiritual being of these men, Fielding lays much stress on the prevailing lack of religious faith. It was,

¹ Recorded in No. 39 (p. 2, c. 3).

² Recorded in No. 13 (p. 2, c. 3).

³ See *Notes* on No. 44, II. 13. 28.

⁴ Alcock's *Observations on the Defects in the Poor Laws* (Jan., 1752), in particular.

indeed, the fashion in France and England, at this time, to profess a dwindling faith or none at all. Deism and atheism had gained great headway in England; and grievous consequences had followed. Here is a bit of contemporary opinion on the matter:

“What shocking robberies, murders, duels, &c., are constantly in the papers! does not that too plainly show the growth of infidelity?”¹

The freethinkers had formerly come under Fielding’s whip; and now, as representatives *par excellence* of these odious “political philosophers,” the Robin-hoodians² are held up to ridicule and effectively pilloried. Fielding felt that true religion, like Greek, had “gone to the dogs,”³ and that with it had gone men’s moral stamina. Believing in an after life⁴ and in salvation by good works, Fielding had a natural antipathy for the doctrines of the new schools of thought, and continually ridicules their infallible guides, reason and the ‘rule of right,’ which led them to no good end here, or hereafter.

In many of his contemporaries he saw the gradual decay of true ability and real worth, and the growth of an odious affectation—hypocrisy and vanity. The *great man* is held up to ridicule as a scoundrel in the disguise of an honest man. Greatness and goodness⁵ were no longer compatible in any man; and the average man of prominence was but a Jonathan Wild at heart and in deed. The commonplace man he pictures

¹ Mrs. Delany’s letter to Mrs. Dewes, March 27, 1752, in her *Autobiography* (Lond. 1861), Ser. 1, III. 105.

² In Nos. 8 and 9.

³ See *Notes* on No. 1, I. 139. 3.

⁴ See *Notes* on No. 69, II. 130. 13.

⁵ See *Notes* on No. 2, I. 144. 22.

for us as utterly vain and frivolous, and more often an affected coxcomb like the *rideout* in No. 33. Throughout his essays he holds up to ridicule those men and women who spent their lives in idle amusements, in slavery to fashion—in dress and manners—and who swore, drank, and gambled their lives away.

Intellectually and artistically men were degenerate. The education of the day, he tells us, produced, on one hand, dissolute men of fashion, and on the other, second-rate artists and men of letters, incompetent and scurrilous critics, petty scholars employed in the pedantry of etymology and text-editing, and in vain scientific pursuits, and men with knowledge but no wisdom. The schools¹ he describes as nurseries of vice where men were trained not in the old classical methods, but in the new metaphysical, and then were turned loose upon the world either to be corrupted further or to spread corruption. He devotes whole leaders² to the anarchy in the kingdom of letters and in the kingdom of critics, and goes so far as to declare war on Grub-Street and to set up, thereafter, a Court of Censorial Enquiry to help regulate the current publications. The scholarship and the scientific pursuits of the men of that generation also come in for criticism in burlesque samples of text-editing,³ etymological derivations, and historical and scientific treatises.

The stage also receives its share of criticism at his hands at different times during the year. He censures the prevailing craze for pantomime,⁴ and tries to sway

¹ See *Notes* on No. 42, II. 3. 23.

² See *Notes* on No. 23, I. 269 ff.

³ See *Notes* on No. 4, I. 156. 25.

⁴ See *Notes* on No. 3, I. 152. 5.

popular taste back towards a real liking for Shakespearean drama. Throughout his paper he supports Garrick in his efforts to curb this degenerate taste, and sides with him against Rich and the town, particularly in the Theatre-War which came early in November. And, during the year, he attempts also to reform the manners of the audience, and to suppress the first-night damnations and riots.

Interspersed among his *essays of purpose*, however, one finds a large number of essays on perennial topics in which the note of reform is less pronounced, and, if discernible at all, is to be regarded as quite detached from his main program. There are, for instance, several papers on the 'fourth-estate,' or the 'mob,'¹ tracing the history of mob-rule, and showing up this order in its virtues and vices. Then there are essays on slander, impudence, self-praise, contempt, and other human foibles and failings. There are two or three essays on the 'theatrical state,'² and, in this connection, one excellent essay on the choice of a profession. And apart from his criticism of the scurrility of the press, there are several essays on wit and humor,³ the 'itch for writing,' pertness, dullness, and disdainfulness in authors, the unities in the drama, and even an essay on printing and booksellers. Here and there we find occasional verse, such as the *Elegy* on the Prince of Wales' death, a translation of one of Tibullus' elegies, an imitation of Chaucer's ballad verse, and a song to Jenny Weston. Rarely do we find among the many letters to the author, a genuine communication on some topic of the day; for most of these effusions

¹ Nos. 27, 47, and 49.

² Nos. 15, 34, and 71.

³ Especially Nos. 55 and 56.

were composed by the author and were introduced by him to lure his readers into perusing what would have been distasteful to them in any other form. And, finally, one finds a few isolated essays, such as the account of the intended publication of Lucian's *Works*, the prose version of the story of *Astulpho* and *Jucunda*, and an essay, quite satirical, on ants.

THE NEWSPAPER-WAR.

The Paper-War, whose events are recorded in the first few issues of Fielding's *Journal*, was begun and ended within two short weeks; but the general warfare between Fielding and his various opponents continued throughout the whole year. In this a battle to the death was inevitable; for so long as Fielding should employ his *Journal* to reform the age, just so long would the age refuse to be reformed; and finally one or the other would have to give in. Indeed, before hostilities were actually begun, Fielding's enemies were forewarned and ready to do their worst; and two weeks before the first issue of his *Journal*, Fielding had paved the way for much hostile criticism by publishing *Amelia*. This book had been turned over to "A. Millar, in the Strand," and even before Fielding had written his preface (dated December 12, 1751) had been very vigorously and cleverly advertised for the 18th of that month. Take, for example, the note appended to an advertisement in the *Whitehall Evening Post* of December 5th:

* * * To satisfy the earnest Demand of the Public, this Work is now printing at four Presses; but the Proprietor notwithstanding finds it impossible to get them bound in Time, without spoiling the Beauty of the Impression, and therefore will sell them sewed at Half a Guinea a Sett.

This reminds one of a similar device of Millar's in publishing *Tom Jones*.¹ The canny Millar, according

¹ See *General Advertiser*, March 4, 1749.

to Sir Walter Scott,¹ withheld this issue as likely to sell very rapidly, and gave no discount to the trade, whereupon the entire output was bought up at once—in one day, if we may believe Mrs. Piozzi!² The success of this ruse proved to be a fruitful source of abusive criticism; but even more delightful to the critics' eye was an unfortunate slip which Fielding made early in the history of his *Amelia*, whereby his heroine was presented to the world as a noseless beauty. For we read in the first edition, I. 95, that by the overturning of a chaise her "lovely Nose was beat all to Pieces," and on p. 98, following, that she was "without any Nose at all." That Fielding altered these passages in his second edition, restoring to *Amelia* her injured member, is good evidence that the vituperation of his critics cut him to the quick.

Prominent among these critics were Richardson and Smollett, neither of whom was disposed to forgive Fielding his success as a rival novelist. Richardson's part in the Paper-War is, however, negligible, even though he had never forgiven Fielding his *Joseph Andrews* and had rejected his overtures towards a peacemaking.³ In his letters to his friends Richardson did express his animosity by sneering at *Amelia*; but beyond this there is nothing else to indicate bad feeling on his side. Fielding was apparently not aware of Richardson's attitude towards *Amelia*, for he went out of his way to speak well of his old enemy in the tenth number of his *Journal*.⁴ Smollett's part in the War, however, is considerable, for he was the aggressor in a one-sided passage at arms between these two men.

¹ *Lives of the Novelists*, Fielding.

² *Anecdotes of Johnson* (Lond. 1786), p. 221.

³ *Jacobite's Journal*, No. 5.

⁴ See I. 193. 29.

Early in 1751, in the first edition of *Peregrine Pickle*, Smollett attacked both Lyttleton and Fielding, the former as 'Gosling Scrag' and the latter unnamed. The insertion of a slur on Fielding's character was due to Smollett's envy of the success of his rival, and to the fact that Lyttleton had given Fielding the patronage which Smollett himself had been refused. In this passage, Smollett ridicules Fielding's having taken as his second wife, in 1747, the maid of his first wife, and, also, his having accepted from Lyttleton the office of Justice. His second marriage had been frowned upon by some of his best friends, and so, too, had his acceptance of the office of 'trading magistrate'; but no one had as yet ventured to indulge in any such criticism as this of Smollett's:

"... when he is inclined to marry his own cook-wench, his gracious patron may condescend to give the bride away; and finally settle him in his old age, as a trading Westminster justice."

To this abuse Fielding never made any reply; but in a playful humor, he did include Smollett among his enemies in his "jocose war," and thereby stimulated him to renewed activity.

Another foe, destined to appear soon after the opening of this War, was Bonnell Thornton (1724-1768), who is now remembered as a witty member of the Nonsense Club, and as the author of a burlesque *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*¹ which amused Dr. Johnson to an unusual degree. Thornton was humbly born, the son of an apothecary, but was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford. At the latter he received his B.A. in 1747, his M.A. in 1750, and his M.B. in 1754.

¹ Published in 1763.

By instinct he was a scribbler, and, as a student, had associated with Christopher Smart in periodical effusions. In 1752 he burlesqued Fielding's *Journal* in his own *Drury-Lane Journal* and *Spring-Garden Journal*, and thereafter continued to be associated with other periodicals, gaining a wide reputation as a wit. There is no doubt but that he was clever; but he was also abusive and scurrilous in his writings, especially in his relations with Fielding.

It is generally believed that Thornton was the author of these two periodicals directed against Fielding. The *British Museum Catalogue* and the *Bodleian Catalogue* ascribe these to him; Boswell¹ names him as a contributor to the *Drury-Lane Journal*; Alexander Andrews² assigns this paper to him; but, strangely enough, the *Gentleman's Magazine*³ repeats common rumor, or chance hearsay, attributing the above paper to Mrs. Midnight [Christopher Smart]. That both of these papers are largely directed against Fielding is a fact which cannot be entirely explained; but it is my theory that Thornton was hired to publish the first of these papers by one Dullwin, who had recently started the Public Register Office to rival Fielding's Universal Register Office. We learn from a letter of John Fielding's in the *London Daily Advertiser*⁴ that this fellow, who is described as a "Traveling Frenchman," had been registered with this office for employment, had later joined the office force, and after becoming fully familiar with their methods, had suddenly disappeared in September and

¹ Boswell's *Johnson* (Lond. 1908), II. 147, note.

² *History of British Journalism* (Lond. 1859), I. 160.

³ Jan., 1752, p. 29.

⁴ Nov. 4, 1751.

had erected a rival office. Dullwin, or P. D'Halluin as he signs himself, replied to these charges in the same paper, two days afterward,¹ claiming "hard usage" at Mr. *Folding's* hands, but asserting that one of his two partners (both Englishmen) was really the originator of this type of office. At this new office the *Drury-Lane Journal* had its headquarters. It is from these facts that I assume that Dullwin influenced Thornton to publish his paper in rivalry with Fielding's *Journal*, in order that he might ridicule the business methods of the Universal Register Office, and divert its patrons to the rival office. Now if we assume that he was merely a hired scribbler, we may also offer the assumption that Thornton probably had no personal animosity towards Fielding; for at his worst he shows that he is carried away by his own cleverness in burlesquing his rival, rather than by any bad feeling towards him.

There was also in the field at this time 'Jonathan Free,' the author of *Old England*, a political sheet of uncertain authorship which struck the first blow against Fielding's *Journal*. According to Lawrence² this paper had been started in February, 1743, and "had many contributors; of whom William Guthrie . . . was the principal." Its earliest title was *Old England; or the Constitutional Journal by Jeffrey Broadbottom of Covent-Garden, Esq.*, but beginning with the issue of January 3, 1747, it bore a new subtitle, *The Broadbottom Journal by Argus Centoculi, Inspector-General of Great Britain*. Fielding had come to blows with *Old England's* author during the period in which the *Jacobite's Journal* had been run-

¹ *London Daily Advertiser*, Nov. 6, 1751.

² *Life of Fielding* (Lond. 1855), p. 226, note.

ning,¹ and now, at the commencement of his *Covent-Garden Journal*, had to meet the attacks of the new author of this same sheet, which now bore the title, *Old England: or the National Gazette by Jonathan Free of the Duchy of Cornwall, Esq.*² This was published once a week on Saturday, and was a four-page affair similar to the general type of newspapers then published. Its author offers himself as a champion of the cause of Liberty and the Constitution, and is plainly of the Opposition faction. Its career under this management came to a close with No. 135, Saturday, January 27, 1753, when its title was changed commencing with February 24, 1753, to *Old England's Journal, by J. Freeman and the Antigallican Society*.

This 'Jonathan Free,' who was apparently a hireling of the Opposition, may possibly have been William Kenrick,³ a hack writer, and, later, an open enemy of Fielding's in the Paper-War. Kenrick (1725?-1779) was the son of a mechanic and had been brought up as a scale-maker; but in his early life had turned to scribbling. He was a notorious libeler and a drunken and violent follower of the muse. Ascribed to him, among other varied works, are three distinctly anti-

¹ In Nov., 1748. See Alex. Andrews, *History of British Journalism* (Lond. 1859), I. 155, and Lawrence's *Life* (Lond. 1855), pp. 226 ff.

² Since April 6, 1751.

³ Kenrick's *Pasquinade* (Lond. 1753) is bound up in a volume of *Remarkable Satires* (Lond. 1760), most of which bear the pseudonym 'Porcupinus Pelagius,' whom Fielding named, in 1748, as the author of *Old England*; see Lawrence's *Life* (Lond. 1855), pp. 226 ff. It is also a great temptation to attribute this later *Old England* (1751-1753) to Smollett; but in Anderson's *Life of Smollett*, 4th edit. (Edinb. 1803), p. 116, there is a statement that this paper was "conducted by Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Ralph." Nathan Drake in his *Essays* (Lond. 1805), I. 91, mentions Wm. Guthrie as the chief contributor, and Chesterfield as an early contributor; Alex. Andrews repeats this statement in his *History of British Journalism* (Lond. 1859), I. 155.

Fielding pamphlets: the *Old Woman's Dunciad*, published in 1751 and hostilely dedicated to Fielding, though mainly directed at Smart; *Fun* (1752), and the *Pasquinade* (1753), the former a burlesque skit on the Hill-Fielding controversy, and the latter a general review of all the literary quarrels of 1752.

Conspicuous among all the leaders of the Grub-Street Army was John Hill, M.D., who styled himself at this time, *Acad. Reg. Scient. Burd. etc. Soc.*,¹ and after his receiving the Order of Vasa² from the King of Sweden, *Sir John Hill*, etc. He was born at Peterborough in 1716, and was a clergyman's son (whence possibly his Saturday's sermons in his *Inspector*). He began his career (1716-1775) as an apothecary and studied botany as a side issue. Not satisfied with his trade, he tried acting and made a grievous failure of it. In 1738 he sent Rich a copy of one of his attempts at play writing, *Orpheus*, and when this was refused, violently assailed him in print. From this time on, to his old age, he produced with great frequency a strange variety of books, pamphlets, and essays, most of which were mere trash, although his botanical studies were considered quite valuable in his day. We are concerned chiefly with his periodical publications, so mention here his first attempt—the *British Magazine*, begun in 1746 and continued to December, 1750. His next attempt was his *Inspector*, the leading article contributed to the *London Daily Advertiser*, *And Literary Gazette*, beginning in March, 1750, and continuing far beyond the period with which we are concerned. This paper was a four-page daily news-

¹ See *A Short Account of the Life, Writings, and Character of the Late Sir John Hill* (Lond. 1779), title-page.

² In 1775.

paper containing the usual leader, news, and advertisements. Its subtitle of *Literary Gazette* was dropped after November 23, 1751; and during 1752 the paper appeared under this abbreviated title. The daily *Inspector*, apparently written with great ease and with no small degree of literary skill, has been characterized by Disraeli¹ as "a light scandalous chronicle all the week with a seventh day sermon."² In these essays, on all imaginable subjects, are recorded the events of his quarrels with Fielding, Brown, Kennedy, Smart, Woodward, etc.; and extracts from several are herein offered for inspection. From these one gains a confused idea of the personality of the 'Inspector'; for his rascality and hypocrisy are pretty well concealed beneath his rhetoric. His contemporaries, however, had no such difficulty; take, for instance, this epigrammatic judgment:³

What H—ll one day says, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells you,—'tis all a damned lie:
Dear Doctor,—this candour from you is not wanted,
For why shou'd you own it?—'tis taken for granted.

Turning now to other contemporary characterizations of the 'Inspector,' we find abundant evidence

¹ *Calamities and Quarrels of Authors*, p. 367.—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*

² Dr. Kennedy, one of Hill's many opponents, printed the following description of these *Inspectors* (paraphrased here):

"A Receipt for the Writing of Inspectors."

Monday—self praise.

Tuesday—"an old woman's Canterbury story."

Wednesday—"a panygyrical oration on Grub-Street ballads."

Thursday—"microscopic observations on any insect."

Friday—"on scurrility, scandal and calumny."

Saturday—"a welch sermon."

[See *Whipping Rods* (Lond. 1752), p. 32.]

³ Kenrick's *Pasquinade* (Lond. 1753).

that Hill was one of the most conspicuous and peculiar figures of the time, being notorious for the oddities of his private life and the squabbles of his literary career. In personal appearance he was a handsome, well-dressed coxcomb, and in his manner of living very luxurious and elegant. His home, we learn from the *Spring-Garden Journal*,¹ was near Bloomsbury; but his headquarters, towards which he rolled daily in his emblazoned chariot, were at the Bedford Coffee-House, in Covent Garden. This was then kept by Stacie² and was frequented by Foote, Woodward, Murphy, Fielding, and Hogarth; and there Hill daily rubbed elbows with his friends, and became the central figure of the place. In his private life, as the *Monthly Review*³ expresses it, the Doctor doubtless had his faults—his untruthfulness, his vanity (his ruling passion, according to the author of *Some Remarks*⁴ on Hill's life), and his passion for one 'Diamond,' who is celebrated as his mistress in his *Letters from the Inspector to a Lady*.⁵ One is not surprised to find that Hill could publish an *Inspector* on chastity one day, and on the next his *Letters to a Lady*!

In his literary pursuits, although he always was worsted in his controversies, fortune smiled upon him; and his income in 1752 approached the alarming sum of £1500! His success was due to his great skill as an advertiser of his wares; and this he contrived to effect by making his name town-talk. His method was as follows: rebuffed as an actor he faced the

¹ No. 1, p. 21.

² Timb's *Club Life* (Lond. 1866), II. 76.

³ April, 1752, p. 310.

⁴ *Some Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. J— H—* (Lond. March, 1752), p. 22.

⁵ Lond., Jan., 1752.

ridicule with *The Actor, A Treatise on the Art of Playing*;¹ refused membership in the Royal Society, he addressed to them a humorous, but indecent pamphlet, *Lucina sine Concubitu*,² and then published in 1751 a *Review* of their works in a very scathing tone of criticism; stirred to action by the success of Smollett's introduction of Lady Vane's *Memoirs in Peregrine Pickle*, Hill brought out, in imitation, his *History of a Woman of Quality, Lady Frail*;³ and then, in 1752, various 'racy' works such as the above *Letters to a Lady*,⁴ *Adventures of a Valet*,⁴ and *Adventures of Mr. Loveill*.⁴ To bring prominence to his *Inspectorial* labors, Hill preëmpted Steele's *Lion's Head*, a carved wooden head of a lion, designed by Hogarth, which was intended to serve as a receptacle for letters and contributions, and set it up at the Bedford as a letter-box for his *Inspector*. The date of this event seems to have been November 12, 1751, for Hill makes this statement in his *Inspector* the day following:

"The Lion of my honoured Predecessors made his public Entry Yesterday into the Bedford Coffee-house, and has taken his Post in the most conspicuous Part of the Room."

Two days later, the *Inspector* speaks of the *Golden Lion* (evidently gilded over anew) and announces the "first Roarings" of this creature for the 18th; and on schedule time the *Terrible Leo*⁵ began to roar, attracting great attention on all sides.

From this time on, throughout the year, Hill was in

¹ Lond., 1750.

² Third edit., Lond., 1750.

³ Lond., March, 1751.

⁴ Lond., Jan., 1752.

⁵ Cf. the *Masquerade*, No. 1, p. 21.

constant warfare with his associates, but previous to the Paper-War seems to have been on good terms with Henry Fielding (and his brother). We know that these men were never intimate friends; but certainly there had been good feeling between them as far back as March 15, 1751, when Hill¹ speaks of Fielding's works as "inestimable." Then on October 31st, Hill writes in unstinted praise¹ of Fielding's Register Office; and, finally, on November 25th, he speaks¹ in high terms of Fielding's poor-law plan as laid before Henry Pelham, the Prime Minister. Further evidence of good feeling is to be found in Fielding's account of the origin of the Paper-War, in the third issue of his *Journal*, January 11, 1752, and in Hill's version, in his *Inspector* of January 9th preceding. Certainly there was no open hostility until some time after the Paper-War had been begun.

Before hostilities were actually declared, *Old England*, on December 21, 1751, takes occasion to gloat over "the almost lifeless Corpse of a poor, wretched, departing *Novel* [*Amelia*]," and prepares the public to expect "a true and faithful Account of her debauched Life, Amours, &c. in the *Covent-Garden Journal*, ushered into the World by Goody Trotplaid, *Justice Quid*,² and several other good Wives and eminent³ Gossips." There follows an unsavory estimate of what the public may expect from 'Draw-cansir's' pen:

"Here the Debauched, the Diseased, the Rotting and

¹ In his *Inspector* of this date.

² Fielding's pseudonym in his *Jacobite's Journal* was John Trottplaid. He is frequently represented as chewing a quid of tobacco; see p. 46, l. 24, below.

³ See p. 6, above, for first advertisement of this *Journal* as by several "Eminent Hands."

Rotten, may be instructed and amused, if not cured and reformed: Here will be seen the quaint Device; the old Badger preaching Continence to the young *Wolf*,—the Type of *Impotence* correcting *Vice*! . . .”

And then some cumbrous burlesque on Fielding’s ‘Dating-piece’ to *Amelia*, in which he is represented as writing:

“I once thought, and almost still think, Tom Jones (which had all my Wit and Humour) my great *Master-picce*: But the *SALE* however not answering my *Book-seller’s Expectation*, I am now persuaded . . . to say the same of *Amelia* . . .”

Following this is an ironically expressed hope that Fielding will attempt not only to continue to benefit learning, but also to settle all the political troubles of the Nation. Evidently ‘Jonathan Free’ hoped to find in Fielding a champion of the Pelham forces on whom he might vent his wrath as a defeated member of the Opposition; but his expectation was not fulfilled. In fact, ‘Jonathan Free,’ failing to drag ‘Drawcansir’ into political matters, seems to abandon his enemy, except on a few occasions when every small scribbler let loose his puny wrath in imitation of those above him. In his next paper¹ he is content with inserting a passing slur on Fielding’s pet *Wit and Humour*, and then remains silent for two weeks.

On Saturday, January 4, 1752, in his first issue,² Fielding enters the field of battle and arrays his forces. He ironically asks room for his new paper, and asserts that he does not purpose to deal in politics or personal abuse, but, rather, intends to correct and reform the

¹ *Old England*, Dec. 28, 1751.

² The form and contents, etc., are described on pp. 8 ff., above.

age in an impersonal, good-humored spirit. In order to create a demand for his paper, Fielding evidently had desired to employ some striking device which would immediately appeal to the general public, one which would interest and amuse them not merely for amusement's sake, but rather, for the purpose of making them laugh at the folly of their Grub-Street favorites. In planning this burlesque Paper-War, Fielding had hit upon the very thing which he wanted, and, forewarning Hill of his intention of attacking his 'Lion,' now began to marshal his troops, expecting that Hill would defend himself in an equally jocose spirit. The *Introduction* to the *Journal of the Paper-War* contains no hint of any personal animosity on Fielding's part, even if it does have a serious undercurrent of ridicule directed at what Fielding later¹ calls "those base and scandalous Writings, which the Press hath lately poured in such a Torrent upon us," and a hint of his desire to restore "Religion, Virtue, Modesty, and Decency."²

With this in view, he sets his army on the march toward Covent Garden, and, in his second paper, gives an amusing account of a small skirmish with 'Peeragrin Puckle' and 'Rodorick Random,' in which he shows no real resentment against Smollett for his vicious attack early in 1751.³ Equally good-natured is his account of his besieging Hill's 'Lion,' a "strange mixed Monster," at the Bedford, and his insinuation that this creature more closely resembled an ass; certainly no personal abuse is here intended. Hill, himself, in taking up the War in his *Inspector*, on the

¹ *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 5; see I. 163. 19.

² *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 5; see I. 163. 22.

³ See p. 31, above.

8th of January, the day after Fielding's second paper had been issued, is quite as good-humored. To be sure, he refers to a certain heroine who "could charm the World without the Help of a Nose"; but his mood is merry in this and in the following hoax, which he prints under London news:

"We hear from the Bedford Coffee-House in Covent-Garden, that an unhappy Gentleman of that Neighborhood, having Yesterday Morning in Wantonness, thrust his Head into the Mouth of the Lion that resides there, felt the Jaws unexpectedly close upon him: On this, enquiring with a hollow Voice, whether he shook his Tail, and being answered in the Affirmative, he begged the By-Standers to pray for him. A terrible Crash was immediately after heard, and notwithstanding the uncommon Resistance of the Skull, it is credibly reported, that the Teeth had met through it. He was immediately after conveyed Home, but his Surgeons are afraid the Wounds will prove mortal."

Everyone knew, of course, that the "unhappy Gentleman" was intended for Fielding; and in the laugh which was occasioned by this notice Fielding must have joined heartily.

On January 9th, however, in his next *Inspector*, Hill becomes seriously abusive, and accuses Fielding of underhanded work and deceptive methods in conducting the War. Here are his own words:

"The Author of Amelia, whom I have only once seen, told me at that accidental Meeting, he held the present set of Writers in the utmost Contempt, and that in his Character of Drawcansir he should treat them in a most unmerciful Manner. He assured me, with great Civility, that he had always excepted me from the general Censure; and after honouring me with some Encomiums

which, as I neither desired nor deserved, I shall not repeat, told me he hoped we should always be upon good Terms. He proceeded to mention a Conduct which would be, he said, useful to both: This was the amusing our Readers with a Mock-fight; giving Blows that would not hurt, and sharing the Advantage in Silence.

I hold the Public in too great Respect to trifle with it in so disingenuous a Manner; and hope I shall always retain a better Sense of the Obligations I have to it, than to return them with such an insolent Deceit. I told him, that had he published his Paper ever so long without mentioning mine, it would never have appeared from me that any such thing had an Existence; but as he has now made so formidable an Attack upon me, it may be understood as a Concession if I am silent.

Whom I slighted as an Associate, I cannot fear as an Adversary: And as the World generally expects my Opinion of any new Attempt of Consequence in this Way, I shall take the Occasion he has forced upon me, to do what perhaps I should have otherwise avoided, and deliver my Sentiments of his. . . .”

There follows a passage in faint praise of Fielding’s humorous animadversions on the paragraphs of news which he reprinted from other papers, and an insinuation that Fielding is past his usefulness as an essayist, and then:

“I am sorry to insult the departed Spirit of a living Author . . . I drop a Tear . . . when I see the Author of *Joseph Andrews* doting in the *Covent-Garden Journal* . . .”

He warns him that “a Legion of Puns and Misspellings” cannot “defend the once impenetrable Fortress of his Head against a second Crash” of his Lion’s jaws;¹ and, with mock seriousness, belittles the alleged

¹ Referring to his hoax of the day previous; see p. 42, above.

success of Fielding's forces in the War, and refuses to quarrel with him over the "particular Orthography of the Word Blockade."¹ There follows a repetition of the insinuation that Fielding is anxious to continue the War indefinitely for the money that might be in it; and, in closing, he says:

"An Antagonist may be necessary to him, but it is not to me: Abuse may be his Talent, but however pressed for one Day into the Service, it is not mine."

Even though he knew the reputation of his adversary for vanity and hypocrisy, the tone of this number of the *Inspector* must have surprised Fielding not a little. His reply to this paper (found in the third part of his *Journal of the War*)² is brief and somewhat bitter. Therein he brands Hill as the betrayer of a private treaty, and denies that this treaty was made for the *sole* purpose of filling his pockets with the receipts from the increased sale of his paper. What his real motives were in this good-humored, mock War, is explained at length in the fifth issue, and has already been commented upon.³ In referring to Hill as both a fool and a liar, and as the "vilest fellow that ever wore a Head," Fielding is merely repaying his enemy equally bitter vituperation. Contemporary opinion of the matter is quite divergent, for in the *Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-House* (Lond. 1763) we find a version of this quarrel which completely reverses the situation and represents Hill as endeavoring to buoy up his paper by prolonging the Paper-War, a proposal to

¹ Fielding speaks of "Blockheading" the Bedford, in *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 2.

² In No. 3, Jan. 11th, I. 151 ff.

³ See pp. 3 ff.

which Fielding would not submit. But in Smart's *Hilliad*¹ we find a more correct version:

“Upon the commencement of the Covent-Garden Journal, Mr. Fielding declared an humorous war against this writer . . . in order to contribute to the entertainment of the town. It is recent in every bodies memory, how the INSPECTOR behaved upon that occasion. Conscious that there was not an atom of humour in his composition, he had recourse to his usual shifts, and instantly disclosed a private conversation; by which he reduced himself to the alternative mentioned by Mr. POPE; ‘and if he lies not, must at least betray.’ ”

Smart sides thus with Fielding partly because he was his friend and partly because he was an ardent enemy of Hill's.² The fact that he ascribes to Fielding such a motive in taking up the War is interesting because it goes directly against Fielding's own statements.

In the *London Daily Advertiser* of the 9th, there is a flank attack from an unexpected source, in the advertisement of the rival Public Register Office, with which Fielding had had trouble previously. In the first edition of *Amelia*, I. 170, Fielding had written, “Many other Materials of a private nature were communicated by one of the Clerks of the Universal Register Office . . .” Quoting this very sentence, the rival office takes occasion, at this time, to advertise that “Gentlemen and Ladies may rely upon it that this Office can never possibly furnish Hints for Novels, Fictitious Lives, or Romances . . .”, and concludes with the assertion that such conduct as that of the “great Author of Bow-Street” is like that of a mad-man! On the following day, January 10th, Hill pub-

¹ See p. 78, footnote, below.

² See p. 79, footnote, below.

lishes, apart from his leader, a particularly indecent and scurrilous burlesque on Fielding as Justice of the Peace, and reprints it in the next issue "at the earnest desire of the Public." This was labeled:

The genuine Trial of Mary, late Cook-Maid to Sir Simon Pride, Knight, before the worshipful Mr. Justice Feeler, for lying a-bed in a Morning, &c. &c.

and reports an imaginary examination held before a Justice who is obviously meant to be a caricature of Fielding. Sir Simon makes his complaint against his servant; whereupon the Justice, "assuming a Countenance most terrible to behold, and a Tone of Voice most horrible to hear," says, "Hussy, what Pretence can you make for being so impudent . . . Have you any Bail ready?" Mary produces the desired sum; whereupon the Justice's face loses some of its sternness; and "softening his Tone a little," he permits the prisoner to explain herself. This she does in vulgar dialect, asserting that her master damned her and called her foul names without just cause, and adds, "I am sure I ha' read in your Worship's Book, that female Woman won't be called unnatural Names."—After some small deliberation, his Worship wags his lower Jaw, "not a little incumbred with a huge Quid of Tobacco," scolds the girl severely, and after giving her the wages due her, dismisses them all, congratulating himself on the wisdom and equity of his decision. Here we have heaped up a mass of ridicule on Fielding's personal appearance and habits, on his methods of conducting his office, and indirect ridicule of his Register Office. It is, moreover, no mere coincidence that this particular cook-maid should bear the name of Mary, for this was the Christian

name of his second wife, his first wife's maid. It is quite possible, therefore, that the use of this name in this *Trial* is intended as an insult of the worst kind; yet possibly not, for the title 'Mary the Cook-Maid,' apt as it was for this application, had come ready-made to the author from the scribblings of his predecessors.¹

At this point Hill withdraws from the War, but Fielding on January 11th, in his third issue, reports further progress on the part of his army, and takes occasion to give Hill the lie for his paper of January the 9th. In this same number, also, under *Covent-Garden*, Fielding makes his first retort to the criticisms on his noseless heroine in *Amelia*:

"It is currently reported that a famous Surgeon, who absolutely cured one Mrs. Amelia Booth, of a violent Hurt in her Nose, insomuch, that she had scarce a scar left on it, intends to bring Actions against several ill meaning and slanderous People, who have reported that the said Lady had no Nose, merely because the Author of her History, in a Hurry, forgot to inform his Readers of that Particular, and which, if those Readers had had any Nose themselves, except that which is mentioned in the Motto of this Paper, they would have smelt out."

This is the first hint of his intended defense of his "favourite Child" which is found in Nos. 7 and 8, and is a direct answer to such criticism as that of Hill's in his *Inspector* of January the 8th.

Simultaneous with this third number of Fielding's *Journal*, *Old England* comes out with a fresh attack on *Harry Foolding*, "a bawdy Novelist" in his dotage and metamorphosed "into the proper Form of a

¹ See *An Answer to the Cook-maid's Tragedy* (Lond. 1690), Brit. Mus.

superannuated Virago, now called Goody *Drawcan-sir*." An inordinate desire for *Fame*, the author alleges, has led *Foolding* too far, so that now he is infamous in his works and in his influential friends. To represent this "delectable scene" the author presents the fragment of a "*Farce not intended for the Press, tho' now acting.*" In this, *Harry Peg'em*¹ appears in great disorder and quite distracted over the political troubles of his government. *Littlebones*² enters and calms Peg'em somewhat by assuring him that he has found a way to keep the public in ignorance of the true state of affairs—

Peg. O!—what the old Practice? But who can you find fit for the purpose. The last Fellow³ will never have the Impudence to appear again, since the People hiss'd down his *Jacobite* Buffoonery.

Lit. Pray don't you judge the Man's Abilities without knowing them. I know them very well, and I know too he has the Impudence to do anything—I had sent for him before I saw you, foreseeing the Necessity of some *public Amusement*. I've appointed him to be here, and expect him every— O here he comes—

SCENE IV. Enter *Foolding*, with a Chaw of Tobacco in his Mouth.⁴

Foolding. With humble Submission (*spitting out the Tobacco which embarrassed his Speech*)—You need but tell your Servant your Commands, and they are done.

Lit. Will you resume your old Calling?

¹ Henry Pelham, Prime Minister.

² George Lyttleton, Fielding's patron.

³ Henry Fielding, who had supported the Pelham side in his *Jacobite's Journal*.

⁴ As in the *Trial of Mary the Cook-Maid*, above.

Foolding. Which of them? Not Puppet-showing,¹ I hope.

Lit. No—the Quill—Some Reasons require another *Literary Campaign*. You shall have double the Appointments you had before, as an Encouragement; but you must do double the Duty too, or you will not proportion it to the Occasion.

Fool. You know, Gentlemen, I am all Obedience.—The Purse-keepers are Masters, all over the World.

Peg. Well, Mr. *Foolding*, you know the Business. Verbum sat—Mr. *Littlebones* and I will leave you to manage the rest, while we employ ourselves in another urgent Business.

SCENE V. *Foolding solus.*

Hum! Another Journal twice a Week.—Rare Sport! My B——r² shall take Care of my Shop—It comes very seasonably—my Revenues were but so, so—But let's see what I shall call this new Journal (*Takes a little Book out of his Pocket*) Let's turn to my Title Hints. *Reads—The Bitch in Breeches, an heroic Poem. Turn Cat-in-Pan, a Panegyric. Humour in Mourning, an Epithalamium,*³ by *Tim Grul*, Poo, none of these will do. Let's see—O now I have it. *Reads again.—The Covent-garden Journal, by Sir Alex. Drawcansir, Censor of Great Britain, Knt.—*That will do by—

Here the Fragment ends.

As an Opposition sheet, *Old England* naturally persists in believing, or at least asserting, that Fielding's

¹ Referring to the puppet-show, *The Pleasures of the Town*, in Fielding's *The Author's Farce*.

² *B[rothe]r*: John Fielding who ran his Shop—the Register Office.

³ Refers probably to Fielding's second marriage; see p. 31, above.

real motive in publishing his *Journal* was to further the cause of the Pelham forces. This Fielding had denied; but here was a rare chance to represent this "doating" foe of *Old England's* in a most miserable plight, and with something of the truth to base it on. The public knew of Fielding's dependence on these men, and would readily believe that he was hired to strengthen the Government.

This abuse apparently had no effect on Fielding, for he appears in his fourth number with unruffled good humor. In this issue of the 14th of January, he publishes several articles of a peace concluded between the two armies, and includes a promise of a new feature in his paper, a 'Court of Censorial Enquiry.' Evidently he had been disgusted with Hill's conduct and was unwilling to fight the enemy any longer with his own weapons of abuse. But as a parting shot, he prints in this issue the following contributions, very obviously directed against "[Hill] and his Brethren":

COVENT GARDEN, *Jan.* 13.

Of several Letters we have received, for which we kindly thank our Correspondents, we hope the Reader will not impute to Vanity, that we have published the two following.

To the Author of the Covent-Garden Journal.

Sir,

WALKING lately in Islington, I saw the following Lines written under the Sign of the Moon with a Parcel of Curs barking under it.

Ye little silly Dogs, why bark ye so;
When I'm so high, and ye so very low?

This, Sir, I believe every Reader of Taste in the Kingdom, will agree to be the Case between yourself, and* —, and his Brethren.

I am, &c.

A. B.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

WHEN once a Genius soars above
The Vulgar, as if born t'improve
Mankind, and writes with Flame;
Whole Crowds of nibbling Critics rise,
All Grub-Street takes th'alarm, and tries
To damp his growing Fame.

So, in the hottest Summer Days,
When Sol with irresistless Blaze
Shines out in all his Pow'r,
What Swarms of Insects cloud the Sky,
Buzz, flutter for a while, then die,
And plague the World no more!

* Here was inserted a Name, with which we scorn to stain our Paper.

On the day following, there appeared a vicious insult from Smollett's pen. Resenting Fielding's good-humored reference to his *Peregrine Pickle* and *Roderick Random*, and rankling with the same feeling that led him to attack Fielding in his last-published novel, *Peregrine Pickle*, Smollett had written a burlesque diagnosis of Fielding's mental and physical state when he undertook his new *Journal*. The *London Daily Advertiser*, January 15, 1752, advertises for "This Day at Noon":

A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE of the base and in-human Arts that were lately practised upon the Brain of Habbakuk Hilding, Justice, Dealer, and Chapman, who now lies at his own House in Covent-Garden, in a

deplorable State of Lunacy; a dreadful Monument of false Friendship and Delusion.

By DRAWCANSIR ALEXANDER

Fencing-Master, and Philomath.

This pamphlet, which sold for sixpence at the shop of J. Sharp, contains twenty-eight pages of very biting satire. It is generally attributed to Smollett, on internal evidence, and on the word of the *Gentleman's Magazine*,¹ which says that this is "supposed to be written by the author of *Peregrine Pickle*." Henley reprints this in volume twelve of his edition of the *Works*, but here is a brief account of it.

The author begins with a mock-serious denial of a public rumor to the effect that he had helped to bring about *Hilding's* distemper, and professes profound concern at his dreadful condition, asserting that for some time past he had been on friendly terms with Hilding, who had "quitted all the vicious and abandoned courses of his former life," and was but now a "sober subject and vigilant magistrate," even if he did have occasional fits of disordered imagination. The cause of Hilding's present state of lunacy he attributes to the act of a long and lanky visitor, *Gosling Scrag*,² who had recently paid a secret visit to Hilding, and had attempted to persuade Hilding to enter into a paper-war against their separate and common enemies, especially against that "rascal *Peregrine Pickle*, who hath brought us both to ridicule and shame." Hilding had protested vigorously, but had been drugged by Scrag into a condition wherein he promised to do everything that was wanted of him.

¹ Jan., 1752, p. 29.

² George Lyttleton, the 'Gosling Scrag' in *Peregrine Pickle*.

In this state of frenzy he had assumed the title of *Sir Alexander Drawcansir*, and had proceeded to Covent Garden, where he was now conducting a paper-war. Several skirmishes are described in which Hilding, in company with several of the characters in his novels, runs across some of Smollett's characters; there is much excitement, and Hilding, on meeting *Trunnion*, apologizes for having wronged his nephew *Pickle* and *Pickle's* cousin *Random*. Smollett makes it very evident that he wishes to accuse Fielding of having stolen several characters from his novels. *Miss Matthews*, in *Amelia*, he implies, is a copy of *Miss Williams*, in *Roderick Random*; and *Partridge*, in *Tom Jones*, his own *Strap*, in *Random*. In addition to this, he takes occasion to ridicule the bastard *Jones* and the noseless *Amelia*, and to brand Fielding's Register Office as a "Scandal Shop."

As in almost every other instance, Fielding remained outwardly unperturbed in the face of this attack. Had he wished to retaliate, however, for each new assault, he would have found his task too great, for on the very same day, January 15th, an attack, in mockery of Millar's ruse in selling *Amelia*, had come from another source. In the *London Daily Advertiser*¹ of this date, the publisher of the third edition of the *Apology for the Life of Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew*, a book hostile to Fielding, advertised this as "very proper to be read at this Juncture," and, in ridicule of Millar's method, added this note:

"The great Demand for this Book continuing, it is impossible to get them bound, without spoiling the Beauty

¹ A similar notice is in the *General Advertiser* of Jan. 1, 1752. See also the *Whitehall Evening Post*, Nov. 7-9, 1751, for another advertisement of this book.

of the Impression, it will therefore continue to be sold for 2s. 8d. sewed."

And on the next day another new enemy made his first appearance with the first number of the *Drury-Lane Journal*,¹ January 16th. This bore the title:

HAVE AT YOU ALL
OR, THE
DRURY - LANE
JOURNAL

By *Madam* ROXANA TERMAGANT
Address'd to Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR
Author of the *Covent-Garden Journal*

and came out once a week, on Thursday, in the form of an "Octavo Pamphlet," selling for threepence at the Public Register Office, in King Street, Covent Garden. It made no pretense to be a real newspaper, and was quite devoid of genuine news and paid advertisements. Each issue contained a leader and a series of burlesques, which took up nearly twenty-five pages. There were twelve issues in all, the last bearing the number thirteen and the date, April 9, 1752. The issue of the 2d of April, which would have been No. 12, was omitted, but from number to number there is an unbroken, consecutive pagination.

The first issue contains a leader which is a running comment on Fielding's previous issues of his *Journal*. Thornton refers therein to his having set up his headquarters at the Public Register Office, in imitation of Fielding; and gives a dig at Fielding's reference to

¹ See p. 33, above, for Thornton's reasons for bringing out this paper.

the Universal Register Office in *Amelia*.¹ In addition to ridiculing his style as 'Drawcansir,' Thornton in a very vulgar and cheap-witted manner burlesques Fielding's conduct in office. The *Journal of the Rout*, which follows, is a parody on Fielding's account of the Paper-War, and includes a reprint of the statements of both Hill and Fielding. In the same spirit of burlesque, Thornton inserts an advertisement of *Shamelia*:²

This Day is published,

(In four Volumes Duodecimo, with the help of Dedication, Introductory Chapters, long Digressions, short Repetitions, polite Expletives of Conversation, genteel Dialogues, a wide margin, and large Letter, Price but 12s.)

SHAMELIA, a Novel.

Printed for the MAJOR GENERAL.

where may be had,

The Works of HERCULES VINEGAR, Esq;

—————JOHN TROTPLAID, Esq;

The TRUE PATRIOT.

N. B. These are proper to be bound with the Lucubrations of Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

Likewise,

Several d-mn'd Farces.

A Bundle of Political Pamphlets, by the same hand, pick and chuse for a Penny.

The Complete JUSTICE OF PEACE.

¹ See p. 45, above.

² In ridicule of the format and style of *Amelia* and of Fielding's career.

There are, also, in this number advertisements in parody on those in Fielding's *Journal*, conspicuous among which are a burlesque on the advertisement of Paul Jullion,¹ the dentist, and a take-off on the advertisements of the curios on sale at the Universal Register Office. Then, in ridicule of Fielding's *variorum* notes to his news-items,² this burlesque item is included:

“On Monday last four *Malefactors* were executed at Tyburn.—As *one was a Woman*, they weren't all of them Male-factors.”

Amidst these varied attacks, Fielding was not without champions of his cause; take, for instance, a belated bit of verse which appeared in the *General Advertiser*, Saturday, January 18, 1752. This bears the mystifying title:

*Epigram by C. D. F. R. S.*³

To prop the tott'ring Credit of his own,
H—l roars out, F——g's Spirit's dead and gone.
 What hear we now, astonish'd Readers cry,
 No Spirit in the Scenes of *Amely!*
 Where Wit with Sense, Instruction with Delight,
 Keeps pace; where Virtue shines in purest white:
 Where keenest Satire plays the justest Part;
 Stings deep, and only stings the guilty Heart;
 No Spirit there! Quoth Clencher, by my troth,
 He's thinking on his own dear Idol Froth.

On the same day, however, when Fielding issued his fifth paper reviewing the War at length, *Old England* burst forth in further criticism of Fielding. The writer belittles the success of the *Journal*, laughs in scorn at

¹ See p. 15, above.

² See p. 10, above.

³ C. D. Fellow of the Royal Society (?).

the “irascible Humour” of the Censor, and takes him to task for not speaking out the truth about the foreign policy of the present administration—one more evident attempt to drag Fielding into a political discussion. The paper closes with a statement not unlike Smollett’s in his *Faithful Narrative*, that Fielding is frothing at the mouth in a hopeless state of “Ideotcy.”

Fielding’s self-restraint throughout this War is nowhere better seen than in his leader of January 18th;¹ but his moderation seems to have egged on his enemies to fresh efforts. On January 20th, some unknown person advertised the following in the *General Advertiser*:

This Day at Noon, will be publish’d,

Price Three Pence

THE COVENT GARDEN JOURNAL
EXTRAORDINARY

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt.,

Censor of Great Britain

He must needs go whom the Devil drives.

Printed for J. Sharp, near Temple Bar

Precisely what this was no one seems to know, for the work is probably not extant; but certainly it was not a friendly bit of work, even if it may have been entirely humorous. Another possible attack on Fielding, in the same newspaper, one day later, is recorded in Wright’s *Caricature History*.² It is in the nature of a hoax, and advertises that the celebrated Doctor

¹ No. 5, I. 160 ff.

² Lond. n. d., p. 232. I have been unable to verify this account.

Benimbe Zammanpoango will perform several marvelous operations at the little Playhouse in the Haymarket, one of which is to be the opening of the head of a Justice of the Peace, taking out his brains, and supplying in succession those of a beau, an ass, a bully, and a sheep. If this victim was meant to represent Fielding, the intention is obvious.

Two days later there came out the second number of the *Drury-Lane Journal*. This includes criticism on Fielding's paper, and burlesques once more the style of *Amelia*. Mrs. Termagant also takes occasion to gloat over her assumed triumph over the "tonguedoughty giant Sir Alexander": "I am all transport—stand away—make room—give me time to breath . . . I have triumph'd—O the rapturous thought!" Harmless sort of stuff this! And then on the 25th, a mild outburst from *Old England*, which places Fielding beneath its contempt, and thereafter, with occasional references, neglects him until his final retirement in November of this year.

Although Fielding remained almost silent in the face of this accumulated ridicule, he does attempt to defend his *Amelia* in a *Court of Enquiry* running in Nos. 7 and 8, January 25th and 28th.¹ There is in this defense scarcely a touch of bitterness, but, rather, real pathos. Certainly he must have felt the injustice of it all most keenly. His enemies, however, would give him no peace; and on the very next day after he had finished his defense of *Amelia*, there appeared in the *London Daily Advertiser*, January 29th, the advertisement of a curious pamphlet, which I have never seen, but whose general character is obvious:

¹ I. 178 ff., and I. 186 ff.

Now you have all settled it,
 Have among you, my Masters!
 This Day is Published, Price 6 d.

The MARCH Of The LION

Or The

Conclusion of the War between Dunce and the Dunces
 Written with all the Blackguardism of Justice¹
 BOBBADILL, all the Politeness of the INSPECTOR,
 all the Wit of the FOOL,² and all the Smartness of
 MARY MIDNIGHT.³

And Containing

The Progress of the GOLDEN SAVAGE from the Bedford Coffee-house, in search of new Quarters.⁴

At length you've rous'd the Lion in his Den;
 He stalks abroad, and the wide Forest trembles
 at his Roar.

Printed for M. Cooper, at the Globe, in Pater-noster Row.

John Hill had, indeed, withdrawn some time since from the scene of his defeat (a purely imaginary defeat), but Fielding's other foes were still active. In *Drury-Lane Journal*, No. 3, January 30th, were printed the following advertisements, in further ridicule of *Amelia*:

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Whereas it has been reported by the *sharp-nos'd* Gentlemen, the Critics, that AMELIA *has no nose*, because her Biographer has inform'd us, in the begin-

¹ Fielding.

² The Author of the *London Gazetteer*.

³ Christopher Smart's pseudonym.

⁴ The inference is that Hill's 'Lion' had found the siege too hot for him.

ning of her History, that *her lovely nose* was beat all to pieces; This is to certify that the said Report is malicious, false, and ill grounded; and that the said Author has taken care to obviate it, by telling us, in the said History, when the Cherry Brandy was pour'd over poor Mrs. Atkinson, that AMELIA'S *delicate nose* soon smelt it out.

Whereas the Author of a TASTELESS, aequivocal mungrel, hermaphroditical kind of Play, between a Farce and a Comedy, has thought fit to sneer the NOSELESS AMELIA by his NOSELESS HEAD from *Herculaneum* of the *Venus of Paphos*. This is to assure him, that HE IS HIMSELF THE VILEST FELLOW THAT EVER WORE AN NOSE, as witness my HAND,

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

The first is a parody on Fielding's notice¹ in the third number of his *Journal*, and the second is a perversion of an unintentional slur in Foote's *Taste*, recently published, which makes fun of the *taste* of those men who won't accept any statue of Venus except that by Praxiteles, which lacks a nose:

"Their Venus must be old, and want a nose."²

To give variety to his lucubrations, Thornton, in *Drury-Lane Journal*, No. 4, February 6, 1752, publishes *AN INSPECTOR NUMBER 66666*, in which he adopts a device used by the 'Inspector,' and compares the prominent players of the two theatres to instruments in an orchestra. Fielding is let off lightly in this number; but in the next, on February 13th, Thornton gives burlesque samples of 'Drawcansir's' style; and in comment on Fielding's known political

¹ See pp. 47 ff., above.

² See the *Prologue, Works* (Lond. 1830), I. 59.

bias, assures us that Fielding, the biographer of Jonathan Wild (“a lying Novel”), was helplessly “sous’d over head and ears, and hurried down the strong torrent of Politics.” There is also in this number an epigram on the Fielding-Hill controversy:

An EPIGRAM,

*Occasioned by a DISPUTE between two MODERN
AUTHORS.*

WHEN H—LL declares the *Censor* dull,
Who thinks that H—LL deceives him?
When F——LD—NG calls th’ *Inspector* fool,
What mortal but believes him?

Some merit then we must admit,
To both our authors due;
For though devoid of *Sense* or *Wit*,
All own their writings—TRUE. D.

To offer one more insult to the “defenseless Amelia,” Thornton prints what he calls *A NEW CHAPTER IN AMELIA*, a very vulgar burlesque on the fireside scenes in *Amelia*, wherein Booth is represented as coming home drunk to a fond and foolish wife, whose nose is conspicuously “beat to pieces”; a brawl ensues in which Mrs. Atkinson and Booth damage their noses; and peace is restored with a bucket of water.

At this juncture the town was promised rare amusement for the 13th of February. In the *General Advertiser* of February 10th appears this advertisement:

By Order of the TOWN,

A Grand Composition of

FUN and MUSICK,

Will be exhibited at the Castle-Tavern,

In Pater-noster Row, on Thursday next; particularly A Decision of the Match so long depending between Sir *Alexander Drawcansir* Knt. and their *Lownesses* of Grub-street, on which large Bets depending, it is thought the *Knowing-Ones* will be greatly taken in.

A Piece of Witchcraft from Macbeth. A Town and a Country Piece between a Blood and a Blockhead. A curious Examination before Mr. Justice Bobadil. A Phaenomenon of High Humbug. A Piece from the Brazen Head. A Solo on a very uncommon Instrument imported from the Antipodes, by Mynheer eht suomaf dna deifiton reddalb dna gnirts saila Len Roop, An Apparition of a Ghost. A barbarous, cruel, bloody and inhuman — committed by the Man Mountain and Roxy Termagant in a new Taste.

To conclude with

A Dying Fall, and the Birth, Parentage and Education of FUN. None to be admitted without Tickets, which will be delivered at the Pope's Head Tavern in Cornhill; St. Dunstan's Coffee-house, Fleet-street; and at the Place of Performance, at 2s. 6d. each.

The Roarings of the Lion disturbing some of the Inhabitants of Covent-Garden, his Leonie Majesty has adjudged it necessary to remove from that End of the Town to the Place of Performance.

To begin at Seven o'Clock.

This is repeated in the issue of February 12th, in shorter form, followed by a denial from *Mary Midnight* that she is the *Author* of this entertainment, as common rumor would have it. But this performance never came off; for, as we learn from the issue of March 7th, it was suppressed by the Lord Mayor. The town had been greatly excited over this promised performance ever since early in February, when the

first hint was given in an advertisement in the *General Advertiser* of February 1st; and to atone for their disappointment, the skit was brought out in book form on March 7th of that year. The *General Advertiser* of that date prints this:

This Day is published, Price 1 s.

FUN. A Parodi-tragi-comical SATIRE.

As it was to have been performed at the Castle-Tavern in Pater-noster-Row, on Thursday, February 13, 1752, but suppress'd by a special Order from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.

Sold by F. Stamper, in Pope's-Head Alley, Cornhill; and all Booksellers in London and Westminster.

Note. The Publication of this Piece would not have been so long delay'd, but for the Expectation of performing it, as at first intended, which, however, by the same indefatigable Opposition, was still frustrated . . .

A copy of this book is in the Yale Library, and is, to quote the *Monthly Review* for March, 1752, "a mixture of low humor and scurrility . . . which may entertain such readers as are fond of this kind of satire . . ." This is generally attributed to William Kenrick,¹ and is a forty-page pamphlet with a *Preface*, *Prologue*, and eight *Scenes*. The greater part of this is devoted to the quarrels between Fielding and his two chief enemies, Hill and Thornton; but several scenes are taken up with other matter which does not concern us here. As a parody on *Macbeth* and as a burlesque on contemporary events, it is really clever, and, if very vulgar in spots, is extremely funny.

¹ In *Drury-Lane Journal*, Feb. 27th, Thornton identifies the author of *Fun* as the author of *Kapelion*, a work known to be Kenrick's.

The first scene discovers three Witches—*Hecate* enters:

1st Witch. How now *Hecate*? You seem pleas'd.

Hec. Have I not Reason? *Drawcansir* is ours:

He yields again to Dulness' magic Powers.

To make sure of their victim, the Witches circle about a cauldron "to form a Charm that ever shall remain," and one by one, throw in the *Virtue* of *Pamela*, and *Clarissa*;¹ the *Sense* of *Pasquin*, the *Body* of *Tom Thumb*;² *Valet*, *Loveill*, and *Creole*;³ *Pickle*,⁴ *Mother Midnight's Magazine*;⁵ *A Journal Jacobite*⁶—

1st Witch. To add to these and make a pois'nous Stench,

Here take 4 Ounces of a *noseless* Wench.⁷

Whereupon *Drawcansir* enters demanding of the Witches a seat upon the Throne of Wit; they summon up the departed spirits of *Vinegar* and *Trotplaid*, before whom *Drawcansir* quakes in remembrance of his having inhabited their earthly bodies in his earlier days. A *Ghost* arises and makes this prophecy:

Gh. Be vain, be insolent, and take no Care,
Who writes, who rails, or who the Critics are:
Drawcansir never shall be vanquish'd, 'till
To fight against him, rise a mighty *Hill*;
'Till the fierce *Lion* leaves the *Afric Shores*
And in a Coffee-house unregarded roars,
'Till Sexes change, and then thy arm oppose.

The apparitions vanish; a servant enters and warns

¹ Richardson's first two novels.

² Fielding's plays.

³ Abbreviated titles of Hill's novels.

⁴ Smollett's *P. Pickle*.

⁵ Smart's periodical.

⁶ Fielding's *Jacobite's Journal*.

⁷ Amelia, the noseless heroine, is of course here meant.

Drawcansir that the powers of Grub-Street are all up in arms against him; whereat he says:

Bring me my Pen and Ink, my Sword and Shield,
My BACCO BOX,¹ and onward to the Field.

The second scene introduces the characters of the underplot; then in the third we are presented with a view of *Doctor Mountain* (John Hill), *reading a Paper*.

Moun. The *Covent-garden Journal*! Death and Hell!
This, this will ruin my best labour'd Scheme.

* * * * *

I hate *Drawcansir*; for, on single Sheets
He wants to do my Office; and beside
His Works are read, while mine neglected die.

To hold his influence as 'Inspector,' he resolves to defame *Amelia*:

A Maid that parallels Description and wild Fame,
One that excels the Quirks of blazoning Pens:
Suppose I tell him she's upon the Town,
A common Prostitute despis'd by all,
She wants a Nose, and that's a smooth Dispose
To make her be suspected.—————

Drawcansir enters, muttering:

It was a False Alarm— Fast in their Tents
Sleep on the Powers of *Grub-street*—
—————I'll therefore to my Love—
Excellent Wench . . . Oh my *Amelia*!

Then Dr. Mountain tells Drawcansir that his *Amelia* has ruined him; words follow; Drawcansir strikes Mountain; they fight. Suddenly Drawcansir proposes a truce and suggests to Mountain that they *hum* the Town with a mock-war; Mountain rejects the suggestion, and they make their exit fighting.

In the fourth scene we have a bit of satire on Orator

¹ See p. 48, footnote 4, above.

Henley,¹ Mrs. Midnight,² and Roxana Termagant;³ and in the fifth scene a burlesque on Fielding as a Justice. Mountain appears before *Justice Bobadil* to make complaint against one *File* for having robbed him; and *Mrs. Brindle* against *Lord Riot* for having ravished her. The whole scene is based on an actual robbery⁴ in which Hill was the victim and Fielding the Justice who tried the case, and on another case against the same man, also tried before Fielding. His disposal of these cases is made utterly untrue to the facts and quite ridiculous, especially where he shows evidence of venality.

In the sixth scene Roxana Termagant enters conscious of her triumph over Drawcansir, but saddened by a secret passion for him:

Drawcansir trembles at the Name of me,
My Ranks in *King-Street*⁵ shine—but oh my Heart!
I'm sick of Love, and for my mortal Foe;
Drawcansir's Charms have pierc'd my tender Breast.

Mountain enters; Roxana confesses her love for Drawcansir; and Mountain is jealous, for he had tried to win her for himself:

I thought that I alone possess'd her Heart—
Have I not told her twice ten thousand Lies?

But he promises to assist her, and secretly plans to make her loathe the name of Drawcansir.

¹ See Lawrence's *Fielding* (Lond. 1855), pp. 23-26.

² Christopher Smart; see p. 72, footnote 1, below.

³ Thornton's pseudonym.

⁴ See the *London Evening Post* for Jan. 9-11, 11-14, 1751, which tells of the commitment of one John Smith to Newgate for robbing Dr. John Hill of "one Gold Watch, one Gold Ring, one Picture set with Diamonds, and about Twenty Shillings in Silver." Smith had been previously held for rape on an old woman who turned out to be his wife.

⁵ Thornton's headquarters.

In the seventh scene there is some horse-play which doesn't concern the plot proper; and then in the eighth scene the *finale*, presenting

Drawcansir *solus*—reading at a Table.

He reads aloud a passage from *Covent-Garden Journal* No. 3: "It being reported that a HILL must be levell'd . . . a little paultry Dunghill . . ." He falls asleep; an apothecary (meant for John Hill) enters and empties a phial in his ear, and withdraws. Drawcansir awakes; a Ghost appears and gives him final warning of impending disaster.

Then Roxana and Mountain enter; Roxana addresses Drawcansir as "my dear lov'd Lord"; but Mountain's phial has hardened his heart, and he spurns her love. Roxana in a rage cries out: "Then shall he die—shout Dulness and fall on!"

Dr. Hold—hold—in vain you draw your threatning
Sword,

I bear a charmed Life, and cannot die

Till *Sexes change*, *Hills rise*, and *Lions roar* unfear'd.

R. Ter. Despair thy Charm, for know *I* was a *Man*.¹

Moun. I am a *Mountain*, and a *Lion* keep
To roar at thee.

Dr. Accursed be the Tongues that tell me so;
For it hath cow'd my better Part of Man:

Mountain and Drawcansir fight; Drawcansir falls;
Mountain and Roxana Termagant *exeunt*; then—

Dr. How are the Mighty fallen!—I am down,

O now farewell—farewell ungrateful Town.

Tobacco stops my Throat,² my Race is run,

And now in Death I'm punish'd with a *Pun*.

Exit dying.

¹ Thornton used this feminine pseudonym.

² See p. 48, footnote 4, above.

Not long after the failure of the performance of *Fun, Old England* and the *Drury-Lane Journal* renewed hostilities. On February 15th, the former casts a passing slur on the noseless Amelia; and the latter paper, on February 20th, burlesques Fielding's leader on slander¹ and his advertisements of the Universal Register Office. A week later, Thornton, in the same vein, has a fling at the Glastonbury Water² which Fielding sold at his Register Office, and burlesques his *variorum* comments on the news-items in his *Covent-Garden Journal*:

“On the 4th instant, the honour of Knighthood was conferr'd on Alexander Drawcansir of Covent-Garden, Esq;—*We may indeed truly say, that his Honour is BENIGHTED.*”

There is in this number, also, a long article attacking ‘Drawcansir’ for puffing the work of Justice Fielding—self-praise. Thornton reprints therein a news-item found in *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 15, February 25th (an item in dispraise of Justice Fielding, reprinted from the *Daily Gazetteer* with a word of self-defense), and then makes all manner of fun of Fielding's comment upon this item.

In order to fill up his issue of March 5th, Thornton divides his attention between Hill and Fielding. The *Inspector* is burlesqued at length, and Hill is represented as being in a wild state of infatuation for Miss Bellamy³—in an “extatic tendre” for this actress. Fielding is let off lightly with a running comment on his misspellings and other peculiarities of style—

¹ See *Notes* on No. 14, I. 219 ff.

² See pp. 14 and 15, above.

³ See *Notes* on No. 3, I. 151, 27.

deliberate punning and emvoweling. On the twelfth of this month, however, Thornton harks back to a timeworn subject, ridiculing Millar's canny method in disposing of *Amelia*.¹ "Six presses, we were told, were set to work at the same time for *Amelia* and the *Life of Bampfylde Moore Carew*"—and then suggests that this method of book-puffing had been carried beyond what the public would stand for. But in this number Thornton does not confine his attention to Fielding alone. Somewhat worked up over the introduction of *Roxana Termagant* into the recently published *Fun*, Thornton takes occasion to ridicule the book, and rejoices that its author had his head broken for intruding in the Paper-War. One feels sure, however, that Thornton is never really serious in his ridicule, and that his vindictive spirit is but on the surface. He seems to have delighted in clever burlesque; but often falls short of his aim and descends, in spite of himself, to mere scurrility. At this time particularly, his interest seems to have abated, for his last three issues are very dull. That of the 19th of March contains a very weak and humorless burlesque, *The Covent-Garden Journal Extraordinary No. III*; and that of the 26th following is very uninteresting.

Although the original quarrel between Hill and Fielding continued to be a source of amusement until after the *Covent-Garden Journal* had ended its career, from this time on, most of the enemies of Fielding became inactive, except for a general sortie at the last; and thereafter Hill was the centre of attraction for the critics. Indeed, one may say that the tide of events turned in Fielding's favor, for by the end of

¹ See pp. 29 and 53, above.

the year he seems to have worsted his adversary. On March 31st of this year some friend of Fielding's, probably Dr. John Kennedy,¹ published a caustic pamphlet against Dr. Hill, *Some Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. J— H—*, in which the author praises *Amelia* as "a most finished Performance" and condemns the low wit of Hill in ridiculing Fielding for his unfortunate slip, and suggests that the mistake will be remedied in a second edition.

Fielding himself seems to have had a change of heart since his touch of bitterness early in the War, and now appears in support of the fun-making at the expense of both Hill and himself. Although he doubtless suffered from the unfair criticisms of *Amelia*, certainly he must have been amused at the outcome

¹ Died 1760. Author of *A Dissertation on Oriuna*, 1751, and a collector of coins. The reply to *Some Remarks* attributes this pamphlet to Kennedy; but in his *Whipping Rods*, Kennedy asserts that he did not write *Some Remarks*. This first pamphlet, modeled on Orrery's *Swift*, is in the form of a series of letters. It rehearses the events of Hill's life, ridiculing his birth, his early employment, his attempts at acting, his marriages, and his literary pursuits. Particular stress is laid on his association with 'Diamond,' a courtesan; his *Lucina sine Concubitu* (converted into *Concubitus sine Lucina!*); and his infatuation for Miss Bellamy, whom he evidently regarded as a luscious wench. In May following there appeared an answer to this pamphlet, *Some Observations on the Writers of the Present Age*, which extravagantly praises Hill. This is dedicated to Dr. K—y as the author of the preceding pamphlet, and defends the 'Inspector' against his charges. In this the author ridicules the puffing and padding of *Amelia*, but does not mention Fielding. Shortly after there appeared a burlesque (which I have not seen), *Some Remarks on the Bruisers of the Present Age*; and in November, Kennedy's *Whipping Rods for Trifling, Scurrill Scribblers*, attributed to Dr. Kennedy in *Spring-Garden Journal*, No. 1. In this Kennedy replies to several attacks made by Hill in his *Inspectors*, particularly one on April 10th in which 'Major England,' Hill's imaginary body-guard, is reported to have punished the author of the first *Some Remarks*. Kennedy accuses Hill of having written *Some Observations*, ridicules his 'Lion,' and tears his character to shreds.

of his Paper-War, for it was not in his nature to sulk and resent being twitted. The comical side of the affair evidently came home to him very quickly, for in his *Journals* previous to the 8th of April we find him printing advertisements of a burlesque skit on his quarrel with Hill,—*Pasquin turn'd Drawcansir*. The advertisement in the *London Daily Advertiser* of March 30th, similar to those in Fielding's *Journal*, reads as follows:

For the Benefit of MR. MACKLIN

At the Theatre Royal in COVENT-GARDEN
on Wednesday the 8th of April, will be presented
a COMEDY call'd

The PROVOK'D HUSBAND:

* * * * *

After which will be exhibited,
A New Dramatic Satire, of Two Acts, call'd

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE:

Or, PASQUIN turn'd DRAWCANSIR

CENSOR of GREAT BRITAIN

Written on the Model of the Comedies of Aristophanes,
and the Pasquinades of the Italian Theatre in Paris.
With Choruses of the People, after the Manner of the
Greek Drama.

The Parts of the Pit, the Boxes, the Galleries, the Stage,
and the Town

To be performed by THEMSELVES, for their Diver-
sion.

The Parts of several dull disorderly Characters, in and
about St. James's

To be performed by Certain Persons, for Example.

And the Part of Pasquin Drawcansir to be performed
By his CENSORIAL HIGHNESS, for his Interest.

The Satire to be introduced by an Oration, and to conclude by a Peroration; Both to be spoken from the Rostrum, in the Manner of certain Orators,¹ by Slg. Pasquin.

Boxes 5s. Pit. 3s. First Gall. 2s. Upper Gal. 1s.

To begin exactly at Six o'Clock. Vivat Rex.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Macklin, at his Lodgings, in Bow-Street, Covent-Garden; and of Mr. Page, at the Stage-Door, of whom Places for the Boxes may be taken.

Macklin is supposed to have written this farce;² but precisely what took place on the stage is not known. The only review which I have found is very unsatisfactory, and is to be read in *Drury-Lane Journal*, No. 13, April 9th. In this the *Town* writes in *Damnation of the New Farce*, but doesn't include *one word of description!* All that can be learned from this is that the play was acted on the 8th according to schedule, and that it was long drawn out.

In another month's time John Hill was embroiled in a fresh quarrel occasioned by his public caning at Ranelagh³—a comical affair which neither Hill nor his critics could soon forget. The 'Inspector,' in his paper of April 30th, had published a fictitious letter from

¹ Orator Henley (see p. 66, footnote 1, above) possibly; more probably the performers in Mary Midnight's *Old Woman's Oratory*, a burlesque staged under Christopher Smart's direction. See the *Inspector*, No. 544, Dec. 7, 1752; *Gent. Mag.*, Jan., 1752 (p. 43); and Smart's *Midwife*, Nov., 1751. Smart's *Oratory* was intended as a banter on Henley's; see *Mod. Lang. Notes*, April, 1915.

² Dibdin, *History of the Stage*, V. 156. The *Inspector in the Shades* (see p. 76, below) also attributes this to Macklin.

³ See *Notes* on No. 32, I. 325. 25.

A NIGHT SCENE at RANELAGH on Wednesday 6th of May 1752.
Thus, there my plaint, since Regina in buckram let drive at me.



Handwritten: *Hand & Tongue of Swere not at half sword with a Pizon of them two hours together. I have claped by Mouth. I am
 ought kins therat through the Dunder fire through the flise, my Dunder cut through & through, my sword back like a
 hand have, ecce lignum. I never dole better under then a Man, all would not do. A plague of all Curbs let them Speak
 Extract from the Corant Garden Journal.*

[illegible]

Attest 29. Public Administrator of the City of New York per b⁴

*See *Constitution*, *Article 1*, *Section 1*.

Clody, in which the writer naïvely reveals his ridiculous character—a caricature of a person whom every reader recognized as Mountefort Brown, a young buck about town. In a great state of excitement, Brown had sent a letter to the ‘Inspector’ asking for an apology or a retraction, and, also, an interview the next morning. An hour had been set, and after missing Hill, Brown, finally, had bearded the ‘Lion’ in his den, and had threatened Hill with publishing something against him if he refused to retract. This Hill had flatly refused to do. Then, on the evening of May 6th, Brown had approached him at Ranelagh, pulled off his wig, caned and kicked him. In his *Inspector* of the next day, Hill gave a garbled account of the assault; and in his *Inspector* of the 8th reported that Brown, who had really gone out of town ‘on business,’ had escaped arrest by hiding in a coal-hole, but that his examination was imminent. On the 9th, the ‘Inspector’ suddenly discovered that he really had been seriously hurt, and wrote:

“The Stream of Life which I lose in greater and greater Quantities, brings the King of Silence towards me with hastier Step.”

and two days later Hill reported that his *four* physicians had diagnosed his case and feared an *Empyema*¹—a term which his enemies ridiculed at every opportunity.

By continuing to issue daily bulletins of his condition Hill won—not public sympathy, but derision, and became the laughing stock of the town.² In the mean-

¹ See No. 71, II. 140. 9.

² The two prints reproduced to face pp. 72 and 74 and described in the *Appendix* came out during the same month.

time Brown and his friends had been busy telling their side of the story and giving Hill the lie; and on the 9th Brown surrendered himself to Justice Henry Fielding for examination. In his *Journal* of Tuesday, May 12th, Fielding reported that Brown had appeared before him on the Saturday, the 9th, and that he had admitted him to bail awaiting the outcome of Hill's injuries. The trial, however, never came off, for upon Hill's recovery, Brown was discharged at Hick's Hall for lack of a prosecution.¹

In addition to the cartoons which came out, there appeared, on May 16th, a pamphlet in satire on the whole affair. This bore the title *Libitina Sine Conflictu*, named in parody on Hill's *Lucina Sine Concupitu*,² and is possibly the work of Arthur Murphy.³ In this *Dr. Atall* (Hill) is represented as having died on the 13th; and an account is given of his struggle to stem the rapidly ebbing "Stream of Life." There follows a mock *Will*, an appropriate *Epitaph*, and the account of a *post-mortem* examination, which revealed Atall's *Empyema* to have been *merely* an inflammation of the bowels. Finally, there is an accusation, in the same spirit of burlesque, charging Fielding with having protected Hill's *Murderers*, and asserting that he had conspired to set up, in place of Hill, an impostor, who was then carrying on the *Inspector* and deceiving the public!

To this Hill made no reply; and, for once in his career, he seems to have been somewhat humbled. In

¹ Account in *Old England*, May 30, 1752. But Hill in his *Inspector* of the same day threatens that the prosecution will be taken up at the Court of the King's Bench.

² See p. 38, above.

³ So ascribed in the handwriting of some former owner of the copy which is now in the Yale Library, but without citing any authority.

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE, or the CONSULTATION.
Quaerquam Animi Testibus istis proficuum. Extrema — moriens — tamen — alloquitur — hunc



Actus H. C. 1787

Extract from the Covent Garden Journal.

W. Hill del.
 J. Smith sculp.

Whereas several scandalous Paragraphs have been published in a Common News Paper, intending to vilify & misrepresent the Character of M^r B —, we think it an Act of Justice to declare that nothing against the Honour of M^r B — appeared before the Justice of the Law as he from running away with an Intent to avoid Prosecution, that having gone about 50 Miles from London on his private Business, he returned Back on receiving an Copy from his Friends with an account of what was published against him, in order to surrender himself as aforesaid. We think ourselves further oblig'd to inform of Public that M^r B —, Col C —, M^r H —, M^r S —, & many others of Fashion who were present at Randolph at the time appeared before Justice in M^r B —, & that which of Public will not believe, suppose they would have done on if part of one or two were not a Gentleman who had not behaved as such.

This is published according to a Statute by H. Carpenter. Price 6

his *Inspector* of the 26th, he even offered to withdraw the prosecution of Brown if an apology was forthcoming. Later in the year¹ he began to bluster and rant on the subject; and his enemies, in turn, to ridicule him. In June, there appeared a pamphlet in defense of Brown's conduct, *A Narrative of the Affair between Mr. Brown and the Inspector*; and in December of this year, the affair came to an end with a poetical effusion, *The Inspector's Rhapsody or Soliloquy on the Loss of his Wig in a Scuffle with some Irish Gentlemen at Ranelagh*. Therein one reads some very amusing satire on Hill, who bewails the loss of

“That bright addition to my walnut phiz”

and after reviewing the events of his life, says:

For fame let *Fielding* scratch his pensive head,
Fame I despise, I scribble but for bread;
Let him his labours polish and retouch,
He may write better, but not near so much!

* * * * *

'Tho call'd a coxcomb, frothy, pert, and dull,
Still rolls my chariot, and my belly's full.

Nearly a month and a half after this assault took place, some unknown enemy of Fielding's advertised in the *General Advertiser* of June 27th—

A Speech made in the Censorial Court

of ALEX. DRAWCANSIR, Monday, 6th June, 1752,
concerning a late Act of Parliament.

Nearly all trace of this is lost, but it seems certain that this was not by Fielding's pen;² for in the *Monthly*

¹ See, for instance, *Inspectors* of Aug. 18th and Nov. 20th.

² See Miss Godden's *Memoir* (Lond. 1910), p. 259.

Review, July, 1752, we read that this was "A dirty, loose, idle attempt to ridicule the late act of parliament, against bawdy-houses." Certainly Fielding would not have written in such a vein.

When Fielding, on July 4th, turned his paper into a weekly, Hill, after having ignored Fielding since January 11th, broke forth into ridicule against him¹ for having "declined one half his Office," insinuating that Fielding's failure in his *Journal* was imminent. In revenge for this, Fielding, or some of his friends, published on the 13th²—

The INSPECTOR *in the* SHADES

A NEW DIALOGUE in the Manner of LUCIAN

Printed for T. Swan . . . E. Cooke . . .

The *Monthly Review* (a magazine favorable to Hill) calls this "An ill-natured satire upon the author of the . . . INSPECTOR; who is here represented as an empty, vain, *illiterate* scribbler: so ignorant as to confound *Ovid*, *Horace*, and *Virgil* together as one person." This twenty-two page pamphlet is filled with lively, if somewhat dirty, burlesque on the 'Inspector,' who is represented as having descended to the realm of shadows, and having succeeded in forcing an entrance into the "Regions of Wit and Genius." There he cringes and fawns before Lord Orrery—the only *Lord* he ever knew—but behaves very pertly on meeting Swift, Pope, Dryden, and others.

¹ See *Notes* on No. 53, II. 50. 19. Hill's attack is found in his *Inspector* of July 7th.

² Advertised in the *London Daily Advertiser*, July 16th. Because this is in imitation of Lucian's style and directed against Hill, it seems probable that the *inspiration*, at least, may have come from Fielding; see *Notes* on No. 52, II. 47. 7.

He tells these gentlemen that their *stuff* is now regarded as ancient and worthless, and informs them that his own works have supplanted theirs. To Addison he recommends his own *Inspectors* as samples of really fine essay-writing; to Ben Jonson he recommends Foote's *Plays* and Macklin's *Pasquin turn'd Drawcansir* as infinitely better than his *Asper*. Shakespeare also is button-holed by the 'Inspector' and given sound advice! On seeing Sappho, he mistakes her for Mrs. Pilkington;¹ but when set aright, discusses the classics with her. When these shades begin to tire of their amusing guest, and when his dismissal is imminent, Swift proposes that the 'Inspector' be allowed to remain, on condition that he will submit to a very indecent treatment—and *Hill accedes!*

From under this castigation, however, John Hill bobs up serene and as aggressive as ever. Indeed, it was not long before he perpetrated his greatest stroke of misdirected genius. On August 13th he published,² anonymously, the following pamphlet, advertising it thus:

Yesterday was Published

Beautifully printed on a Sheet and a Half of Writing
Paper.

To be continued every Thursday, Price Twopence,

Number I. of

THE IMPERTINENT

Reposez vous donc mollement sur le doux coussinet
de l'ignorance, ou se plaisent tant de tetes bien faites,

¹ Letitia Pilkington (1700-1750), a literary adventuress.

² Advertised as above in the *London Daily Advertiser* of the 14th.

vous n'en serez que plus tranquille, plus gras, et plus hereux.¹

Printed for J. Bouquet, at the White-Hart, in Pater-Noster Row.

In this sheet Hill, not content with criticising Smart and Fielding, comes out in abuse of his own 'Inspectorial' character. His desire for notoriety had led him to this preposterous act; and therefrom he got just what he wanted, for he was now once more the central figure in this warfare. This paper has not come down to us, but extracts printed therefrom have been preserved. The following is taken from Smart's *Hilliad*.²

EXTRACT
FROM A
PAPER called the IMPERTINENT.

Published Aug. 13, 1752.

Written by Dr. HILL.

There are men who write because they have wit; there are those who write because they are hungry; There are some of the modern authors who have a constant fund of both these causes; and there are [some?] who will

¹ The editor has not attempted to supply missing accents in this or any other passage from the original texts.

² The quarrel between Hill and Smart, begun at this time, is prolonged into the next year. Previously (April 14, 1752) Hill had called Smart "a person of real and great genius," but for some reason turned against him in the *Impertinent*. Smart resented the insult on his own name and on Fielding's—"a particular friend of mine" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1752, p. 600), and immediately planned to get even with Hill. Before the reply came out, Hill renewed his attacks on Smart in the *Inspectors* of Dec. 6th and 7th, 1752, in which he tells his readers that he had introduced Smart into the literary circle and was afraid he had made a great mistake in so doing; and had attacked him also in the *Monthly Review*. Smart's reply came out in Jan., 1753, in the form

write, although they are not instigated either by the one or by the other. The first are all spirit; the second are all earth; the third disclose more life, or more vapidity, as the one or the other cause prevails; and for the last, having neither the one nor the other, principle for the cause, they shew neither the one nor the other character in the effect: But begin, continue, and end; as if they had neither begun, continued, nor ended at all.

Of the first, one sees an instance in Fielding; Smart with equal right stands foremost among the second; of the third, the mingled wreath belongs to Hill; and for the fourth, none who has been curious enough to read the college oration in honour of physic, and in defamation of quacks and quackery, will dare to dispute the pre-eminence with Sir William Brown.

Those of the first rank are the most capricious, and the most lazy of all animals: The monkey genius would rarely exert itself, if even idleness innate did not give way to the superior love of mischief. The ass that characterises the second is as laborious, and as dull, and as indefatigable as he is empty: Stranger to the caprice of genius, he knows none of its risings or its fall; but he wears a ridiculous comicalness of aspect, that makes people smile when they see him at a distance: His mouth opens, because he must be fed; and the world often joins with the philosopher in laughing at the insensibility and obstinacy that make him prick his lips with thistles.

of a *Hilliad*, an *Epick Poem*. In this he addresses Hill as "Pimp! Poet! 'Potheary! Play'r!" and proceeds to tear his character to shreds, and closes:

Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift shall reign

* * * * *

So long in flat stupidity's extreme,

Shall —ll the ARCH DUNCE remain o'er

every dunce supreme.

Hill's reply, *The Smartiad*, appeared in Feb., 1753, but is not worth reviewing here. Kenrick's *Pasquinade* (1753) also takes up this quarrel.

To carry out the deception, Hill pretended to be very indignant over the *Impertinent's* insults, and in his *Inspector* of the 25th made his protest against the continuance of this sheet. The *Impertinent*, accordingly, died with its first issue, but not without having aroused Fielding—the one man whom Hill desired to draw out. In his issue of the 22d, Fielding had inserted some broadly humorous passages in ridicule of Hill's experience at Ranelagh; but in these Hill got more than he bargained for. Indeed, Hill was now fair game for every one; witness this epigram¹ from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1752, by an unknown hand:

*On the New Stile, an EPIGRAM to the
Inspector.*

A change in our stile, our wise laws now decree;
A hint, Great Inspector! to you!
One line then of Sense, and we all will agree,
That your stile is entirely new.

Bedford Coff.

SIMPLEX.

A month later we find Hill embroiled in fresh difficulties; for, during the last few months, he had been laying about him rather generally, and had aroused new enemies. Among these we find Arthur Murphy, who comes out in support of his friend Henry Fielding, and in his own defense, on October 21st, in the first number of the *Gray's Inn Journal*. Hill had aspersed Murphy's name in his *Inspector* of August 10th; and now, in imitation of Fielding's *Journal*, Murphy begins a paper in which he revives old ridicule

¹ The Calendar Act went into force on the 2d of September, and on the 15th, after eleven days had been dropped, Hill had an *Inspector* on "The New Stile," which is herein referred to.

of Hill. In his fourth number, on November 11th, Murphy indicts Hill in a *Court of Censorial Enquiry*, much as Fielding does in his paper of the 25th:

“ . . . the *Inspector*, alias Doctor *Bobadil*, *Acad. Reg. Scien. Burd. &c, Socius*, was brought to the Bar upon an Indictment, for that he, not having a due Regard to Decency, hath presumed to rail with all the Vehemence of a Billingsgate Orator, against Mr. Christopher Smart . . . ’”¹

It reports, further, that Counsellor *Truewit* found Hill guilty on this score, but that Hill pleaded his belly (*Empyema!*) and was let off. Murphy’s paper, which continued to run some time after the Paper-War was over, in the period which concerns us, devotes much space to ridiculing Hill. In addition to the above indictment, there is in the next issue (on the 18th of November) a passage charging Hill with fomenting trouble in the Theatre-War (described below). Then in the issue of December 2d there is a capital burlesque on the assault at Ranelagh, in which Hill and his assailants are represented as dogs. A resplendent dog, Pompey² by name (Hill), is represented as being attacked by five vicious curs (the five hypothetical assailants of Hill’s account) and as receiving so severe an injury that he is found to be in danger of an *Empyema!* Before Murphy had come out with his indictment, another new enemy had arisen against Hill. On November 1st, the author of the *Masquerade* attacks Hill in the first issue of this

¹ See footnote on pp. 78 and 79, above.

² Reminiscent of *Pompey the Little* (Lond. 1751), by Francis Coventry; dedicated, in a friendly spirit, to Fielding. In this “our English Hillario,” possibly meant for John Hill, is represented in a very ridiculous light; see 1st edit., pp. 14 ff.

paper, printing therein *The Last Will and Testament of Terrible Leo*, a rather dull satire on Hill's deeds and character, with a passing reference to Fielding. In reply, Hill speaks contemptuously of the *Masquerade*, in his *Inspectors* of November 16th and 24th, but seems to have been but little perturbed by reading *Leo's Will*.

Two new periodicals were now in the field, and on November 16th appeared another, with this title:

THE
SPRING-GARDEN
JOURNAL

BY

Miss PRISCILLA TERMAGANT

(A near Relation of the late Mrs. Roxana)

Addressed to the Writers of the Age, but more particularly to

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR

Author of the COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

Imagine now you see a splendid Feast,
The Question is, At whose Expence 'tis drest?

Dryden's Juv.

Continued every THURSDAY

LONDON

Printed: And Sold at Mr. Meyer's Library in May's-Buildings, St. Martin's-Lane; where Letters to the Authoress are taken in.

This paper, like its predecessor, *The Drury-Lane Journal*, was an octavo pamphlet which appeared on

Thursdays, price 3d. It ran for only four issues, however, ending with the issue of December 7th; and, like its predecessor, had consecutive pagination from number to number. Leveled chiefly at Fielding, this sheet contains comments on his *Journal*, a burlesque *Covent-Garden Journal Extraordinary*, and also three numbers of *The New Female Spectator*. The entire production is generally ascribed to Bonnell Thornton; and certainly its style is very close to that of the *Drury-Lane Journal*; witness this selection from *Spring-Garden Journal*, No. 1:

“My late Predecessor and Sir *Alexander Drawcansir* have established their small Wares each at a Register Office; but I flatter myself, I am more than upon an Equality with them, for my Standard is fixed at a Publick Library . . . there is some small Reason to imagine, that the Materials for a Work of this Kind may more easily be collected hence than from the Records of *Tom Sullen*, Footman, &c. . . . And a Work of Genius may more properly be introduced into the World from Mr. *Meyer*, than from Mr. *John Fielding*; but of this *quantum sufficit*.”

Take, also, from the same number the following:

“It is currently reported, that Sir A. Drawcansir, Knight, was last Week married to a young Lady of great Beauty, but no Fortune; and that he was seen to buy . . . [Hill’s *Lucina sine Concubitu*]¹ a few Days afterwards. Verbum Sapienti sat est . . .”

This is pretty low humor; but therein Thornton kills two birds with one stone—Hill and Fielding—against both of whom this new *Journal* is directed.

¹ See p. 38, above.

In the midst of all this renewed periodical warfare, there had suddenly arisen a topic which quite overshadowed the petty rivalries of the authors of these papers. This was the reopening of hostilities between Garrick's Drury-Lane Theatre and Rich's Covent-Garden Theatre, an open set-to which culminated in a concerted riot at the Drury-Lane. A capital account of the origin and development of this rivalry is found in Fielding's *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 71;¹ but here it is well to reprint other contemporary versions, and to speak of the part which Fielding and Hill played in the controversy which followed. The account in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1752, is cautiously worded and fair in spirit:

"The town has been allured to Covent Garden by a wire dancer,² and some strange animals, which the manager brought together from *Sadler's Wells* and the *Fair*. Mr. *Garrick* ridiculed this perversion of theatrical entertainment by exhibiting a mock entertainment of the same kind.³ At this the town was offended, and a party went one evening⁴ determined to damn it; a person of some distinction,⁵ who was very busy in this laudable attempt, threw an apple at *Woodward*,⁶ and hit him. *Woodward* resented the blow by some words, which by the gentleman's account implied a challenge, but by *Woodward's* no such thing. *Woodward's* account is confirmed by the affidavits⁷ of many; that of the gentleman, only by his own, tho' the box in which he sat was

¹ Nov. 18th; see *Notes* on II. 136 ff.

² Maddox from *Sadler's Wells*; see *Notes* on 71, II. 138. 28.

³ From Nov. 6th to 14th.

⁴ Nov. 9th.

⁵ Richard Fitzpatrick.

⁶ Henry Woodward the Comedian, and Harlequin in *Harlequin Ranger*.

⁷ See p. 86, below.

full. The *Inspector*¹ espoused the cause of the gentleman; and the *Covent-Garden Journalist*² of the comedian, and in a humorous account, which he gives of the quarrel between the houses in military terms, he says, that *Garrick's* forces took the enemy's trumpeter prisoner, who having an empyema in his side, and many dangerous bruises in his breech, could not make off; of this invidious reflection the *Inspector* has avoided the force by observing in a note to his next essay,³ that the hurt which he received from Mr. *Brown* was not in his breech but his side."

Previous to the riot of the 9th, Hill had shown an impartial spirit in reviewing the situation. In his *Inspector* of that date he comments upon the rivalry, mentioning that the manager of the Drury-Lane, by introducing a scene in mockery of Rich's *Ostriches*, *Wild Beasts*, and *Wire Dancer*, had at a single stroke burlesqued and bantered half the incidents that had given success to the forces of the other house. The 'Inspector' grants that Garrick's burlesque has merit and humor, but asks:⁴

"What farther Success can Mr. Garrick expect; what farther Success can he wish, than what he has? He is allowed the first Actor, and the best Manager in the World; is this not sufficient Praise? His House is always full; is this not sufficient Reward?"

The paper continues in this spirit and mildly censures Garrick for abusing his rival.

In defiance of his enemies, especially in defiance of the "Shadow of a formidable Antagonist *Fielding*,"

¹ See p. 86, below.

² *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 71.

³ *Inspector* of Nov. 20th.

⁴ *Inspector* of Nov. 10th.

the “Virulence of a *Thornton*,”¹ and the “Dulness of a *Kennedy*,”² Hill publishes in his *Inspector* of the 14th an inflammatory article against Woodward, in which he expresses his real respect for Garrick, but in which he condemns his employment of Woodward in a farce that had merited public disapproval and had turned the *Town* against him. In this he definitely lays all the blame for the riot on Woodward. The *Town* was, however, divided on the matter, for we read in *Gray's Inn Journal* of the 10th a commendation of Garrick's conduct in ridiculing Rich's “Smithfield Muses” and his “Monster-Breeding Beast.” Then, in the *Adventurer*³ of the 14th, we find a burlesque on the “*late Squabble at the Drury-Lane Theatre, on Account of the additional Scene in Harlequin Ranger, designed to expose Mr. Rich's Fair, and the famous Wire-Dancer, at the other Theatre*”—a purely humorous take-off on the affair.

Woodward had resented Hill's misrepresentation of the matter in the *Inspector* of the 14th, and had published in the *General Advertiser* of the 16th a signed statement denying the charge of the ‘Inspector,’ and asserting that his conduct under trying conditions had been courteous and gentlemanly. It is at this point that Fielding enters the controversy, for the statement was sworn before him on the 15th, and signed *H. Fielding*. Hill then comes out in violent support of Fitzpatrick, in his *Inspector* of the 17th, calling Woodward one of the “meanest of Mankind,” and giving him the lie in regard to his sworn state-

¹ In his *Spring-Garden Journal*.

² In his *Whipping Rods*.

³ By John Hawkesworth; No. 1 came out on Nov. 7, 1752. In the *Inspector* of Nov. 24th Hill endeavors to belittle the success of this paper.

ment. In this, however, Hill still professes admiration for Garrick, and denies any motive of partiality for Rich.¹ This same issue contains a letter from Fitzpatrick in which he denies the facts alleged in Woodward's statement, but in which he offers no sworn statement. Following this action of Fitzpatrick's, Woodward renewed his assertions in the *General Advertiser* of the 18th; and Fitzpatrick, in the *London Daily Advertiser* of the same day, contributes *his* statement sworn before Justice T. Lediard on the 17th. Fielding's interest was now aroused to a publishing point; and on the 18th he prints a paper in support of the Drury-Lane Theatre. In reply comes Hill's *Inspector* of the 21st, in which he again gives Woodward the lie, commends Garrick's having withdrawn his burlesque on the 14th, and ineffectually attempts to turn Fielding's ridicule against the "*Drawcansir* of the Age" and those who sided with him, consigning Fielding to the regions of contempt and obloquy.

Two days later, on November 23d, Thornton joined in the fray, rather vigorously, with a long review of the whole affair, poking fun at Hill and offering a sage bit of advice to the public. But even at this late date the hubbub did not subside, for in December there appeared *A Letter from Henry Woodward, Comedian, . . . to Dr. John Hill . . .* "This Pamphlet," according to some unknown hand which inscribed this note in ink on the last leaf of the second edition in the Yale Library, "is suppos'd to have been wrote by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Fielding." Very possibly,

¹ Hill and Rich had quarreled some years before and were not on good terms now. In his *Inspector* of Nov. 9th, Hill allows Rich his merit, but speaks of him as one beneath his notice.

although the word-usage therein is not Fielding's.¹ The pamphlet is given up almost entirely to personal abuse, and contains, also, a burlesque *Inspector* by *Dr. Bobathill*. In ridicule of Woodward's *Letter*, on the 11th of December, there appeared *A Letter from Sampson Edwards . . . to Mr. Henry Woodward, Comedian*; and in January, 1753, the following pamphlets: *An Answer to Henry Woodward, Comedian* (in vindication of Hill), *A Letter to Mr. Henry Woodward, Comedian . . . by Simon Partridge* (in abuse of Hill), and *A Lick at 'em All* (in vindication of Hill);² then the quarrel was dropped.

Fielding's last word in the year's Paper-War comes on November 25th, in his last number of his *Journal*. In this he indicts John Hill for an old offense, in a tone which is plainly abusive and revengeful. There follows a farewell to his readers, in which it is very evident that Fielding's experiment had cost him much labor of body and spirit, and that he regretted his having entered upon a field where he had been subjected to much unjust treatment. The rest of his paper is given over to a series of notices to the public, advertising that the *Public Advertiser*³ had taken over the *Covent-Garden Journal's* good will—it would henceforth take care of Fielding's subscribers and advertisers, and would publish his legal notices and other similar features; and that his clerk, Mr. Brogden, and his Register Office were to act as agents for

¹ See pp. 99 ff., below.

² In December, previous, there had also appeared a satire on Hill, called *An Essay on the Rationality of Brutes* (Codghill and Mango).

³ On Dec. 1, 1752, the *General Advertiser* was enlarged and took the title above. In 1743 H. S. Woodfall had purchased one-tenth of the *London Daily Post* from Theophilus Cibber, and had named this sheet *The London Daily Post and General Advertiser*.

this new paper. This transfer was effected on December 1st, as promised; and in the first issue of the *Public Advertiser* one finds a notice from Fielding asking that advertisements of things stolen or lost be sent in to Mr. Brogden, together with notices of robberies, for publication in this new sheet. Alexander Andrews¹ states that Woodfall, who had formerly run the *General Advertiser*, had charge of this new paper and that in this venture Garrick was a shareholder.

Henry Fielding's connection with this *Public Advertiser* is uncertain. With the discontinuance of his own *Journal*, it is very natural that he should have desired another medium for publishing his legal notices. I have found no record to prove that Fielding's interest was actually purchased, so it seems probable that he simply exchanged his shares in the *Covent-Garden Journal* for shares in the *Public Advertiser*. This theory is indirectly substantiated in an article in the *Monthly Review*, February, 1753,² which advertises the following pamphlet:

A scheme for a new PUBLIC ADVERTISER, with a list of the present subscribers. Folio 3d. Printed for Justice Fail-paper, in Arrow-Street, and sold by Benj. Brobdignag, in Pater-noster-row.

The *Review* says of this: "It is intended to ridicule Mr. Fielding, and others; who are said to be concerned in a daily news-paper, entitled the *public-advertiser*." It is very unlikely, however, that Fielding was the author of this new paper; for in his last leader in the *Covent-Garden Journal* he expressly asserts that he

¹ *History of British Journalism* (Lond. 1859), I. 188.

² Pp. 144 ff.

will not indulge in any further "correspondence with the gayer Muses."¹

With the cessation of Fielding's *Journal*, however, the warfare did not cease on his enemies' side; nor did Hill and his other foes come to terms. In his *Inspector* of November 27th, Hill² pokes fun at the illiteracy of the author of the *Spring-Garden Journal*; and Thornton, on the 30th, replies in a very sarcastic vein. In Thornton's issue of that date comes, also, the first comment on Fielding's having given up his *Journal*. In a *Covent-Garden Journal Extraordinary*, Thornton represents Fielding, now retired, as looking back over his career as 'Drawcansir,' and as analyzing for the benefit of posterity the causes of his tremendous success as a journalist. The satire is dull and uninteresting, but is not in any degree so unkind as that which followed in other papers. The first of these vicious 'obituaries' came in *Old England*, on December 2d, in the form of a letter to the *Author*:

ALEC was born early in the year of our Lord 1752, the very year which is now almost in its wane . . . Alec was young and old too in as few months.

The place of his nativity has been variously related. Some have fixed it in the Mint, others at Hockley in the Hole,³ and not a few at Bethlem, commonly called Bedlam;⁴ but the far greater part are positive in opinion, he first breathed in that more celebrated place known to us now, and will be to all posterity, by the immortal name of GRUBSTREET: at least, whether he was born

¹ No. 72, II. 141. 20. There is evidence that John Fielding was later connected with this paper; see Andrews' *History of British Journalism* (Lond. 1859), I. 190-193.

² In a letter signed *The Trunk-Maker*.

³ A sporting centre.

⁴ See *Notes* on No. 35, I. 336. 11.

here or not, his admirers, through a common frailty, are willing he should be allowed the distinction of such a famous nativity, weakly judging that no little fame would thence redound to their hero.

However uncertain the place of his birth may be, there is still more conjecturing about his parents. People who indulge themselves in viewing the satirical side of things, have called him a bastard; said his father was an incorrigible debauchee, and his mother a notorious harlot. But I shall give not greater countenance to this slander, than to another of a more extraordinary kind; to wit, that he had no parents at all. The obscurity of his birth and parentage has already raised some fictions as extravagant as the birth of Hercules, or as the Bear-nurse of Romulus and Remus. Some tell us, he suckled a wolf, others says it was a fox, and a third sort believe he got his "milk of human kindness" by sucking a vulture. The absurdity and ignorance of such pretended relations sufficiently refute them; for but to read, is to discredit, them. These important points must therefore remain unsettled for me: They may be the search of future biographers, and may afford matter for volumes yet unthought of, or at least unwrit . . .

The very week our hero was born, he appeared abroad, not upon his own proper legs indeed; but upon crutches¹ which he used with great dexterity. He had the bulk of a common soldier even at this age, and it was well for those near him he had not the strength too; for he affected a military genius, and was very fond of stiling himself "his excellency the general," &c. He levied war (as he called it) upon the powers of GRUBSTREET, his countrymen, because he said he loved to fight against father and mother, and that there was something sweeter in that ingratitude which was the most forbidden. He threw dirt about him profusely, but having no great

¹ On account of the gout; see p. 4, above.

share of courage he left honour and the field to his victorious adversaries, who, tho' he did not know it, were many of them total strangers to his Gruboean wilds . . .

ALEC became a knight errant at a time when other infants nibble the breasts of their nurses; tho' it is said he SUCKED¹ plentifully enough of what he liked. Some say he sucked like a Leech, some, like a *Lecher*: the truth is hard to come at, and when found very insignificant . . .

ALEC had no Rosinante,² nor yet a Sancho Pancha; but he must have both, for he could never knight-errant it on foot, or rather on crutch, nor could he mount his beast without help. What was to be done in this extremity, that it might not continue so? In the neighborhood of Grub-street, where Alec lived, there lived a dealer in asses. Alec seeing this man driving some of these creatures, conceived a thought that gave him immediate relief.—To be brief, he struck a bargain with the man, bought an ass, and immediately with the help only of his crutches mounted, and trotted forth in search of adventures, his crutches being all he had to rely on, either for convenience or defence.

I forgot to say he had knighted himself for this mighty purpose, and that he called himself "Censor of Great Britain." The whole time of his birth, life and death are so short, that there is the less necessity of strict dates to the events, as they all happened in a few months . . .

Passing this, let us look after our Quixote. Alec, delighted with his new servant, gives the creature its head to go which way it chuses. It carried him towards Coldbath-fields, where it may be supposed it usually grazed. When it came to Lord Cobham's, Alec beheld a strange monster at the door, resembling a LION.³ He

¹ In reference to his dependence on Lyttleton, Pelham, etc.

² In ridicule of his fondness of Quixotic literature.

³ Hill's 'Lion' at the Bedford.

stood gazing at it awhile, afraid tho' wishing to attack it. At length however encouraged by the still position of the enemy, and thinking him asleep, he advances closer. At this instant the base of the organ, with the noise of the people, formed such a roar, as startled our poor knight off his ass, and laid him prostrate in the dirt. He was helped up however by the crowd the oddity of his appearance had brought with him, and again remounted. He hopes¹ now to signalize his courage before the people, who fell into his humour and encouraged it, and intrepidly rose up to his horrible antagonist. He lifted up his crutch, and the mob groans.¹ Poor Alec is again extended in the mire, and grievously hurt, to the great diversion of the cruel spectators. They set him up again, but no persuasion could induce a third essay, 'till they had convinced him it was only a log of wood cut in the shape of a lion: then he very courageously broke one of his crutches on the wooden monster, for having put him into such bodily fear.

This put an end to his knight-errantries, before he had performed any: but a more extravagant whim took him than ever knight-errant conceived. He intended to translate GRUBSTREET to COVENT-GARDEN!

He was indefatigable in the execution of this wild project. He worked week after week, and shewed the amazing power of industry. He was far advanced in this hopeful business, when his other crutch failed him under the loads of rubbish he would oppress himself with. This broke his gall, disappointed his darling transportation, and overwhelmed him with despair.

Instead of taking Christian comfort, his evil genius prompted him to lay violent hands on himself, and what was worse threw a halter in his way. He fairly did the hangman's business; but first wrote these lines to leave behind him:

¹ As in the original.

"I shall here lay down a DESIGN I have neither ability or inclination to carry on any longer."¹

"Many of my graver friends have chid me for not dropping it long ago; indeed for undertaking it at all. They have been pleased to think it was BELOW my character; and some have been kind enough to tell me, that I might have employed myself more to the honor of myself, and to the good of the public."

"It is never too late to grow wise; I lay down my design and life together."

Nov. 25.

ALEX. DRAWCANSIR.

Thus lived and thus died the Censor of Great Britain! A prodigy in nature, and an example, hung up in gibbets of ridicule, to the suicide and sot.

* See the last Covent-garden Journal.

VERUS.

Hill, however, was not so quick to gloat over the fall of his enemy; but in his *Inspector* of December 6th, he printed the following notice:

"Of Fielding I had spoken nothing; I had only thought that he was contemptible: My Tenderness for a decayed Brother would have preserved the Secret in my own Breast for ever: It was he who compelled me to divulge it: Nor is he to be blamed for it, if his own After-Writings induced the World to be of my Opinion. But he is departed. The Proverb reminds me, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, that concerning dead Persons we are to say nothing, except we speak good. And in this Case there is no obeying the Precept, but by Silence."

We find very little of the old vicious spirit of John Hill as we have known him! Indeed, this last word of his, although intended to be mock-pathetic, is scarcely

¹ His own words in No. 72.

characteristic of the person whom Fielding so viciously indicts in his final issue of the *Journal*.

Thornton, however, devoted the expiring issue of his *Journal*, December 7th, to his customary long-winded satire, as follows:

The Death of Sir Alexander Drawcansir has made a great Impression upon me; and as I can pay no other Mark of Gratitude to his Memory, than by all the outward Signs of Woe and Despair, I will forbear repeating the Affliction, and adding one Load of Sorrow to another, by inserting his last Will and Testament, which is an Emblem of his real Wit and Humour when living.

Priscilla Termagant.

The last Will and Testament, &c.

IN the Name of God, *Amen*. I Sir *Alexander Drawcansir* Knight, being of sound Mind and Memory, do make this my last Will and Testament, in Manner following, hereby revoking all former Will or Wills whatsoever.

I resign, &c. and humbly intreat that my Body may have all decent Interment; but that Frugality and Parsimony be observed throughout.¹

My Disposition of all my worldly Concerns, is as follows:

Imprimis, I leave to my dear Wife all the Money in my Bureau.

I direct that all my Manuscripts (except as hereafter excepted) be burnt, as not being of any other important Use than to make a good warm *Christmas* Fire.

I am willing that all my *Covent-Garden Journals* be made a present of to the Societies of *Lincoln's Inn* and

¹ A reference to his impecunious pocket.

the *Temple*, to serve the necessary Purposes of every *Diamerdis*, who may chance to frequent certain Places allotted for the most urgent Occasions; and that my Paper upon *Adultery*¹ be pasted up against the Door of each necessary House, by way of Remonstrance to the mettlesome Blades of the several Inns of Court.

My Manuscript of *Joseph Andrews* I leave to Parson Y———,² my Chaplain and Quotation-hunter.

I direct, and it is my Will, that the *Jacobite Journal* be committed to the safe Custody of J——ns, for the Emolument of the Independent Electors of *Westminster*.

My *Tom Jones* I leave to the *Foundling Hospital*, as a Token of Gratitude and Respect.

I leave the *Compleat Justice of Peace* to my sworn Brother of *Westminster*, with Notes of Practise, and marginal References.

All my Miscellaneous Works, to John F———g,³ with some additional Hints upon a certain Office;⁴ and with several Receipts to get Money, and how to spend it.

My Book upon the *Interposition of Providence*,⁵ &c. to my Chaplain, which, properly husbanded, will supply him with Subjects for a Series of Sermons for one Year.

To my Friend M——— the B———r,⁶ I would have given a Manuscript intitled,⁷ *A Treatise upon the Art of Quibbling, and the true Formation of Margins; with Directions to all Bibliopolas how to swell an Octavo into a Quarto, and a Quarto into a Folio.*

Having disposed of my Manual Effects, I come now to my Mental ones.

I do order and direct, that all and every Part of my

¹ In *Covent-Garden Journal*, No. 67.

² Rev. Wm. Young; see No. 52, p. 455.

³ John Fielding.

⁴ Universal Register Office.

⁵ Published early in 1752.

⁶ Millar the Bookseller.

⁷ In satire on the format of *Amelia*.

Virtue be presented to Dr. *J—n H—ll*,¹ as a Man needful of the same.

To the *Fool*,² a small Parcel of Wit, which will be a tolerable large Estate to him.

To all minor Poets, Dabblers in Prose, and periodical Writers, my Stock of Assurance, to be equally divided, in order to counter-balance his Inspectorship.

To my Successor in Business, all my Goodwill and Benevolence, which will recommend him to the Love of every Fellow-Citizen.

To the young Sparks of the B——rd³ the two Cardinal Virtues, Faith and Charity; as they live chiefly upon Hope, I leave that Virtue to the other Dependents of both Sexes.

I direct my *Honour* to [be] buried, with my Body, in the Dust, for certain private Reasons.

I am desirous that my *Scurrility* be committed to the same Place, tho' as this is Dirt, it will be carrying Coals to *Newcastle*.

To Dr. *J—n H—ll* I leave my Wife—a real Estate! who may perhaps have no Use for his *Lucina*,⁴ unless his *Empyema*⁵ has been of any real Injury to him.

Item, My impenetrable Coat of Male, which, as he has got so many Holes in his own Coat,⁵ will be of signal Service.

Item, An excellent brown Cloak,⁶ which will cover many Infirmities, and conceal him from open Insults.

Item, My Coat of Arms,⁷ which will decorate his Chariot much more than the initial Letters of his Name:

¹ John Hill.

² See footnote 2 to p. 59.

³ The Bedford Coffee-House.

⁴ John Hill's *Lucina sine Concubitu*; see p. 38, above.

⁵ See p. 73, above.

⁶ Possibly a cloak which Fielding usually wore.

⁷ Fielding was of noble descent and had a right to his Coat of Arms; Hill used a 'cypher.'

These Articles comprehending all and every Part of my personal Estate.

And then as a parting shot, the last in the War, this epitaph:

EPITAPH

UPON

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

Bite him good Worm, for he was us'd to Bite,
Eat, Drink, devour to gratify his Spight,
Lie heavy on him, then, kind Earth, for O
It is Due; no more than Blow for Blow.

FIELDING'S WORD-USAGE AND SIGNATURES IN HIS JOURNAL.

It is certain that Henry Fielding was the 'Drawcansir' of this paper, and that he wrote the greater part of the literary matter which is contained therein. Here is one bit of contemporary evidence¹ in support of this statement:

"Mr. *H——y F——ld——g*, after having failed in the *Champion*, the *True Patriot*, and the *Jacobite Journal*, has this month made another attempt to establish a newspaper, by prefixing an essay, and interspersing occasional pieces of humour.

This paper . . . is intitled the COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL. The author has called himself Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, and in this character assumes great dignity and performs several feats, for no other apparent reason than that which is given by the illustrious personage² whose name he has appropriated '*All this I do because I dare.*' "

There are, indeed, a great many leaders which bear certain definitely known signatures of Fielding's. When we test these from another direction we find that those leaders which are manifestly his work have, in almost every case, his signatures, and that those

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan., 1752, under *Literary News*. See also the heading of the Dublin issue of the *Journal* on p. 121, below.

² Drawcansir in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*; see IV. 1:

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare.

which are quite as obviously not from his pen, have none of his own signatures, unless it be at the end of a series of contributed articles which he sanctions by his initial.

The signature which he most frequently uses is the initial *A*. This is used in each of the first six numbers, all of which are unquestionably Fielding's work, and is very clearly the initial of his title *Alexander*. In the third number, indeed, we find both *A* and his fully written-out name, *Alexander Drawcansir*. In all, thirty leaders are thus signed; and in nearly all cases, even where other signatures are present, the leaders have a word-usage and peculiarities of style which are distinctly Fielding's. Of these leaders Murphy reprinted, in the first collected edition,¹ only seventeen; but Henley, in his edition, reprinted all but four of the thirty, as the work of Fielding. Further evidence for assuming that this signature was used exclusively by Fielding is found in cross-references between papers bearing this signature, such, for instance, as the phrase, "My Sixth Paper," used in No. 8 with a proprietary sense which Fielding alone would have assumed.

The next most frequently used signature of Fielding's is one which he used also in the *Champion*,² the initial *C*. This is found in nineteen leaders, of which Murphy, and Henley also, reprinted only seven as by Fielding's pen. In nearly every case, including *variorum notes* to news-items,³ the text has Fielding's word-usage and other marks of his style; and in No. 47, a leader signed *C*, we find a cross-reference to "my

¹ See pp. 120 ff., below, for editions of this *Journal*.

² See Lawrence's *Life* (Lond. 1855), p. 115.

³ See *Notes* on No. 11, I. 201. 16, for an example.

next Saturday's Paper," also signed *C*. In this phrase we find the same proprietary connotation as we did above, and can assert that Fielding used this signature exclusively as his own. There are, however, a few cases where leaders signed either *A* or *C* cannot be definitely assigned to Fielding, especially where one finds a series of letters, all or a part of which are sanctioned by these initial signatures. In such cases each portion is tested separately, and the results are recorded in the *Notes*.

Another signature, which occurs in four numbers only, is one which is appended to several *variorum* notes to news-items which are unmistakably Fielding's by other tests. This is the initial *M*; and while it is certainly Fielding's, it seems to have been used chiefly to give sanction to contributed articles which certainly are not his work. The matter is taken up in detail in the *Notes*¹ to those numbers, and my conclusions are best set forth therein. Still another initial signature is *P*, which occurs in two numbers only. Both of these leaders seem to be Fielding's work.² Then there is one case³ where *S* is used, and one where *J*⁴ is used. The former seems to be Fielding's, and the latter is possibly his. Besides these there are some sixteen leaders, or parts thereof, which are without any of Fielding's initial signatures. Most of these are made up of letters which bear various signatures—fictitious names, and initial signatures—and have to be tested solely by internal evidence.

¹ See *Notes* on Nos. 7, 13, 28, and 33.

² See *Notes* on Nos. 15 and 22.

³ See *Notes* on No. 26.

⁴ See *Notes* on No. 30.

Fielding, of course, kept up the pretense¹ of having numerous real correspondents, because he wanted to make his paper appear to be a lively sheet, and because there were many things which he wished to write, himself, under the cover of a pseudonym. Such a correspondent as 'Benevolus,' in Nos. 38 and 41, seems to be a genuine contributor; but such as 'Zara Grandemonde' and 'Humphrey Gubbin' are obviously fictitious persons, and usually are Fielding's creatures. Among these there are one or two signatures which deserve comment. That of *Axylus*² is one used several times by Fielding as a pseudonym in his essays on the perilous subject of *good nature* and *kindliness*. The signature *Misotharsus* (in two numbers)³ is also a pen-name of Fielding's assumed to permit a very free-handed satire on the pert scribblers of the day. Finally there is one signature which has generally been taken as Fielding's. This is the *Z. Z.* signature found in two numbers⁴ of this *Journal* and in two places in the *London Daily Advertiser*⁵ of the year before this. The style and word-usage of all four of these letters bearing this signature are certainly not Henry Fielding's; but in view of the fact that two of these letters puff the Fieldings' Register Office and the Glastonbury Water which they sold there, it seems very likely that John Fielding, who had every reason to do so, wrote all of these *Z. Z.* letters; for unlike his brother Henry, John Fielding employed a comparatively modern word-usage such as that found in these four letters.

¹ See *Notes* on Nos. 5, 7, etc.

² See *Notes* on No. 16, I. 233. 26.

³ Nos. 40 and 46.

⁴ See *Notes* on Nos. 16 and 28.

⁵ See *Notes* on No. 16, I. 236. 17.

Another portion of Fielding's paper has to be tested almost solely from internal evidence; this is the *Proceedings* of the Censorial Court, in which there are no signatures to help us out. One would assume that the *Censor* wrote all these *Proceedings*, but such is not the case; for Fielding turned over two of his book reviews (not reprinted herein) to another hand. All of these have been tested separately, and the results are recorded in the *Notes*. Similarly, the news from Covent Garden (omitted in this edition) has to be tested by word-usage, although, in one case at least,¹ we find a signature, and in others, evidence that Fielding's clerk² contributed much of this matter.

In looking about for some test for Fielding's style so that his contributions might be definitely identified, it was necessary to examine his word-usage, and to compare this with that of those men who might possibly have been contributors to his *Journal*. There is one marked peculiarity in Henry Fielding's vocabulary which Keightley noted in his essay in *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1858.³ This is his almost invariable usage of *hath* and *doth* in place of the customary usage of his age. Indeed, Keightley went so far as to assert that this usage occurred *in no other writer of the Eighteenth Century*; but this is going too far. It is true, however, that most of his contemporaries, especially those who may have been contributors to his *Journal*, generally used the more modern forms, and that Fielding's usage is consistently distinct from theirs. Therefore, in testing the leaders in this *Journal*, the presence of the forms *hath* and *doth* in

¹ See *Notes* on No. 50, II. 38. 20.

² See p. 105, below.

³ Page 217.

place of the usual forms is taken as evidence strongly in favor of Fielding's having written them.¹

The editor has examined the earliest editions of *Amelia* and the *Increase of Robbers* for Fielding's usage in this period, and has found an almost unvaried usage of *hath* and *doth*, *whilst* and *durst*, etc.; and in those leaders in the *Covent-Garden Journal* which are unmistakably his, has found the same usage prevailing. Indeed, if we accept the leader in No. 48, signed *C*, as Fielding's—on grounds other than the word-test—we find in this a convincing proof of his strong tendency to use *hath* in place of *has*, for in quoting from memory a passage in *Hudibras* he alters the original *has* found in each line to *hath*.² Among his contemporaries, especially those closely in touch with him, we find an almost unvaried usage of *has* and *does*. Garrick, in his letters; Lyttleton, in his *Works*; James Ralph, in the *Dedication* to his *Miscellaneous Poems* and in his *Protester*; John Fielding, in his *Dedication* to *The Fathers* and in advertisements of the Register Office which are very probably his; Murphy, in his *Essay* on Fielding and in his *Gray's Inn Journal* (excepting one instance);³ Smart, in his *Midwife* and his *Hilliad*; Thornton, in his periodicals; Hill, in his *Inspector*; *Old England*; the *Magazine of Magazines*, etc., all generally employ *has* and *does*. There are, however, exceptions to this, for William Mason uses *hath* in his *Letters* in *Elfrida*; and Smollett, in burlesque on Fielding in his *Faithful Narrative*, and in dialogue in his novels, uses *hath* and other archaic

¹ The editor feels that this test is of real value, but will not be prepared to give accurate statistics until he has examined early editions of the works of *all* of Fielding's contemporaries.

² See *Notes* on No. 48, II. 27. 4.

³ See p. 81, above.

forms, but, in general, *has* and *does*.¹ Finally, Joshua Brogden, in imitation of Fielding, seems to be fond of these peculiar forms; but it is very difficult to determine whether or not Fielding used Brogden's name as a cloak for his own expression of opinion in commenting on the news from Covent Garden.²

The most probable contributor to this paper, outside of a few unknown persons who sent in letters to the *Author*, was Arthur Murphy, and after him John Fielding. The editor has, however, no means of definitely pointing out their contributions; for when he finds an essay or letter which does not have Fielding's usage, he can say merely that either of these men, who employed a different word-usage, may have written the article in question, especially if the subject and general style give evidence of this possibility. One also suspects Ralph and Lyttleton of having contributed, and even Garrick himself; but nothing definite can be asserted for or against this theory. Certain it is, however, that Fielding wrote the greater portion of the *Journal*.

FIELDING'S STYLE AS DRAWCANSIR.

The periodicals of the age in which Fielding published his *Covent-Garden Journal* can be divided into three general types: the newspaper proper, which devoted most of its space to news and advertisements; the political newspaper, which was given up chiefly to party news and discussions; and the literary periodical.

¹ See Henley Edit., *Peregrine Pickle*, I. 6, for an instance of his double usage.

² In No. 20 (not here printed) Fielding comments on a note which he says Mr. Brogden wrote, but possibly he is merely commenting on one of his own notes, for the entire passage uses *hath* instead of *has*.

cal, an essay-sheet which often had neither news nor advertisements. Fielding's *Journal*, like Hill's *Inspector*, cannot be definitely classed under any one of these heads. Unlike *Old England*, the *Covent-Garden Journal* has no political bias, but like the other news-sheets of the day, such as the *Daily Advertiser*, contains a large proportion of both news and advertisements. In its leaders, however, the *Journal* belongs distinctly to the *Rambler* type, in so far as it contains essays from an *Author* who is master of a real literary style.

The literary form of Fielding's *Journal* is very similar to that of his previous 'failures'; and the type can be traced back to earlier experiments in periodical literature such as the *Spectator* and its successors. In following this model, most of the mid-century imitators assumed pseudonyms, and setting up as observers of the life of the times, recorded in a polite, conversational tone the impressions which they received, embellishing their lucubrations with witty comments and enlivening them by introducing *Letters to the Author*. Fielding retained the literary devices which Addison and Steele used; but he was not always polite in his wit, or restrained in his observations. In a much more vigorous manner than the 'Spectator' and his unworthy successor, the 'Inspector,' the 'Drawcansir' of 1752 assumed, also, the right of censorship over his contemporaries—a right to ridicule and criticise them. In his earlier periodicals he had assumed the same privilege, had vigorously championed several causes, chiefly political, and in dealing with the follies and vices of his contemporaries had worn a mask of seriousness beneath which lay much severity but, also, much merriment of spirit. His last

journal, however, champions no petty cause, and is begun in a spirit of censorship which is on the surface burlesque, but which is serious underneath. Indeed, when we realize his true aim, we are inclined to criticise Fielding for displaying, at the outset, an extravagant sense of humor; but this feeling wears off when we find dignified ridicule supplanting broad humor.

When he assumed this censorship over the manners and morals of the age, Fielding did not have to seek far for an appropriate censorial title, since the name, *Drawcansir*, was then a byword¹ for the comic rôle which he wished to fill. Indeed, Fielding had already been branded by Colley Cibber² as a "Drawcansir in wit, who spared neither friend nor foe"; and had seemed to take pleasure in using this name as a term in literary criticism.³ In this rôle of comic, conquering hero, Fielding at once engaged the enemy, after the manner of Swift in his *Battle of the Books*, but soon became disgusted with the conduct of the enemy, and made his peace. If Hill, however, had played fair, the warfare might have been continued in the same merry vein of wit in which it was begun, and without employing abusive methods. A certain amount of horse-play was inevitable in such a burlesque; yet in this, and in all of his other satires in this periodical, we find only a few instances in which Fielding became somewhat vulgar and even abusive.

Immediately after he abandoned his Paper-War, Fielding set up a new feature in which he might continue his censorship over the Grub-Street forces, but

¹ See p. 99, above.

² In his *Apology* (2d edit., Lond. 1740), p. 232; see *Notes* on No. 15, I. 225. 28.

³ *Prologue* to the *Author's Farce*, and *Jonathan Wild*, II. 8.

without any reference to their periodicals. This was his *Court of Censorial Enquiry*, a device borrowed from his *Jacobite's Journal* and his *Champion*.¹ In form, this was original with Fielding, and in employing this he had the advantage of his professional training as well as his skill in writing. Twelve years before he had used his *Court* very effectively against Colley Cibber and others, and now he turned it against his new enemies. In his *Covent-Garden Journal*, however, he employed his Censorial Court with the especial purpose of reviewing books and prints, and watching over the amusements of the day.

Among the reviews of new books, his defense of *Amelia*² is peculiarly excellent; for, in spite of Fielding's very obvious fondness for his "favourite Child," and his consciousness of having been unfairly treated, this review is fair-minded and is a clever refutation of the current hostile criticism. The undercurrent of pathos cannot be taken for self-pity; it was not in Fielding's nature to whimper. His defense is, indeed, spirited and vigorous; and, for the time being, his critics are made to appear utterly ridiculous. Of the other book reviews the best executed is Fielding's review of the *Female Quixote*.³ He knew his Cervantes thoroughly and was imbued with the comic spirit of *Don Quixote*; consequently his review of Mrs. Lennox's very clever imitation of this type is sympathetic, acute, and even brilliant. The rest of the reviews are somewhat dull, and although they bear the stamp of his approval, are obviously not Fielding's work.

¹ In the *Champion*, May 17, 1740, we find the same phraseology as that employed in his *Covent-Garden Journal: Proceedings at a Court of Censorial Enquiry*, etc.

² In Nos. 7 and 8.

³ In No. 24.

In his other reports of the *Proceedings* of his Court he examines, indicts, and tries offenders; and recommends to public notice those persons who deserve favor. His trial of Mossop¹ is couched in the usual cumbrous law jargon, but is filled with a spirit of dry humor. Similarly, the trial of B— T—,² which is repeatedly postponed, seems to be purposely long drawn out, but is permeated with a spirit of witty satire. Finally, Fielding's indictment of John Hill³ is, by virtue of its incongruous legal phraseology, one of the most enjoyable bits of ridicule in the whole series.

The groundwork for Fielding's extensive literary resources had been laid, in his early days, at Eton. There he had begun his remarkable education in the literature of Greece and Rome; and in the lean years of his apprenticeship at the drama and at the law, he had continued to build on this foundation, reading extensively and deeply in the law, in the literature of antiquity, in history, and in theology. In his *Covent-Garden Journal* the evidence of real learning is found scattered profusely throughout his essays—in his mottoes, quoted often from memory or directly from the familiar pages of the texts which he owned; in his other quotations, citations, and paraphrases, derived also from an intimate knowledge of the books in his own library; and in his air of general culture. We are fortunate in having access to a catalogue⁴ of those books which were sold from his library after his

¹ In Nos. 9 and 10.

² See No. 15, I. 225. 28, for a similar trial of Cibber.

³ In No. 72.

⁴ In the British Museum. See Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (N. Y. 1896), Ser. 3, p. 163 and *Notes* on No. 1, I. 139. 3, and No. 18, I. 243. 25.

death, for in this we find further substantiation of our impressions concerning his breadth and depth of learning. Indeed, when Fielding began his *Champion* (in 1739), he was already the master of a large fund of knowledge, and in his essays in this paper seems scarcely less well read in the humanities than he does in his last periodical.

In his contributions to the *Covent-Garden Journal*, Fielding is at his best. Therein are the most witty of his satirical essays and the most spirited of his serious discussions. Even if we do detect a diminishing vivacity of spirit towards the end of the series, we find no marked deterioration in style. Indeed, throughout these lucubrations there is an uniformly high level of literary workmanship. Despite the fact that Fielding wrote his leaders almost solely for his own times and with a purpose which more closely concerned his contemporaries than it does us, there are in this collection many essays which will appeal at once to any reader as exceedingly humorous, and several in a serious vein which will immediately hold his attention. When, moreover, one knows the conditions under which Fielding wrote, he discovers in these essays a wealth of new material concerning the author and his environment which is particularly valuable. In speaking of the historical value of Fielding's works, Thackeray has written (as if he were one of the Eighteenth Century):¹ "I think that Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Fielding will give our children a much better idea of the manners of the present age [the Eighteenth Century] . . . than the Court Gazette"; and in this instance, this *dictum* is especially appropriate.

¹ *Henry Esmond*, Introductory Chapter to Bk. 1.

One of the most striking traits in Fielding's character is his steady optimism—a trait peculiar to the *once born*, which was formed when he most keenly felt the exuberant joy in living, and was afterwards finely tempered by the cold waters of adversity. Throughout his life Fielding had that fine joy of spirit which goes with a "happy constitution";¹ and even when he had become a chronic invalid, could "forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne";¹ but he had, also, that unselfish love of humanity which leads a man to give up his life for the good of his fellow beings. Fielding saw both the good and the bad in his contemporaries; and despite his close contact with the dregs of London society, he did not regard human nature as utterly depraved, and courageously went about doing good and attempting a reformation in which success seemed quite possible. The expression of this optimism and courage is found not only in his deeds, but in his written works; and when we once understand the man, we find him to be consistently admirable and amiable.

For convenience' sake, Fielding's essays may be divided into several fairly distinct types—essays in satire, serious discussions, and essays of entertainment. In the *Champion* Fielding had employed all of these types, but had laid most of his emphasis on the serious discussion of occasional and perennial topics, even going over, in some instances, into sermonizing, as in his *Apology for the Clergy*.² In his *Covent-Garden Journal*, however, there is a stream of satire which flows on almost without interruption. It is difficult, therefore, to stamp any one essay as purely

¹ Mrs. Montagu's *Letter* to the Countess of Bute, Sept. 22, 1755.

² In several issues, beginning with that of March 29, 1740.

humorous or as quite serious. When he employs the satirical method Fielding is always at his best, for he had gained the mastery of his "darling Wit and Humour" long before this time. In such essays one rarely finds an offensive note, and never any deep bitterness of feeling. When he ridicules the follies and vices of the age, rarely does Fielding laugh sardonically *at* his contemporaries, but, rather, laughs sympathetically *with* them. The true ridiculous, he believed, springs from affectation, and affectation from vanity and hypocrisy. To root out these cardinal failings, Fielding allied himself closely with Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift; and filled his pages with 'laughing satire,' in ridicule of that which seemed obnoxious in his contemporaries. Ridicule was his favorite weapon because he believed in the force of example, and because he felt that examples of what men should shun were much more effective than examples of what men should follow.

One of the best of Fielding's essays in satire is his *Glossary*.¹ This is superb in its irony, but is not unpleasantly sarcastic. One is reminded at once of Fielding's method in *Jonathan Wild*, but detects in this an undercurrent of good nature which is lacking in *Wild*. His next best satire is, perhaps, his burlesque reconstruction of a portion of *Hamlet*.² Fielding had long abhorred pedantry, and in this parody on Shakesperean text-editing, ridiculed contemporary scholarship in the same vein of mockery in which he had written his humorous annotations to his own *Tom Thumb*. Similarly, in his elaborate presentation and discussion of the fragment containing the account of

¹ In No. 4.

² In No. 31.

the Robinhoodians,¹ and in his pedantic examination of the word *Fashion*,² Fielding ridiculed the hair-splitting scholarship of the age and of the past few generations. His papers on the Robinhoodians are permeated, also, with his antipathy for the free-thinkers, and are enlivened with local color, with dialect, and with the finest of his wit and humor. His paper on *Fashion* is even better than his burlesque etymological study of *Mney*³ in the *Champion*, and is good satire. Then there is his lively account⁴ of the warfare between Garrick and Rich, which is written after the manner of his burlesque account of the Paper-War, but in a vein of good-humored satire which is far more spirited and witty. Finally, his mock-historical essays⁵ deserve especial notice, because in them Fielding makes merry over contemporary events, many of which were in themselves ridiculous and humorous.

It is only occasionally that Fielding drops his satirical manner and comes out frankly and seriously. In his papers on the poor,⁶ serious as they are in purpose, he closely approaches in style the witty sermons of Dr. South. There are three papers on the 'Social Evil'⁷ which are very frankly written, and have the same shrewd analysis, wealth of illustration, and forcefulness that distinguish all of Fielding's legal writings. There are three excellent papers in which he takes up a serious discussion of his own theory of

¹ In Nos. 8 and 9.

² In No. 37.

³ Issue of March 20, 1739-1740.

⁴ In No. 71.

⁵ In Nos. 12 and 17.

⁶ In Nos. 39 and 44.

⁷ In Nos. 57, 67, and 68.

Wit and Humour.¹ Finally, there are several essays in outspoken condemnation of slander, impudence, contempt, and other topics of this nature; but in these there is often a satirical note.

His essays of entertainment are very few, and of these there is scarcely one which is written without a serious purpose. His prose version of the story of Astulpho and Jucundo,² entertaining as it may have been to his readers, was inserted not that it might amuse, but rather that it might set men thinking. His account of the theatrical state³ is also written with a double purpose; and his parable of the birds and the clacker⁴ is, after the manner of parables, both entertaining and instructive.

Whether he is satirical or serious, Fielding's style is always natural; never is it affected or intricate. When he employs either the graceful manner of Addison or the forceful style of Swift, he is always direct and simple. Moreover, when he uses devices which are somewhat elaborate, he retains the same ease of expression—well-turned sentences and paragraphs in which the thought is developed naturally and effectively. Among these essays there are several in which he pursues the historical method, either seriously or in mockery: his essay in which he compares his own age with the decadent eras of Greece and Rome;⁵ his examination into the history of the Robinhoodians;⁶ his paper on the rise of the literary

¹ In Nos. 10, 55, and 56.

² In No. 22.

³ In No. 15.

⁴ In No. 25.

⁵ In No. 2.

⁶ In No. 9.

republic;¹ his two papers on the 'mob';² and two on the 'Social Evil'³ wherein he takes up this method in a more serious vein. In one instance⁴ Fielding employs very effectually, the vision-device which he used frequently in his *Champion*⁵ and with particular felicity in his *Journey from this World to the Next*. Then, in addition to his *Glossary*, his mock battles, and his parable, Fielding uses in one case⁶ an elaborate parody side by side with the original text which he wishes to ridicule; and in two other cases⁷ mock receipts which are excellent bits of satire. There is no instance, however, in which Fielding has assumed a style which he cannot use effectively.

There are several instances in which Fielding uses dialect and other means of characterization. Both Fielding and Smollett had been successful in reproducing the peculiarities of speech in their characters, and Fielding had tried his hand at this before he had taken up novel-writing.⁸ In his *Journal* he carries it sometimes to the point of exaggeration, as in his characterization of the 'rideout.'⁹ He is at his best in his account of the Robinhoodian debates,¹⁰ for in this there is not only a natural reproduction of the mannerisms in the speech of his debaters, but also certain clever touches, in further characterization, which must at once have enabled his readers to detect the

¹ In No. 23.

² In Nos. 47 and 49.

³ In Nos. 67 and 68.

⁴ In No. 70.

⁵ See issues of Dec. 27, 29, 1739, and May 24, 1740.

⁶ In No. 45.

⁷ In Nos. 14 and 60.

⁸ In the *Champion*, Jan. 3, 1739-1740.

⁹ In No. 30.

¹⁰ In No. 8.

actual persons whom Fielding had in mind. Similarly, in most of his essays his men and women are portrayed true to life, even if he sometimes depicts types rather than persons; and his papers on human nature are studies of the virtues and vices of real human beings. In single essays of this sort it is difficult to make complete characterizations, so that, in his *Journal*, only one or two out of the number of fictitious correspondents and created characters stand out clearly. The character of 'Axylus,' though it is undeveloped in his few letters, is distinct. Indeed, one thinks at once of him as a real person, a second Parson Adams of whom we would like to know more.

There are two other literary forms used in this *Journal* which are generally lacking in his earlier periodicals (in so far as one can judge from reprints only)—dialogue and verse. There are two formal dialogues,¹ one of which is certainly Fielding's, and the other very possibly his; both are well executed, especially the dialogue in the manner of Plato, but in these the satire is not quite up to the level of his more natural satirical style. The verses to Jenny Weston¹ are obviously written in burlesque of an odious type, and from this point of view are cleverly ridiculous. The Chaucer *Balade*² is a very curious satire. It is a noteworthy example of bad linguistic imitation, but is an excellent reproduction of Chaucer's spirit of sharp-witted satire. Written in an age when hardly any good imitations appeared, this stands forth as a noteworthy exception. Finally, there is the translation of Tibullus' *Elegy*,³ rendered in the stilted,

¹ In Nos. 30 and 54.

² In No. 50.

³ In No. 58.

Popean couplet. In this it is hard to detect any characteristic marks of Fielding's style; for although it is a well-written version, there are in it no strikingly original paraphrases such as one might expect from Fielding's pen.

There are only a very few instances in which Fielding speaks of his own style, and there is very little criticism from his contemporaries which is of any great value. In several instances Fielding protests against the fathering of scurrility on his good name, particularly in his farewell¹ to his readers; and in other instances makes it plain that he had definite views about the theory of his art, and that he followed Lucian as his model. From the abundance of criticism written during this period there can be selected only a very few specimens of real worth which are in direct criticism of his 'Drawcanserian' style. In the *Magazine of Magazines*, April, 1751, in a review of current publications, is this interesting passage:

"... on the whole it would not be unworthy the genius of a *Fielding* to draw up *An Enquiry into the causes of the late encrease of magazines and other pamphlets, occasional and periodical, with some proposals for remedying the growing evils*. In this capacity Mr. *Fielding* may act as an enquirer, as a justice, as a law-giver, and as executioner; for whosoever is acquainted with his writings must confess, that there is no body so well acquainted with human nature, so capable of representing virtue in its own amiable dress, or vice in its native deformity, that has such a thorough insight into the causes and effects of things, is such a master of character, and so able to draw the picture of an author, and a reader of every kind."

¹ In No. 72.

This is strangely prophetic of what Fielding actually attempted; and written in an age when fulsome praise passed for favorable criticism, is unusually restrained. Arthur Murphy (as one would naturally expect) has a few words of mild praise for Fielding in his *Essay* prefixed to his edition of the *Works* (1762):

“There are, in that collection, many essays of such good sense and fine humour, that they would have been admired in the lucubrations of the *Tatler* or the *Spectator*; and the reader will find them carefully selected and preserved in this edition.”

After Fielding's death his friends and admirers paid their tribute to his genius. Most of these eulogies are now common literary stock—those of Garrick, Harris, and John Fielding; and Mrs. Montagu's very candid *post-mortem*—but it seems quite appropriate to close this chapter with one of poor Kit Smart's tributes:¹

EPITAPH

On HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

The Master of the GREEK and ROMAN page,
 The lively scorner of a venal age,
 Who made the publick laugh, at publick vice,
 Or drew from sparkling eyes the pearl of price;
 Student of nature, reader of mankind,
 In whom the patron, and the bard were join'd;
 As free to give the plaudit, as assert,
 And faithful in the practise of desert.
 Hence pow'r consign'd the laws to his command,
 And put the scales of Justice in his hand;
 To stand protector of the Orphan race,
 And find the female penitent a place.

¹ *Poems* (Lond. 1763-1764), pp. 13, 14.

From toils like these, too much for age to bear,
From pain, from sickness, and a world of care;
From children, and a widow in her bloom,
From shores remote, and from a foreign tomb,
Called by the WORD of LIFE, thou shalt appear,
To *please* and *profit* in a higher sphere,
Where endless hope, imperishable gain
Are what the scriptures *teach* and *entertain*.

TEXTS AND EDITIONS.

The text of these leaders and other features from the original folio issues of Fielding's *Covent-Garden Journal* are taken from rotograph copies of the nearly¹ complete file in the Burney Collection of the British Museum, and from photographs of the supplementary numbers found in the collection formerly owned by Mr. Austin Dobson, but now a part of the estate of the late Mr. John Henry Wrenn of Chicago. Mr. Wrenn's file is the only complete collection of the original issues which the editor has found; but there are contemporary reprints supplementing numbers missing in the Hope Collection and the Burney Collection, in both the Bodleian and British Museum libraries.

The first of these reprints appeared serially during 1752 and 1753, in what was called the Dublin *Covent-Garden Journal*. This piracy was begun in January, 1752, and was continued regularly thereafter for over a year. The London magazines and other periodicals were content with printing mere excerpts from Fielding's *Journal*; but in Dublin, where piracy was not illegal,² the London issues were taken almost bodily and reprinted as though Fielding had sanctioned such an act, or even engaged in this venture as a part of

¹ In the Newspaper Room, *Newspapers*, Vol. II., 447, contains a file which wants No. 61 entire, and parts of Nos. 71 and 72. 447 B has many duplicates, but does not supplement 447. No. 61 is found only in Mr. Wrenn's file, but its leader is to be had in reprint in the Hope Collection at the Bodleian (No. 249-12mo).

² Richardson suffered from Dublin piracy; see Dobson's *Richardson*, *E. M. L.*, p. 165.

his plan to increase the business of his Universal Register Office in Dublin. This theory seems plausible, for in the London issue, No. 1, Fielding advertises the opening of a Dublin branch of this employment-bureau; and one would naturally suppose that in this connection Fielding was trying to increase his income by puffing this new office in a paper which might bring in an addition to his subscriptions and to his business profits. But nowhere in this Dublin issue do we find any substantiation of this theory; and in the original London issues we find direct denial¹ of his publishing or sanctioning more than one paper by the name, *Covent-Garden Journal*.

On January 23d, there appeared the first number of the pirated Dublin issue:

The Covent-Garden Journal

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of
GREAT BRITAIN

(Otherwise HENRY FIELDING, Esq;)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23d. 1752. Numb. 1.

To be continued Weekly.

This was in newspaper form, but measured only 8 inches by 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The colophon reads:

DUBLIN: Printed for JAMES HOEY, at the Sign of the
Mercury, in *Skinner-Row*.

Because this James Hoey had previously offended London publishers by republishing periodical matter

¹ In No. 4.

in his *Dublin Packet* (1730), we may hold him responsible for this particularly bold robbery. This reprint, however, seems to have been made at the request of the students in the University at Dublin; for we read in No. 13¹ that during term-time the paper was to appear on both Mondays and Thursdays, and find in many issues contributions from men in the University and news from the same source. In this we find irregularly arranged reprints of a large proportion of Fielding's leaders, of much of his news (with *Notes*), of his Covent-Garden news, of his 'Court Proceedings,' and, in addition, reprints of portions of the *Drury-Lane Journal*, the *World*, the *Adventurer*, and the *Scourge*. To adapt the extracts to Dublin conditions and to the irregular chronology of the reprints, many liberties are taken with Fielding's text; and to give an appearance of authority to his work Hoey inserts such notices as this:²

COVENT-GARDEN

To oblige the Public, I purpose to insert in this Paper, after My own Essay for the Day, every Number that is either witty or humorous of the three periodical Papers now carrying on, viz. The WORLD, The ADVENTURER, and The SCOURGE.

—————*All this I can do, because I dare.*

DRAWCANSIR.

In reprinting Fielding's issues the *Dublin Journal* soon fell behind in point of time, and when December 7th had come had republished scarcely two-thirds of the issues of a paper which had ceased running. On

¹ April 20, 1752, p. 5.

² No. 56, Jan. 18, 1753, p. 222.

that date Hoey published his fiftieth number, and announced volume one to be complete. Volume two followed, and for fifty numbers more the practice of pirating was continued, until nearly a year had elapsed since the last issue of Fielding's original *Journal*. Beginning with No. 77 of the Dublin issue the paper abbreviated its title to:

The Covent-Garden Journal, Or the Censor.

with No. 83 to:

The Censor, Or the Covent-Garden Journal.

Volume two ends with No. 100, and beginning with No. 101, there is a new title:

The Censor and Dublin Public Advertiser.

After this point the files in the British Museum are incomplete, except for an isolated issue in 1756 of No. 234 of what is called:

The Censor by Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt.

The first reprint of this *Journal* in book form seems to have been made by Arthur Murphy in his first collected edition of Fielding's *Works* in 1762. Murphy owned at the time a nearly complete file of the original folio issues of the *Journal*, and to furnish copy for the printer, tore out of this file those numbers which he wished¹ to reprint as a selection of Fielding's best work in this paper. The remaining folio issues of Murphy's file are found in the Hope Collection of the Bodleian Library with the above information inscribed

¹ Edition of *Collected Works*, I. 45.

on the blank outside page, and signed with Mr. Hope's initials *J. T. H.* This folio in the Hope Collection is partly supplemented by a reprint in 12mo, which bears no date, but which Mr. Hope describes on the fly-leaf as a reprint of Fielding's contributions to the *Journal* "taken out of a volume of Fielding's Works"—presumably Murphy's edition in 1762; hence the second partial reprint to appear in book form.

It is probable that Murphy was not fully qualified to pass judgment on the authenticity of the leaders which he reprints; but because he had been close to Fielding in the period and an open imitator of his style in his *Gray's Inn Journal*, almost all of his successors, in reprinting the works of Fielding, have followed Murphy's text. W. E. Henley¹ and George Saintsbury,² however, in their reprints have had access to the original folios; and in the former's edition more numbers are reprinted than in any other edition of Fielding's works.

¹ *Works* (N. Y. and Lond.), 1902-1903.

² Temple Classics Edition of *Works*.

APPENDIX.

Catalogue of Prints and Drawings
in the British Museum. Div. I.
Political and Personal Satires.

By *Frederic George Stephens*.

Vol. III. Part II. 1751 to C. 1760.

1877. [B. M. P. M. 2034. e]

No. 3183.

A NIGHT-SCENE at RANELAGH on Wednesday
6th of May 1752.

*Thus I bore my point: six rogues in buckram let drive
at me. Clody Inv^t. Telltruth Sculp. [May 6, 1752.]*

An engraving, showing the entrance to the Rotunda at Ranelagh. Mr. Brown, see below, having pulled off Dr. Hill's wig, seizes him by the ear and cries, "*Draw your Sword Swaggerer, if you have the Spirit of a Mouse.*" Hill, attempting to run away, exclaims, "*What? Against an Illiterate fellow that can't Spell. I prefer a drubbing Oh! Mr. C— get me a Constable for here's a Gentⁿ going to murder me.*" Mr. Cole,¹ running towards him, cries out, "*Yes Sir Yes. Pray Young Gentleman dont hurt him for he never has any meaning in what he writes.*" Two constables are approaching, one remarks—"Zounds Dick, the I——r²

¹ Master of ceremonies at Ranelagh.

² The 'Inspector.'

has no Money to pay us withal''; the other says, "No matter Tom, we'll Swear thro' thick and thin to put him in Cash."

No. 3184.

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE, or the CONSULTATION,
(No. 1.)

*Quamquam Nihil Testibus istis propiciam,
Extremâ—moriens—tamen—alloquar—horâ,*

Bolus M. D. Inv. Clyster-Pipe Sculp.

*May 29 Publish'd according to the Act,
by H. Carpenter. Price 6^d [May 29, 1752.]*

An engraving showing Dr., or "Sir John" Hill's bedchamber; the doctor is in bed; a physician is feeling his pulse. The former says, "*Pity me for I shall have no Money till I have gain'd my Suit.*" One of a group of physicians answers, "*As we have never own'd you for a Brother we must insist on our Fees.*" Another advises him, "*Sell your Sword it is only an Incumbrance.*" Three other physicians stand at the foot of the bed, and severally remark, "*Give de Ass de Milk,*" "*No Broth,*" "*Raise his Spirits with a Blister.*" A male head, peeping between the curtains, calls to a constable entering the door of the room, "*Dick did you get y^e 3 basons of blood we sent you for*"? Dick replies, "*—Sir we are out of Luck Fyay whom you & I swore against went to Ireland 3 weeks before y^e affair happen'd.*" On the head of the bed, back of the chair, and on scraps of paper are various extracts from Hill's speeches or writings, "*To the Public. The I——r has been y^e immediate Object of Indulgence,*" "*The Physician has confirmed*

my own Opinion, by declaring, the Hurt I have received is not without Danger.”, “If the Town shou’d know that I spit blood 3 years ago I shall be ruin’d—for th— wont read my Po——,” “The Stream of Life which I lose in greater & greater Quantities, brings the King of Silence towards me wth hastier Steps.”, “I remember the having been the Occasion of Good to Numbers: I can recollect many worthy Persons whom I have served;”, “I never recommended that Charity to y^e World to which myself was not a Contributor. I never accepted Gratuity or Reward of any kind for these friendly Offices.”, “The Religion of my Country I have served to the utmost of the Abilities, wh——”, “P——x on’t —— If I had not contradicted every circumstance of my Acc^t I shou’d at least have kept the Mob on my side.”

On a paper lying on the floor is the following bill:

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
<i>D</i>	40	<i>for Smart Money</i>	
<i>S</i>	20	<i>including Physicians,</i>	
<i>A</i>	30	<i>Asses Milk, &c.</i>	
<i>Gained by a Drubing</i>	110		
[Sic]	200		200

On a pile of briefs lies a letter to Dr. Hill:

“Hicks Hall May 16

This Day M. B—— Esq. appeared to Ans^e your Charge against him, when nobody appearing for you his recognizance was discharged.

I am, S

Yours &c.”

.....

For the circumstance in question, see "A Night-Scene at Ranelagh," No. 3183.

In the depositions made before Mr. Justice Lediard, Hill implicated Mr. Fay, a gentleman who was in Ireland during the whole affair.

3260.

THE ROBIN HOOD.

*Publish'd according to Act of
Parliament June 1st 1752. Price 6^d.
Plain, Colour'd 1^s. [1753.]*

This is an engraving showing the interior of a wainscoted room which is lighted by four candles suspended from the ceiling, and by a fifth candle on a table near the middle. It is the place of meeting of a debating society. The president, or chairman, sits at the table with two loaves on his head, thus placed to intimate that he is a baker; he is listening to the speech of a man who stands on his left, with a shoemaker's last under one arm. Two persons sit on a form facing the chairman, one of them lolls back, the other turns his face to look at the shoemaker's antagonist, a little man, who stands up and is in the act of speaking. On our right two other men are arguing with great vivacity; several observers are grouped near. On the table are a large open book, covered pot, watch, pen and ink, and hammer.

All the men have ignoble faces and common manners.

Below the design the following inscription is engraved: "It is impossible to trace the Origin of the above Society, tho' we imagine they first took the Name of Robin Hood from their Shooting with long Bows,

which Custom they still retain: and to deduce them from any particular Nation is equally impossible, for they are composed of every Nation on Earth; we must therefore be content with the following short Description of their present State.—The Number of them is about 300, composed chiefly of Shoemakers, Apothecaries, Lamp-lighters and Parish-School-Masters wth a BAKER at their Head for President, they assemble every Monday Evening, when they debate publicly on the most important Subjects, as Religion, Politicks and the Moral Fitness of Things; and each Member is allowed five Minutes to handle the Subject according to his Art; and then the Baker reads up the whole of their Arguments, mix's them with the leaven of his Understanding, and proportions them out into Cakes, according to the Merits of each Speaker.—N. B. Should this Account raise any ones Curiosity, they are desired to enquire any Monday Afternoon near Butcher Row, and their Curiosity may be satisfied for a Pot of Porter."

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

By Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt. Censor of
GREAT BRITAIN.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4. 1752. Numb. 1.

To be continued every Tuesday and Saturday.

Cedite Scriptores

Anglice,

By your leave, Gentlemen.

THE World, it is certain, never more abounded with Authors, than at present; nor is there any Species more numerous than of those Writers who deal forth their Lucubrations in small Parcels to the Public, consisting partly of historical, and partly, to use their own Word, of *literary* Matter. So great, indeed, is their Multitude, that Homer's Simile of the Bees gives us scarce too vast an Idea of them. Some of these visit the Light daily, so that we may apply strictly to them the

Ἄπει νέον ἐρχομενάων

Some of them again fly abroad only every other Day; some send forth their Works once a Week; others once a Fortnight; and others more sparingly indulge us only at the End of every Month with their Labours.

When I survey all these wondrous Works in my Mind, I am struck with no less Astonishment, than was the Foreigner when he saw Leadenhall Market; nor can I more conceive what becomes of all this Quantity of Paper, than he could find Consumers for so much Meat. The same Solution will, indeed, serve us both; for there are certainly as many B—ms in the World as there are Mouths.

Here, perhaps, I may seem to have advanced an Argument against my own Appearance, and it will possibly be said, since we have so many, (perhaps, too many,) of these Writers already, what Need have we of adding a new one to the Number?

To this I shall first give the same Answer which if often made by those who force themselves into crowded Assemblies, when they are told the Place is too full already, "Pray, Gentlemen, make Room for me;—I am but one. Certainly you may make Room for one more."

Secondly, I believe it is usual in all such Crowds to find some few Persons, at least, who have sufficient Decency to quit their Places and give Way to their Betters. I do not, therefore, in the least question, but that some of my cotemporary Authors will immediately, on my Appearance, have the Modesty to retire, and leave me sufficient Elbow Room in the World. Or, if they should not, the Public will, I make no Doubt, so well understand themselves, as to give me proper Marks of their Distinction, and will make Room for me by turning others out.

But, in Fact, had the great Numbers of cotemporary Writers been any Argument against assuming the Pen, the World would never have enjoyed the Works of that excellent Poet Juvenal, who tells us, that they swarmed in a most prodigious Manner in his Time; but, so far from declining the Poetical Function on that Account, he assigns this as the very Reason of taking it upon him.

—*Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere Chartæ.*

These Reasons, and this Authority, will, I believe, be sufficient Apologies to my Readers; but it may be, perhaps, more difficult to satisfy my Brother Authors themselves, to whom, I would, if possible, avoid giving any Kind of Umbrage. These Gentlemen, I say it with great Concern, are sometimes guilty of adopting Motives unworthy of the Followers of the Muses; and, instead of consulting the true Interest of the

Republic of Letters in general, are too apt poorly and meanly to consider their own; and, like mere Mechanics, to be envious and jealous of a Rival in their Trade.

To silence, therefore, effectually, all such Jealousies, and Fears, I do here declare, that it is not my Intention to encroach on the Business now carried on by my Cotemporaries, nor to deal in any of those Wares which they at present vend to the Public.

First then I disclaim any Dealing in Politics. By Politics, here, I cannot be understood to mean any Disquisitions into those Matters which respect the true Interest of this Kingdom abroad, or which relate to its domestic Œconomy and Government; with none of which these Writers have ever yet concerned themselves. By Politics, therefore, I mean that great political Cause between WOODALL OUT, and TAKE-ALL IN, Esqs; which hath been so learnedly handled in Papers, Pamphlets, and Magazines, for above thirty Years last past; and in which the Nation in general are as greatly interested, as they were in the late Contest between Thamas Kouli Kan, and the Sophy of Persia.

Secondly, I renounce all Pretensions to deal in personal Slander and Scurrility, a very extensive article, and of which many of my Brethren have been so long in Possession, that it would be in vain for me to dispute their Title with them.

Thirdly, I do promise, as far as in me lies, to avoid with the utmost Care all Kind of Encroachment on that spacious Field, in which my said Cotemporaries have such large and undoubted Possessions; and which, from Time immemorial, hath been called the Land of DULLNESS. A late ingenious Predecessor of mine, in the Wantonness of his Heart, declared, if at any Time he appeared dull, there was a Design in it; on the contrary, I solemnly protest, that if I ever commit a Trespass of this Kind, it will be because I cannot help it. But here I must offer two Precautions. First, that I shall always object to the Evidence of any of the known Proprietors of this Field, as being too much interested in the Cause to be legal Witnesses. And, secondly, if my Pen

should, now and then, accidentally be found straying in the said Field, it will not thereby become a Trespasser; as we Wits have, by Prescription, a Right of Common there *per Cause de Vicinage*, as the Law calls it. This Right we have enjoyed from the Days of Homer, who was sometimes found taking a sound Nap therein.

Thus, I think, I shall leave these Gentlemen in full Possession of all that they at present deal in. But there is another very good Argument to quiet their Apprehensions; the Price of my Paper being by Half, or at least, a third Part, higher than any other. To affect, therefore, any Fear of losing their Customers by my Means, is as absurd, as it would be in the Owners of Stalls, or Wheel-barrows, to affect any Jealousy in Trade of THE GREAT MR. DEARD.

This is a Point, indeed, infinitely below my Consideration; however, at the Desire of my Bookseller, I shall give the Public his Reasons for fixing the Price of Three-pence on this Paper, and which, he hopes, will be abundantly satisfactory.

First, he insists pretty much on the extraordinary Beauty of his Paper, and Print, which alone he thinks to be worth the additional Money.

Secondly, he urges the Quantity of the Matter which this Paper will contain; being, he says, more than double the Quantity of any other, and almost twenty Times as much as is generally contained in the Daily Advertiser. So that, says he,

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
If Ditto Contents, in Ditto Advertiser, be worth—	}	0	0 11½
Then Ditto Contents, in Dit- to Journal, is worth—			
		0	2 6
Balance in Favour of the Journal,		0	2 4½

Lastly, he lays some Weight on the superior Goodness of the Matter. On this, indeed, he lays very little Stress; however, he thinks it may be reckoned at something. Modesty

forces me to suppress much of what he advances on this Head. One Particular, however, I cannot forbear inserting, as there is something new and whimsical in the Thought; I shall give it in his own Words; 'As you are a Man of Learning, Sir,' says he, 'and well travelled in the Greek and Roman Authors, 'I shall most probably, in this Paper, import many curious 'Treasures of Antiquity both from Greece, and Rome. Now, 'as Gentlemen daily give Hundreds of Pounds for antient 'Busts, and Statues, they will not surely scruple to give 'Three-half-pence for an antient Greek or Roman Sentiment.'

This is the Reasoning of my Bookseller; to imagine, indeed, that it is any Concern of mine, would be an Absurdity so great, that I shall not suspect any of my Readers to be capable of it. In an Age when all Men are so ready to serve their Country for nothing, I hope I shall not be thought an Exception. For my own Part, I cannot be supposed, by an intelligent Person, to have any other View, than to correct and reform the Public; and should have taken some Pains to have prevailed with my Bookseller to distribute these Papers *gratis*, had he not assured me, that such an Example would be of great Detriment of Trade. A

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

To A

JOURNAL of the present PAPER WAR between the
Forces under Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR,
and the Army of GRUBSTREET.

BEFORE I had fully resolved to draw my Pen, and to take the Field in the Warfare of Writing, I duly considered not only my own Strength, but the Force of the Enemy. I am therefore well apprized of the Difficulties I have to encounter: I well know the present dreadful Condition of the great Empire of Letters; the State of Anarchy that

prevails among Writers; and the great Revolution which hath lately happened in the Kingdom of Criticism; that the Constitutions of Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, and Bossu, under which the State of Criticism so long flourished, have been entirely neglected, and the Government usurped by a Set of Fellows, entirely ignorant of all those Laws. The Consequence of which hath been the Dissolution of that antient Friendship and Amity which subsisted between the Author and the Critic, so much to the mutual Advantage of both People, and that the latter hath long declared War against the former. I know how cruelly this War hath been carried on, and the great Devastation which hath been made in the literary World, chiefly by means of a large Body of Irregulars, composed of Beaux, Rakes, Templars, Cits, Lawyers, Mechanics, School-boys, and fine Ladies, who have been admitted to the *Jus Civitatis*, by the Usurpers in the Realms of Criticism, without knowing one Word of the antient Laws, and original Constitution of that Body of which they have professed themselves to be Members. I am, farther, sensible of the Revolt which hath been of the Authors to the Critics; many of the meanest among the former, having become very considerable and principal *leaders* among the latter.

All these Circumstances put together do most certainly afford a most gloomy Prospect, and are sufficient to dismay a very enterprizing Genius; but I have often reflected with Approbation on the Advice given to Caius Piso, in Tacitus, *to appear in open Arms in Defence of a just and glorious Cause, rather than to await the Event of a tame and abject Submission*. How much more noble is it in a great Author to fall with his Pen in his Hand, than quietly to sit down, and see the Press in the Possession of an Army of Scriblers, who, at present, seem to threaten the Republic of Letters with no less Devastation than that which their Ancestors the Goths, Huns, Vandals, &c. formerly poured in on the Roman Empire!

When I had taken a firm Resolution of opposing this

Swarm of Vandals, I concerted my Measures in the best Manner I was able.

In the first place I reviewed my VETERANS which were all drawn up in their Ranks before me. The Greeks led by Homer, Aristotle, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Lucian, and Longinus. The Romans under the Command of Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Tacitus, Terence and Quinctilian. A most formidable Body, all in gilt Armour, and on whom I can rely with great Assurance, as I am convinced the Enemy hold not the least Correspondence with them; a Circumstance which gives me some little suspicion of my French Forces, of which I have a considerable Body, with Moliere and Bossu at their Head; but though some of the Enemy have been taken dabbling with these, I am well assured they are not likely to come to a perfect good Understanding with them.

Besides these, I have a large Body of English VETERANS, under Bacon and Locke, sent me in by Major-General A. Millar, who is a faithful Ally of the Republic of Letters, and who hath himself raised this Body, all staunch Friends to the Cause.

In the next Place, I have taken sufficient Care to strengthen myself by Alliances with all the Moderns of any considerable Force; but as this hath been carried on by secret Treaties, I cannot, as yet, publish the Names of my Allies. A

(To be continued in our next.)

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7. 1752. Numb. 2.

— *Redeunt Saturnia Regna.* Virg.

In English,

Old Sat-n himself is come to Town.

IT hath been, I believe, a common Practice with Men, in all Ages, to complain of the Badness of their own Times, and as readily to commend the Goodness and Virtue of their

Fore-fathers. So that it is easy to fix on several *Æras* in History, which have been the Subject of equal Satire and Panegyric. Succeeding Ages have sung forth the Praises of certain Periods of Time, and have recommended them as Examples to Posterity; which yet, if we believe the Historians, as well as Satyrists, who lived in those very Periods, abounded with all Kinds of Vice and Iniquity.

The present Age, notwithstanding its Improvement as well in Virtue, as in Art and Science, doth not escape from this censorious Disposition; with all the Reason which we have to set a Value on ourselves, in Preference to so many other Ages and Countries, there are still some few at this very Time, and in this very Nation, who would persuade us, that Virtue, Taste, Learning, indeed, every Thing worthy of Commendation, were never at a lower Ebb than they are at present among us.

As I am of a different Opinion from these Gentlemen, and as I am naturally inclined to catch at every Opportunity of Panegyric, I shall here endeavour to shew that we are far from deserving any such Character; and that we may be compared with many other Ages and Countries very much to our Advantage.

To say the Truth, Men often lament the Badness of their own Times, as they do the Badness of their own Circumstances, by too injudicious a Comparison. As in the latter Case, they are always lifting their Eyes to those who shine forth in the greatest Riches and Splendor; so, in the former, they have always in their Eye, two or three of those Commonwealths which have made the greatest Figure in History; whereas, if they would act in the contrary Manner, and endeavour in both Cases to make the most advantageous Comparisons, what comfortable Instances would their own Experience afford them in the one, and History in the other?

To pursue therefore this Method on the present Occasion: the first Instance I shall give is that of Sodom and Gomorah. Now though the Sins of these two Cities are not very expressly

set forth in Scripture, yet, from the Consequence, I think it very reasonable to conclude, that they were, at least, *some-what worse* than we are at present.

The Moabites, according to Moses, and the Ægyptians, if we believe some Historians, may likewise afford an advantageous Comparison.

The Corinthians likewise, must surely be allowed to have been worse than us, if we believe the Account given by Strabo of the rich Temple of Venus, in this City, at which above a Thousand Whores officiated as Priestesses. We read likewise in other Authors, that they worshipped a Dæmon, under the Appellation of Cottys, who was the tutelar Deity of all Lewdness and Debauchery. Hence, the most profligate and abandoned in such Vices, were said *Κορινθιάζαν* i.e. to *Corinthize* or *to be as bad as a Corinthian*; which cannot, I think, be applied to us: for it is much better to have no Religion at all, as is at present our Case, than to profess such Religions as these.

To avoid Prolixity, I will mention only one more People, and these are the Romans themselves, during the Reign of Nero, of whom take the following short Account which Tacitus gives us as a Summary of the prodigious Licentiousness of those Times. “Nero,” says my Author, ‘built a Vessel in Agrippa’s Lake; in this Vessel, which was towed by others, he furnished out a Banquet. The Barges were adorned with Gold and Ivory; and the Rowers were all Pathics, placed above each other, according to their Age, or superior Skill in the Science of Debauchery. Nero had ransacked various Countries for every Kind of Flesh and Fowl, and the Ocean itself for Sea Fish: Upon one Bank of the Lake were erected Brothels, which were filled with Ladies of the first Rank; on the other Bank were exposed to View, a Number of Harlots, entirely naked. All Kinds of Lewdness were now acted over; and, as the Night came on, the neighbouring Grove, and all the Buildings near it, were illuminated, and resounded with Music. As for Nero, he defiled himself with every Kind of Lust; nor did he then seem to have left any Manner

of Debauchery unpractised; and yet, a few Days afterwards, he contrived to out-do all, by being publicly married, with the utmost Solemnity, to one of his infamous Crew, a Fellow whose Name was Pythagoras. On this Occasion, the Veil in which Women are married was thrown over the Roman Emperor, and all the nuptial Ceremonies, even to the Payment of the Bride's Portion, were observed. Nor did he stop here; but all, which in a lawful Union between the Sexes, is committed to Darkness, and the Night, was now acted over in the Face of the World."

I have drawn this Picture at Length, as it is the most curious which, I think, History affords; and those of my Readers, at least, to whom it is new, will, I doubt not, be pleased with seeing it.

Many other Pictures of the same Kind might be drawn from the latter Ages of the Roman Empire: but I chose this from Nero's Reign, as it was a very few Years removed from the latter Days of Tiberius, in which the glorious Romans seem so entirely to have resembled our noble Selves.

From what hath been said may appear the Injustice of these general and outrageous Expressions against the Wickedness of the present Age, which we often hear from the Mouths of illiterate and inconsiderate People, and with the Repetition of which I do not care to affront my polite Reader.

And now surely it must be acknowledged, that we do not live in the worst of Times; but I will not be contented with this Concession. I will now attempt to prove, that we live in the best, in other Words, that this is one of the most virtuous Ages, that hath ever appeared in the World.

And first, if Liberty be granted, as it surely must, to be the greatest of all Blessings to any People, nothing can be more manifest, than that we enjoy this in the purest Degree. Doth not every Man in this Kingdom, speak, and write, and even do, whatever best pleaseth him? It is true, indeed, there are some few Exceptions, (enough only to prove a Rule) in which this natural Liberty hath been a little infringed, and I must own there are certain dead Letters, (as they are

very properly stiled) called Laws, by which this pure State of Liberty is somewhat abridged; but, *De non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est Ratio.*

Again, the greatest Virtue in the World, (according to the Tenets of a Religion some Time ago professed in this Country, and which, if my Memory fails me not, was called Christian) is Charity; the universal Extensiveness of this, I shall prove by a very strong Argument, which is by that immense Number of Beggars who frequent our Streets, and are to be found almost at every Door. This is so great a Proof of our Charity, that it would be an Affront to the Reader to endeavour to explain it. A Beggar waiting at a Man's Door doth, indeed, as effectually prove his Charity, as a Dun, or Bailiff would assure his Neighbours that he was in Debt.

But there is still a higher Degree of this Virtue than what expands itself towards such Objects; and this is shewn by encouraging Merit in Arts and Sciences: This includes in it the Honour of Taste likewise; and as it very highly adorns the present Age, so doth it in a more particular Manner distinguish what we call our great Men. Former Ages have, indeed, singled out one or two of the most eminent in every Art and Science, and have conferred Favours upon them as a Kind of Mark of their extraordinary Merit; but I cannot help observing there is some Cruelty in this, and that it is rather a Favour shewn to the Man than to the Art or Science itself. The nobler Method is, that which we now practise, either indiscriminately to reward all alike, at the Expence of a few Six-pences from our Pockets; or, if we make any Distinction at all, it should be, as it is, in Favour of the lowest and meanest Professors, who ought to be preferred to their Betters, as the Charity of the old English Custom preferred the younger Son to the Elder, because, as my Lord Coke observes, these were least able to provide for themselves.

Another Instance of the great Virtue of this Age, is, that great Readiness which every Man shews to serve his Country, and to be employed in its most laborious Duties.

This is a Virtue beyond even the Reach of Plato's Commonwealth; as appears from the following Passage which that Philosopher puts into the Mouth of Socrates; "It seems," says he, "that if there was a City composed of good Men, the Contention among them would be, *who should not* govern, not as it is now, *who should*. Whence it is manifest, that he who is, in very Fact, a true Magistrate, is not so constituted that he may consult his own Good, but that he may provide for the Good of the Subject. Every Man therefore, being conscious of this, would rather chuse that others should labour for his Advantage, than that he should enjoy the benefit of his own Pains." In this glorious Nation, on the contrary, there is scarce a Man who scruples to plunge through thick and thin, with a View only of putting himself in the Way of serving the Public.

Again, when possest of Power, with how noble and disinterested a Choice do our Great Men confer their Favours on others. That they may avoid the least Suspicion of Partiality, they commonly fill up all Vacancies with such Persons, that it would be in the highest Degree absurd to imagine they were the Objects of any Man's particular Liking or Favour; nay, such is the Generosity of these Great Men, that it is not unusual to bestow very considerable Places on their Footmen: How much more magnificent is this than that bare Manumission which was thought so great a Reward by an old Roman. This is not, I must own, the Invention of these Times, but hath been so long the Practice, that it seems likely to continue *as long as we shall be a People*.

Such are, in short, the Virtues of this Age; that, to use the Words of Cicero, *Si vellem omnia percurrere Dies deficeret*—I shall therefore omit the rest; being well assured, that no Instances, equal to what I have mentioned, can be found in the Annals of any other Country upon the Face of the whole Earth.

A

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The JOURNAL of the present WAR.

Dated *January 6*, from the Head Quarters.

Nulla venenato est Litera mista Joco.

HAVING taken all Precautions, and given all the necessary Orders, on the 4th Instant, at Break of Day, we marched into Covent-Garden, and fixed our Head Quarters at the Universal Register Office opposite unto Cecil-Street in the Strand.

A little before our March, however, we sent a large Body of Forces, under the Command of General A. Millar, to take Possession of the most eminent Printing-Houses. The greater Part of these were garrisoned by Detachments from the Regiment of Grub-Street, who all retired at the Approach of our Forces. A small Body, indeed, under the Command of one Peeragrin Puckle, made a slight Show of Resistance; but his Hopes were soon found to be in *Vain*; and, at the first Report of the Approach of a younger Brother of General Thomas Jones, his whole Body immediately disappeared, and totally overthrew some of their own Friends, who were marching to their Assistance, under the Command of one Rodorick Random. This Rodorick, in a former Skirmish with the People called Critics, had owed some slight Success more to the Weakness of the Critics, than to any Merit of his own.

At the same Time, the better to secure our Retreat in Case we should meet with any Blow at the Court End of the Town, as Success, even in the best concerted Enterprize, is always doubtful, we thought it adviseable to cause two several Bodies of our Forces to move towards the Garrisons of Tom's in Cornhill, and Dick's at Temple Bar; but, to our great Pleasure, we are assured that both those Garrisons opened their Gates to our Troops at the very first Summons, and the whole Body of Critics in both unanimously declared for us; so that the secret Friends of Grub-Street have not since dared to open their Mouths.

All Things being disposed in this Manner, we marched, as

I have before said, into Covent-Garden, and presently ordered a Part of our Army to file off to the Right, and to set down before the Bedford Coffee House. We doubt not but we have many good Friends in the Garrison, and who are very desirous to admit our Forces, but, as yet, they dare not declare themselves, being kept in Awe by a strange mixed Monster, not much unlike the famous Chimera of old: for while some of our Reconnoiterers tell us that this Monster hath the Appearance of a Lion, others assure us, that his Ears are much longer than those of that generous Beast. Be this as it will, as we are not yet prepared for an Attack, Yesterday, about Six in the Evening, we *blockheaded* up the said Coffee House.

On the 6th Instant, at Night, we received Intelligence at the Head Quarters, that a large and formidable Body of Critics were assembled at a certain Place in St. James's Street, upon which a reconnoitring Party was presently dispatched that Way, upon whose Return we presently perceived the whole to be a false Alarm; for that the suspected Critics were very innocently engaged at certain unlawful Games, and we were well assured, that not a Man of them had looked in a Book for a Month last past. Nay, one of our Spies declared, that the current Bet of the House was Ten to One on our Side; nay, that Five hundred to Three was offered, that the Bedford Coffee House would surrender within a Week; and no Person present would take it up. A

(*To be continued in our next.*)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11. 1752. Numb. 3.

*Majores nusquam Rhonchi; Juvenesque, Se-
nesque,
Et Pueri Nasum Rhinocerotis habent.*

Martial.

In English,

*No Town can such a Gang of Critics shew,
Ev'n Boys turn up that Nose they cannot blow.*

BY a Record in the Censors Office, and now in my Custody, it appears, that at a censorial Inquisition, taken *Tricesimo qto. Eliz.* by one of my illustrious Predecessors, no more than 19 Critics were enrolled in the Cities of London and Westminster; whereas at the last Inquisition taken by myself, 25^o. *Geo. 2di.* the Number of Persons claiming a Right to that Order, appears to amount to 276302.

This immense Encrease is, I believe, to be no otherwise accounted for, than from the very blameable Negligence of the late Censors, who have, indeed, converted their Office into a mere Sinecure, no Inquisition, as I can find, having been taken since the Censorship of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq; in the latter End of the Reign of Queen Anne.

To the same Neglect are owing many Encroachments on all the other Orders of the Society. That of *Gentlemen* in particular, I observe to have greatly increased, and that of *Sharpers* to have decreased in the same Proportion within these few Years.

All these Irregularities it is my firm Purpose to endeavour at reforming, and to restore the high Office with which I am invested to its ancient Use and Dignity. This, however, must be attempted with Prudence and by slow Degrees: For habitual and inveterate Evils are to be cured by slow Alteratives, and not by violent Remedies. Of this the good Emperor Pertinax will be a lasting Example. “This worthy ‘Man’” (says Dion Cassius) “perished by endeavouring too

‘hastily to reform all the Evils which infested his Country. ‘He knew not, it seems, tho’ otherwise a Man of very great ‘Knowledge, that it is not safe, nor indeed possible, to effect ‘a Reformation in too many Matters at once. A Rule which, ‘if it holds true in private Life, is much more so when it is ‘applied to those Evils that affect the Public.’

I thought it, therefore, not prudent, in the Hurry of my above Inquisition to make any Exceptions, but admitted all who offered to be enrolled. This is a Method which I shall not pursue hereafter, being fully resolved to enquire into the Qualifications of every Pretender.

And that all Persons may come prepared to prove their Right to the Order of Critics, I shall here set down those several Qualifications which will be insisted on before any will be admitted to that high Honour. In doing this, however, I shall strictly pursue the excellent Rule I have cited, and shall act with most perfect Moderation; for I am willing to throw open the Door as wide as I can, so that as few as possible may be rejected.

It is, I think, the Sentiment of Quintilian, that no Man is capable of becoming a good Critic on a great Poet, but he who is himself a great Poet. This would, indeed, confine the Critics on Poetry, at least, to a very small Number; and would, indeed, strike all the Antients, except only Horace and Longinus off the Roll; of the latter of whom, tho’ he was no Poet, Mr. Pope finely says,

*Thee, great Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet’s Fire.*

But with Respect to so great a Name as that of Quintilian, this Rule appears to me much too rigid. It seems, indeed, to be little less severe than an Injunction that no Man should criticize on Cookery but he who was himself a Cook.

To require what is generally called Learning in a Critic, is altogether as absurd as to require Genius. Why should a Man in this Case, any more than in all others, be bound by

any Opinions but his own? Or why should he read by Rule any more than eat by it? If I delight in a Slice of Bullock's Liver or of Oldmixon, why shall I be confined to Turtle or to Swift?

The only Learning, therefore, that I insist upon, is, That my Critic BE ABLE TO READ; and this is surely very reasonable: For I do not see how he can otherwise be called a Reader; and if I include every Reader in the Name of Critic, it is surely very just to confine every Critic within the Number of Readers.

Nor do I only require the Capacity of Reading, but the actual Exercise of that Capacity; I do here strictly forbid any Persons whatever to pass a definitive Sentence on a Book BEFORE THEY HAVE READ AT LEAST TEN PAGES IN IT, under the Penalty of being for ever rendered incapable of Admission to the Order of Critics.

Thirdly, all Critics who from and after the First Day of February next, shall condemn any Book, shall be ready to give some Reason for their Judgment: Nor shall it be sufficient for such Critic to drivel out, *I don't know not I, but all that I know is, I don't like it.* Provided, nevertheless, that any Reason how foolish or frivolous soever, shall be allowed a good and full Justification; except only the Words POOR STUFF, WRETCHED STUFF, BAD STUFF, SAD STUFF, LOW STUFF, PAULTRY STUFF. All which STUFFS I do forever banish from the Mouths of all Critics.

Provided also, that the last-mentioned Clause do extend only to such Critics as openly proclaim their Censures; for it is our Intention, that all Persons shall be at Liberty to dislike privately, whatever Book they please, *without understanding, or reading one Word of it,* any Thing therein or herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as it is reasonable to extend this Power of judging for themselves, no farther in this Case of Criticism, than it is allowed to Men in some others, I do here declare, that I shall not, for the future, admit any Males to the Office of Criticism till they be of the full Age of 18, that being the Age when

the Laws allow them to have a Capacity of disposing personal Chattles: for, before that Time, they have only the Power of disposing of themselves in the trifling Article of Marriage. Females, perhaps, I shall admit somewhat earlier, provided they be either witty or handsome, or have a Fortune of 5000 l. and upwards.

Together with Childhood, I exclude all other civil Incapacities; and here I mean not only legal but real Lunatics, and Ideots. In this Number I include all Persons who, from the whole Tenour of their Conduct, appear to be incapable of discerning Good from Bad, Right from Wrong, or Wisdom from Folly, in any Instance whatever.

There are again some Persons whom I shall admit only to a partial Exercise of this Office; as, for Instance, Rakes, Beaux, Sharpers, and fine Ladies, are strictly forbidden, under Penalty of perpetual Exclusion, to presume to criticise on any Works of Religion, or Morality. All Lawyers, Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, are strictly forbidden to pass any Judgment on those Authors who attempt any Reformation in Law, or Physic. Officers of State, and wou'd-be Officers of State, (honest Men only excepted,) with all their Attendants, and Dependents, their Placemen, and wou'd-be Placemen, Pimps, Spies, Parasites, Informers, and Agents, are forbidden, under the Penalty aforesaid, to give their Opinions of any Work in which the Good of the Kingdom, in general, is designed to be advanced; but as for all Pamphlets which anywise concern the great Cause of WOOD-ALL OUT, and TAKEALL IN, Esqs; full Liberty is left to both Parties, and the one may universally cry up, and commend, and the other may universally censure and condemn, as usual. All Critics offending against this Clause, are to be deemed infamous, and their several Criticisms are hereby declared to be entirely void, and of none Effect.

No Author is to admitted into the Order of Critics, until he hath read over, and understood, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original Language; nor then without a

Testimonial that he hath spoken well of some living Author besides himself.

Lastly, all Persons are forbid, under the Penalty of *our highest Displeasure*, to presume to criticise upon any of those Works with which WE OURSELVES shall think proper to oblige the Public; and any Person who shall presume to offend in this Particular, will not only be expunged from the Roll of Critics, but will be degraded from any other Order to which he shall belong; and his Name will be forthwith entered in the Records of Grub-Street. A

ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

* * * * *

The JOURNAL of the present PAPER WAR.

YESTERDAY Morning arrived at our Head Quarters David Garrick, and James Lacy, Esqs; and, after only an Hour and half's Waiting, in the Anti-chamber, they had both the Honour to be admitted into the General's Presence, and very humbly presented him with the Keys of their Theatre. The General presently returned them again into the Hands of Mr. Garrick, and was pleased to say they had never been deposited in so proper a Manner.

The General said many kind Things to Mr. Garrick, whom he declared to be, in his Belief, the best Actor the World could have ever produced. His Excellency then enquired after Mr. Woodward, and spoke very highly in his Commendation. He was pleased likewise to speak much in Favour of Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pritchard; but dwelt principally on the Praises of Miss Bellamy, who was, he said, not only one of the best Actresses, but one of the finest Women of her Age. 'I think,' said he, smiling, 'if I had the same Trial of my Virtue which Scipio once had, and Miss Bellamy was the Object, I should act in the same Manner; but I fear I should do it with more Reluctance.'

Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy were then dismissed, both

appearing to be highly satisfied with the obliging Reception which they had found; and they seemed to hug themselves greatly with the Re-possession of their Keys, without so much as the Exaction of any Tribute from them.

The General then expressed some Wonder, that Mr. Rich had not yet made his Appearance; but was informed, that he was unluckily shut up in the Bedford Coffee House. Upon this, the General said with a Smile, 'I have known the Time when he could have leaped out at any Window of the House; *sed* FUIT *Ilum.*' His Excellency then said many kind Things of Mr. Rich, and of his surprizing Genius in the Pantomime Art; and declared, that, if he would exert his Genius that Way, he would be ready to take him under his Protection; 'but, added he,'¹ 'though Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber have both their Merit, I fear, in Plays, that House will never be able to contend with the other.'

It being reported to the General that a HILL must be levelled before the Bedford Coffee House could be taken, Orders were given accordingly; but this was afterwards found to be a Mistake, a second Express assuring us, that this HILL was only a little paultry DUNGHILL, and had long before been levelled with the Dirt. The General was then informed of a Report which had been spread by *his Lowness* the Prince of Billingsgate, in the Grub-Street Army, that his Excellency had proposed by a secret Treaty with that Prince, to carry on the War only in Appearance, against him, and so to betray the common Cause; upon which his Excellency said with a Smile, *If the Betrayer of a private Treaty could ever deserve the least Credit, yet his Lowness here must proclaim himself either a Liar, or a Fool. None can doubt but that he is the former, if he hath feigned this Treaty, and I think few would scruple to call him the latter, if he had rejected it.* The General then declared that the Fact stood thus: His Lowness, said he, *came to my tent on an Affair of his own. I treated him, though a Commander in the Enemy's Camp, with Civility, and even Kindness. I told him, with the utmost*

¹ The punctuation of the original text is always followed.

good Humour, I should attack his Lion; and that he might, if he pleased, in the same Manner, defend him: from which, said I, no great Loss can happen to either Side. This, the General declared, was all that past, and added, with a little more Bitterness than is usual to him, that his Lowness was not only among the meanest of those who ever drew a Pen, but was absolutely the vilest Fellow that ever wore a Head.

A

(To be continued.)

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14. 1752. Numb. 4.

— *Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus:
 Æthiopem Cygnum: parvam extortamque
 puellam
 Europen. Canibus pigris Scabieque vetusta
 Lævibus, et siccæ lambentibus Ora lucernæ
 Nomen erit Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid ad-
 huc est
 Quod fremat in Terris violentius.*—

Juv. Sat. 8.

‘ONE may observe,’ says Mr. Locke, ‘in all Languages, ‘certain Words, that, if they be examined, will be found, in ‘their first Original, and their appropriated Use, not to stand ‘for any clear and distinct Ideas.’ Mr. Locke gives us the Instances ‘of Wisdom, Glory, Grace. Words which are ‘frequent enough (says he) in every Man’s Mouth; but if a ‘great many of those who use them, should be asked what they ‘mean by them, they would be at a Stand, and not know what ‘to answer: A plain Proof, that tho’ they have learned those ‘Sounds, and have them ready at their Tongue’s End; yet ‘there are no determin’d Ideas laid up in their Minds, which ‘are to be expressed to others by them.’

Besides the several Causes by him assigned of the Abuse of Words, there is one, which, tho’ the great Philosopher hath omitted it, seems to have contributed not a little to the Introduction of this enormous Evil. This is That Privilege

which Divines and moral Writers have assumed to themselves of doing Violence to certain Words, in Favour of their own Hypotheses, and of using them in a Sense often directly contrary to that which Custom (the absolute Lord and Master, according to Horace, of all the Modes of Speech) hath allotted them.

Perhaps, indeed, this Fault may be seen in somewhat a milder Light, (and I would always see the Blemishes of such Writers in the mildest.) It may not, perhaps, be so justly owing to any designed Opposition to Custom as a total Ignorance of it. An Ignorance which is almost inseparably annexed to a collegiate Life, and which any Man, indeed, may venture to own without blushing.

But whatever may be the Cause of this Abuse of Words, the Consequence is certainly very bad: For whilst the Author and the World receive different Ideas from the same Words, it will be pretty difficult for them to comprehend each other's Meaning; and hence, perhaps, it is that so many Gentlemen and Ladies have contracted a general Odium to all Works of Religion or Morality; and that many others have been Readers in this Way all their Lives without understanding what they read, consequently without drawing from it any practical Use.

It would, perhaps, be an Office very worthy the Labour of a good Commentator to explain certain hard Words which frequently occur in the Works of Barrow, Tillotson, Clark, and others of this Kind. Such are Heaven, Hell, Judgment, Righteousness, Sin, *Etc.* All which, it is reasonable to believe, are at present very little understood.

Instead, however, of undertaking this Task myself, at least, at present, I shall apply the Residue of this Paper to the Use of such Writers only. I shall here give a short Glossary of such Terms as are at present greatly in Use, and shall endeavour to fix to each those exact Ideas which are annexed to every¹ of them in the World; for while the

¹ The original text and Murphy's reprint read as above; Henley supplies *one*, but incorrectly; see II. 17. 10.

Learned in Colleges do, as I apprehend, consider them all in a very different Light, their Labours are not likely to do much Service to the polite Part of Mankind.

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

ANGEL. The Name of a Woman, commonly of a very bad one.

AUTHOR. A laughing Stock. It means likewise a poor Fellow, and in general an Object of Contempt.

BEAR. A Country Gentleman; or, indeed, any Animal upon two Legs that doth not make a handsome Bow.

BEAUTY. The Qualification with which Women generally go into Keeping.

BEAU. With the Article A before it, means a great Favourite of all Women.

BRUTE. A Word implying Plain-dealing and Sincerity, but more especially applied to a Philosopher.

CAPTAIN. } Any Stick of Wood with a Head to it, and
COLONEL. } a Piece of black Ribband upon that Head.

CREATURE. A Quality Expression of low Contempt, properly confined only to the Mouths of Ladies who are Right Honourable.

CRITIC. Like *Homo*, a Name common to all¹ human Race.

COXCOMB. A Word of Reproach, and yet, at the same Time, signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A Term appropriated to the Theatre; though sometimes more largely applied to all Works of Invention.

DEATH. The final End of Man; as well of the *thinking Part of the Body*, as of all the other Parts.

DRESS. The principal Accomplishment of Men and Women.

DULNESS. A Word applied by all Writers to the Wit and Humour of others.

¹ The original and Murphy's reprint omit the article. Henley supplies *the* before *human*, but without warrant; see I. 254. 10, and I. 289. 1, for similar usage.

EATING. A Science.

FINE. An Adjective of a very peculiar Kind, destroying, or, at least, lessening the Force of the Substantive to which it is joined: As *fine* Gentlemen, *fine* Lady, *fine* House, *fine* Cloaths, *fine* Taste;—in all which *fine* is to be understood in a Sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL. A complex Idea, compounded of Poverty, Honesty, Piety, and Simplicity.

GALLANTRY. Fornication and Adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a Thing, signifies Bigness; when to a Man, often Littleness, or Meanness.

GOOD. A Word of as many different Senses as the Greek Word *ἔχω*, or as the Latin *Agō*: for which Reason it is but little used by the Polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur.

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous Lies, Tumbling and Dancing on the Rope.

JUDGE. }
JUSTICE. } An old Woman.

KNAVE. The Name of four Cards in every Pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means Knowledge of the Town; as this is, indeed, the only Kind of Knowledge ever spoken of in the polite World.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A Word properly applied to our Delight in particular Kinds of Food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite Objects of all our *Appetites*.

MARRIAGE. A Kind of Traffic carried on between the two Sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly Losers in the End.

MISCHIEF. Funn, Sport, or Pastime.

MODESTY. Aukwardness, Rusticity.

NO BODY. All the People in Great Britain, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the Philosophical Writings of the Antients, and more especially of Aristotle.

- OPPORTUNITY. The Season of Cuckoldom.
- PATRIOT. A Candidate for a Place at Court.
- POLITICS. The Art of getting such a Place.
- PROMISE. Nothing.
- RELIGION. A Word of no Meaning; but which serves as a Bugbear to frighten Children with.
- RICHERS. The only Thing upon Earth that is really valuable, or desirable.
- ROGUE. }
RASCAL. } A Man of a different Party from yourself.
- SERMON. A Sleeping-Dose.
- SUNDAY. The best Time for playing at Cards.
- SHOCKING. An Epithet which fine Ladies apply to almost every Thing. It is, indeed, an Interjection (if I may so call it) of Delicacy.
- TEMPERANCE. Want of Spirit.
- TASTE. The present Whim of the Town, whatever it be.
- TEASING. Advice; chiefly that of a Husband.
- VIRTUE. }
VICE. } Subjects of Discourse.
- WIT. Prophaneness, Indecency, Immorality, Scurrility, Mimickry, Buffoonery. Abuse of all good Men, and especially of the Clergy.
- WORTH. Power. Rank. Wealth.
- WISDOM. The Art of acquiring all Three.
- WORLD. Your own Acquaintance. A

* * * * *

JOURNAL of the WAR concluded.

THIS Morning, early, when every Man's Expectations were at the highest, of an immediate Battle between the two Armies, on a sudden we were surprized with the News of a Peace, of which the following Articles were soon after made public.

Art. 1. That there shall henceforth be a firm Peace, Amity, and Concord, between Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt. Lord of &c. and their Lownesses the Republic of Grub-Street.

Art. 2. That all Things shall remain in the Condition they were before the Commencement of the War; and that all Parties thereto shall sit down contented with their own Losses.

Art. 3. That Billingsgate¹ shall be acknowledged for ever, to be a Fief of the low and unmighty Republic; and that Sir Alexander, and all the High Allies do renounce any Right, Title, or Claim, to that Fief for ever.

Art. 4. Contains the Boundaries of Grub-Street, and those of Sir Alexander's Dominions, and is too long to be inserted here. The curious may consult the Treaty at large.

Art. 5. That all the Subjects of the contracting Powers shall have free Liberty to reside, and settle, if they please, in the Dominions of any of the said Powers, and shall have free Ingress, Egress, and Regress, without any Molestation, or Examination whatsoever.

Art. 6. That it shall be lawful for all the Subjects of the Low and Unmighty Republic to carry on a free and open Trade in the Dominions of Sir Alexander: Provided, however, that all Blasphemy, Profaneness, and Indecency, shall be accounted contraband Goods, and as such, be liable at all Times to be seized, and burnt; but that it shall be lawful for the Subjects of the said Republic to import their Dulness as usual; and that all the Booksellers of the said Republic, settled in the Dominions of Sir Alexander, shall have free Liberty, as usual, to vend the said Dulness, as if it was the lawful Property, and in the Name of the Subjects of the said Alexander.

Art. 7. That his Lowness the Prince of Billingsgate, and all his Liege People, shall have free Liberty to import every Kind of Scurrility, as heretofore, into the Dominions of Sir Alexander; but that the aforesaid Booksellers shall not vend the said Wares under the Name of Sir Alexander himself,

¹ The spelling of this word varies.

or any of his Subjects. And to prevent this most effectually, as well as to secure to the said Low and Unmighty Republic the sole Property of all the Productions of its said Fief, it is hereby declared, agreed, and ratified, that all Kinds of Scurrility, personal Abuse, and other the known Wares of Billingsgate, shall henceforth be acknowledged to belong to, and to be the sole and undoubted Property of the Low Republic of Grub-Street aforesaid.

Art. 8. That it shall not be lawful for the said Sir Alexander, or any of his Subjects, or Allies, to publish and vend from henceforth, any more than one Paper of Entertainment and News, to be called and known by the Name of the *Covent-Garden Journal*. And that all other Papers, commonly called News Papers, shall be, and remain, to the said Low Republic, as the sole and entire Property of the said Low Republic, for ever.

Art. 9. That the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, shall be, and remain to the said Sir Alexander for so long Time only as David Garrick and James Lacy, Esqs; the well-beloved Subjects of the said Sir Alexander, shall continue to superintend the said Theatre; and at the Expiration of the said Superintendency and Acting of the said David, the Right of the said Theatre shall again revert unto the Low Republic, to whom it had, of many Years belonged, when the said David and James first came to the Superintendency thereof. That as to the Theatre in Covent-Garden, it shall still remain in the same neutral State in which it hath continued from Time immemorial.

Art. 10. That the acting Subjects of the Low Republic shall be admitted to subaltern Parts on the Stage in Drury-Lane, and to capital Parts on the other Stage, and that the writing Subjects of the said Low Republic, shall be at all Times at Liberty to puff up, and commend, their acting Brethren.

Art. 11. That Sir Alexander Drawcansir may, when he pleases, erect one Court of Criticism, and preside in the same, as he and his Predecessors, Censors of this Realm, have of

Right always done. And that all the Wares of the Low Republic, except the News Papers, may be tried and examined in the said Court; but that the Persons of all the Subjects of the said Republic, together with their moral, or rather immoral Characters, shall be exempted from the Jurisdiction of the said Court.

These are the most material Articles, there are some others of less Moment with which we may possibly acquaint our Readers hereafter.

On Saturday next in this Paper will be held a Court of Censorial Enquiry, of which *all Persons concerned are required to take Notice.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18. 1752. Numb. 5.

*Nostrisque ductum seditionibus
Bellum resedit —*

HOR.

Paraphrased.

*The War, I thank Fortune, is now at an End,
Since I scarce could distinguish my Foe from
my Friend.*

THERE never was a Peace so wholesome and advantageous to any Country, but that some Persons who have found or proposed to themselves certain Emoluments from the Continuance of the War, have openly dared to censure and malign it.

I do not wonder, therefore, to find that the Peace, which I have lately concluded with the Low Republic, is not received by all my Readers with universal Approbation. One of my Correspondents, in a Rage, asserts that it was base and cowardly; a second declares, that he would have made no Peace while a Single Drop of his Ink had remained; and a third, with a very grave and political Air, assures me, that the Enemy was brought to such a State of Distress, and so torn with intestine Broils, there being scarce two Members

of the Republic who do not heartily hate each other, and had the War continued but one Campaign, I might have obtained what Concessions I would have asked, or might have extirpated the whole Race of Grub-Street for ever.

But, notwithstanding these Opinions, all which I am well persuaded have many Supporters, I do assert, that this Peace was made by me, from very solid and substantial Reasons; and I doubt not but that after-Ages, when Party and Prejudice shall subside; when the Reason of Things, and not private Views, shall lead Mens¹ Judgments, this Peace will be reckoned as wise a Measure as was ever concerted in the Cabinet; indeed a Master-Piece (or as the Enemy* calls it, a *Coup de Maitre*) in Politics.

Nor is the Interest, which many good People proposed to themselves in the Continuance of the War, so great a Secret to me, as some may imagine. Sorry am I to say, that their own Diversion, and not the general good of the allied Cause, is at the Bottom of their Hearts. So powerful is the Love of Laughter in depraved Minds, that they care not what nor whom they sacrifice to its Gratification. The too general Prevalency of this Disposition hath been, in all Times, of infinite Service to Grub-Street. Had Mankind, indeed, restrained this Inclination within proper Rules, and had refused to indulge it at the Expence of common Sense and common Humanity, the Name of Grub-Street, would have long since been obliterated out of the Memory of Man.

To such Gentlemen as these I shall offer no Arguments; but to all my sober and sensible Readers, to all, in short, who know how to be *merry and wise* I am convinced I shall appear to have acted very prudently in putting an End to the late War almost on any Terms.

First, it was a War in which nothing but dry Blows could

* By the 14th Article of the Treaty of Covent-Garden, the Importation of French Words and Phrases in English Writings is declared to be the sole Right of Grub-Street.

¹ The original punctuation is followed throughout.

be obtained on my Side; whilst the Enemy had much to hope, and as little to fear. In such a Case, notwithstanding any Superiority of Force, the wisest Measures must tend towards a Pacification.

Secondly, The unfair Methods made use of by the Enemy, are a second Reason for concluding a Peace. This may be illustrated by a familiar Instance; Mr. Sherlock is, I believe, justly allowed to be superior to all Europe in the Skill of the Broad Sword; but what would this Skill avail him against a number of Blunderbusses? might he not, without any Blemish to his Courage or his Skill, retreat from such an Enemy; when these Blunderbusses were moreover loaded with ragged Bullets; and when like the poisoned Arrows of the wild Indians, they were discharged at him from lurking Holes and Places of Security?

Again, who but a Mad-man would engage with an Enemy that is invulnerable! And this, however strange it appears, was, in Reality, the Case: For several of the Enemy, as we are well assured, did in certain Skirmishes with our Forces, receive such Blows on their Heads with the sharpest Weapons, as must have proved fatal to any common Man; but to our great Surprise we found that they were not in the least hurt by these Blows, that many did not feel them, and some did even declare they were never hit. In real Truth, *as Grass escapes the Scythe by being low*, a Man may escape the sharpest Satire by the same means: For Ridicule may bring any Person into Contempt; but what is already the Object of our Contempt, can never be raised to be the proper Object of Ridicule.

And beside these Discouragements, I had some little Reason to suspect whether I should have fair Play in the Contest. It is the Advice of Machiavel, *that when two Parties are at Variance in a City, you should side with the weakest, in order to foment and continue the War*. This is a Rule in Politics, which Men are naturally enough inclined to follow; when a Superior and Inferior ingage, the World, as well as the Mob, are apt to side with the latter; and, therefore, when the

comic Writer says, 'There is nothing so *moving* as a great Man in Distress;' I suppose he means, there is nothing so apt to *move* *Laughter*.

I might, however, be contented to indulge this risible Inclination in my Readers, at the Expence of having all the abusive Words in the *English* Language discharged at me, had I no other Objection; but this would too much interrupt the Design of my Paper; which, if the Public will grant me but a little of their Patience, will, I hope, appear to be much nobler than that of diverting them, by sacrificing two or three poor Writers to their Mirth. However vain or romantic the Attempt may seem, I am sanguine enough to aim at serving the noble Interests of Religion, Virtue, and good Sense, by these my Lucubrations.

To effect so glorious a Purpose, I know no readier a Way than by an Endeavour to restore that true and manly Taste, which hath, within these few Years, degenerated in these Kingdoms. A Degeneracy which hath been greatly owing to those base and scandalous Writings, which the Press hath lately poured in such a Torrent upon us, that the Name of an Author is, in the Ears of all good Men, become almost an infamous Appellation. Religion, Virtue, Modesty, Decency, and the Characters of some of the best of Men, have been all violated by these Writings; insomuch, that when we consider the Impressions which young Minds are apt to conceive from Books, the very learning to read seems a dangerous Part of a Child's Education.

Against Works of this Kind was the jocose War declared, and against such Works, Ridicule was surely no hard nor immoderate Weapon. It was not my Intention to attack the Character of any Person; and if I have been once provoked to so disagreeable an Excess, no Provocation shall again hurry me so far. Vice and Folly, and not particular Men, will be the Objects of Satire in this Paper; and if any Man blushes when he reads it, he shall have the Pleasure of imputing it to his own Grace, and not to the Malignity of the Writer.

There is no Precept in the whole Christian Religion which is less a Stumbling-Block in my Way, than that which forbids us to take Vengeance on our Enemies; and I can, with great Truth, declare, that I do not at this Instant, wish Ill to any Man li[vi]ng.¹ Indeed, if a Sentiment which I heard drop from the late Mr. Pope be true, *That Nature never produced a more venomous Animal than a BAD AUTHOR*, I am sure that I want, at least, one Ingredient in that Character.

And as Nothing is less agreeable to my own Disposition than private Abuse, so Nothing is more foreign to the Plan of this Paper. When Hercules undertook to cleanse the Stables of Augeas, (a Work not much unlike my present Undertaking) should any little Clod of Dirt, more filthy perhaps, than all the rest, have chanced to bedawb him, how unworthy his Spirit would it have been, to have polluted his Hands, by seizing the dirty Clod, and crumbling it to Pieces. He should have known that such Accidents are incident to such an Undertaking: which, though both a useful and heroic Office, was yet none of the cleanliest; since no Man, I believe, ever removed great Quantities of Dirt from any Place, without finding some of it sticking to his Skirts. A

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*At a Court of Censorial Enquiry now held
this 18th of January, 1752. before the
truly respectable Sir ALEXANDER DRAW-
CANSIR, Knt. Censor of Great-Britain.*

THE Court was opened by the Censor, with a very learned and elegant Speech; setting forth the great Antiquity, and Usefulness of this Court, and the many Inconveniences which had attended the Society by the long Discontinuance; but as he hath been pleased to give the Public much of the Substance of this Speech in his Essay of To-day, we will not here transcribe it at large.

¹ This word is somewhat obscured in the original. Henley's reading is the same as the above.

The Court then came to several Resolutions.

First, It was resolved, That it of Right belongs to this Court to hear, and determine, all manner of Causes, which in anywise relate to the Republic of Letters. To examine, try, recommend, or condemn, all Books, and Pamphlets, of whatever Size, or on whatever Subject.

Secondly, That it is at the Discretion of this Court to pass any of the following Sentences on such Book, or Pamphlet, as shall, after a full and fair Hearing, be judged worthy of Condemnation; that is to say, 1. To be imprisoned on the Shelf, or in the Warehouse of the Bookseller. 2. To be immediately converted into waste Paper. 3. To be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman, or by those of some common Publisher of Scandal, which are, perhaps, much the more infamous.

Thirdly, That, after any such Judgment passed by this Court, it shall not be lawful for any Person whatever, to purchase, or read, the said Book, or Pamphlet, under the Penalty of being considered as in Contempt.

Fourthly, For the more easy carrying on our Design of examining all Books which shall, from Time to Time, be made public, it is ordered, that all Booksellers do, previous to their publishing, or vending, any Book, or Pamphlet, present unto our Clerk in Court, for our Use, one fair Copy of all such Books, and Pamphlets; and that (in Case it be a Book) the same be well bound and gilt, and do contain, in gilt Letters on the Back, the Name, or Title, of the said Book.

Fifthly, Resolved, That both the Theatres, and all other Places of Diversion and Resort, are under our Protection; and every thing which passes at any of these, is subject to our Cognizance and Jurisdiction. For which Reason, we do most earnestly and seriously recommend to all our trusty and well beloved People to send us immediate Notice of any Misconduct or Misbehaviour that shall happen in any of the Managers of these Places of Diversion, or in any of the Performers or Spectators.

Sixthly, Resolved, That all Places of general Rendezvous, tho' at a private House, shall be deemed public Places, and the Masters and Mistresses of all such Houses shall be considered in the same Light as the Managers of our public Theatres; and shall be equally subject to the Jurisdiction of this Court.

Seventhly, Whereas, by the Statute of Good-Breeding, the wearing a Hat in the Boxes, at the Play-House, before or behind the Ladies, is a very great Offence, that swearing or talking loud, is, likewise, under very severe Penal[ty]¹ forbidden by the said Statute; all our Offic[ers] in the Pit are strictly charged to see the said Law carried into vigorous Execution.

Eighthly, In the Statute of Gallantry, are these Words, 'Provided that for the future, a fierce Cock of the Hat be not 'considered as any Mark of Valour in any Person whatever, 'save only in Attorney's Clerks, Apprentices, Gamblers, and 'Bullies:' Resolved, therefore, that it shall be lawful for any honest and sober Man, at all Times to remove all such Hats from the Blocks on which they are displayed, with absolute Impunity, saving to the said Clerks their antient Right.

Ninthly, Resolved, That laughing, grinning, whispering, and staring Modesty out of Countenance, are to be reputed Wit in any Ale-House, and at Sadler's Wells; but at no other Place whatsoever.

Tenthly, Resolved, That to give an Affront or Offence at any public Place, to sober and grave Persons, to the Ladies, or to the Clergy, is a very high Crime and Misdemeanor, strictly forbidden by the Laws of Decency; and whoever is convicted thereof, will be struck out of the Order of Gentlemen, at the next Inquisition to be taken of that Order.

Adjourned.

¹ This word and *Officers* in the following line are badly blurred in the original.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21. 1752. Numb. 6.

Quam multi tineas pascunt, blattasque disert!
Et redimunt soli carmina docta coci!
Nescio quid plus est quod donat secula chartis,
Victurus genium debet habere liber.

Mart. lib. 6.

How many fear the Moth's and Bookworm's Rage,
And Pastry-Cooks, sole Buyers in this Age?
What can these Murtherers of Wit controul?
To be immortal, Books must have a soul.

THERE are no human Productions to which Time seems so bitter and malicious an Enemy, as to the Works of the learned: for though all the Pride and Boast of Art must sooner, or later, yield to this great Destroyer; though all the Labours of the Architect, the Statuary, and the Painter, must share the same Mortality with their Authors; yet, with these, Time acts in a gentler and milder Manner, allows them generally a reasonable Period of Existence, and brings them to an End by a gradual and imperceptible Decay: so that they may seem rather cut off by the fatal Laws of Necessity, than to be destroyed by any such Act of Violence, as this cruel Tyrant daily executes on us Writers.

It is true, indeed, there are some Exceptions to this Rule; some few Works of Learning have not only equalled, but far exceeded, all other human Labours in their Duration; but alas! how very few are these, compared to that vast Number which have been swallowed up by this great Destroyer. Many of them cut off in their very Prime; others in their early Youth; and others, again, at their very Birth; so that they can scarce be said ever to have been.

And, as to the few that remain to us, is not their long Existence to be attributed to their own unconquerable Spirit, and rather to the Weakness, than to the Mercy of Time? Have not many of their Authors foreseen, and foretold, the Endeavours which would be exerted to destroy them, and

have boldly asserted their just Claim to Immortality, in Defiance of all the Malice, all the Cunning, and all the Power of Time?

Indeed, when we consider the many various Engines which have been employed for this destructive Purpose, it will be Matter of Wonder, that any of the Writings of Antiquity have been able to make their Escape. This might almost lead us into a Belief, that the Writers were really possessed of that Divinity, to which some of them pretended, especially as those which seem to have had the best Pretensions to this Divinity, have been almost the only ones which have escaped into our Hands.

And here, not to mention those great Engines of Destruction which Ovid so boldly defies, such as Swords, and Fire, and the devouring Moths of Antiquity, how many cunning Methods hath the Malice of Time invented, of later Days, to extirpate the Works of the Learned, and to convert the Invention of Paper, and even of Printing, to the total Abolition of those very Works which they were so ingeniously calculated to perpetuate.

The first of these, Decency will permit me barely to hint to the Reader. It is the Application of it to a Use for which Parchment and Vellum, the antient Repositories of Learning, would have been utterly unfit. To this cunning Invention of Time, therefore, Printing and Paper have chiefly betrayed the Learned; nor can I see, without Indignation, the Booksellers, those great Enemies of Authors, endeavouring by all their sinister Arts to propagate so destructive a Method: for what is commoner than to see Books advertised to be printed *on a superfine, delicate, soft Paper*, and again, *very proper to be had in all Families*, a plain Insinuation to what Use they are adapted, according to these Lines.

*Lintott's for gen'ral Use are fit,
For some Folks read, but all Folks ——.*

By this abominable Method, the whole Works of several modern Authors have been so obliterated, that the most

curious Searcher into Antiquity, hereafter, will never be able to wipe off the Injuries of Time.

And, yet, so truly do the Booksellers verify that old Observation, *dulcis odor lucri ex re qualibet*, that they are daily publishing several Works, manifestly calculated for this Use only; nay, I am told, that one of them is, by Means of a proper Translator, preparing the whole Works of Plato for the B——.

Next to the Booksellers are the Trunk-makers, a Set of Men who have of late Years made the most intolerable Depredations on modern Learning. The ingenious Hogarth hath very finely satyriz'd this, by representing several of the most valuable Productions of these Times on the Way to the Trunk-maker. If these Persons would line a Trunk with a whole Pamphlet, they might possibly do more Good than Harm; for then, perhaps, the Works of last Year might be found in our Trunks, when they were possibly to be found no where else; but so far from this, they seem to take a Delight in dismembring Authors; and in placing their several Limbs together in the most absurd Manner. Thus while the Bottom of a Trunk contains a Piece of Poetry, the Top presents us with a Sheet of Romance, and the Sides and Ends are adorned with mangled Libels of various Kinds.

The third Species of these Depredators, are the Pastry Cooks. What Indignation must it raise in a Lover of the Moderns, to see some of their best Performances stain'd with the Juice of Gooseberries, Currants, and Damascenes! But what Concern must the Author himself feel on such an Occasion; when he beholds those Writings, which were calculated to support the glorious Cause of Disaffection or Infidelity, humbled to the ignoble Purpose of supporting a Tart or a Custard! So, according to the Poet,

*Great Alexander dead, and turn'd to Clay,
May stop a Hole to keep the Wind away.*

But, besides the Injuries done to Learning by this Method, there is another Mischief which these Pastry Cooks may thus

propagate in the Society: For many of these wondrous Performances are calculated only for the Use and Inspection of the few, and are by no means proper Food for the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings. For Instance, that the Christian Religion is a mere Cheat and Imposition on the Public, nay, that the very Being of a God is a Matter of great Doubt and Incertainty, are Discoveries of too deep a Nature to perplex the Minds¹ Children with; and it is better, perhaps, till they come to a certain Age, that they should believe quite the opposite Doctrines. Again, as Children are taught to obey and honour their Superiors, and to keep their Tongues from Evil-speaking, Lying, and Slandering, to what good Purposes can it tend to shew them that the very contrary is daily practised and suffered and supported in the World? Is not this to confound their Understandings, and almost sufficient to make them neglect their Learning? Lastly, there are certain Arcana Naturæ, in disclosing which the Moderns have made great Progress; now whatever Merit there may be in such Denudations of Nature, if I may so express myself, and however exquisite a Relish they may afford to *very* adult Persons of both Sexes in their Closets, they are surely too speculative and mysterious for the Contemplation of the Young and Tender, into whose Hands Tarts and Pies are most likely to fall.

Now as these three Subjects, namely, Infidelity, Scurrility, and Indecency, have principally exercised the Pens of the Moderns, I hope for the future, Pastry Cooks will be more cautious than they have lately been. In short, if they have no Regard to Learning, they will have some, I hope, to Morality.

The same Caution may be given to Grocers and Chandlers; both of whom are too apt to sell their Figs, Raisins, and Sugar to Children, without enough considering the poisonous Vehicle in which they are conveyed. At the waste Paper Market, the Cheapness of the Commodity is only considered; and it is easy to see with what Goods that Market is likely to abound; since

¹ *Of* is omitted here in the original.

tho' the Press hath lately swarmed with Libels against our Religion and Government, there is not a single Writer of any Reputation in this Kingdom, who hath attempted to draw his Pen against either.

But to return to that Subject from which I seem to have a little digressed. How melancholy a Consideration must it be to a modern Author, that the Labours, I might call them the Offspring of his Brain, are liable to so many various Kinds of Destruction, that what Tibullus says of the numerous Avenues to Death may be here applied.

— *Leti mille repente viæ.*
To Death there are a thousand sudden Ways.

For my own Part, I never walk into Mrs. Dodd's Shop, and survey all that vast and formidable Host of Papers and Pamphlets arranged on her Shelves, but the noble Lamentation of Xerxes occurs to my Mind; who, when he reviewed his Army, on the Banks of the Hellespont, is said to have grieved, for that not one of all those Hundreds of Thousands would be living an Hundred Years from that Time. In the same Manner, have I said to myself, 'How dreadful a Thought is 'it, that of all these numerous and learned Works, none will 'survive to the next Year?' But, within that Time,

— *All will become,*
Martyrs to Pyes, and Relicts of the B——.

I was led into these Reflections by an Accident which happened to me the other Day, and which all Lovers of Antiquity will esteem a very fortunate one. Having had the Curiosity to examine a written Paper, in which my Baker inclosed me two hot Rolls, I have rescued from Oblivion one of the most valuable Fragments, that I believe is now to be found in the World. I have ordered it to be fairly transcribed, and shall very soon present it to my Readers, with my best Endeavours, by a short Comment, to illustrate a Piece which appears to have remained to us from the most distant and obscure Ages.

A

We have received Letters from Tim. Buck, Dorothy Single, Sappho, P. W. and from the Scavenger of Covent-Garden, all which will be inserted in our next.

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The Court of Censorial Enquiry met according to Adjournment; and, after issuing forth Process to bring several Books into Court, among which was a Romance called AMELIA, adjourned to Saturday next.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25. 1752. Numb. 7.

Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ.

Ovid de Arte Amand.

Who is there so stupid as not to find a favourite Letter in the following Collection?

To Sir ALEXANDER HUMBUG, Censurer of Grate Britan.

YOU, Sir Sawnnny. I must not Kritichize, must I—D—n me but I will tho in Spit of you and all your hadearents. Who the Divil are you, Mun, that you ant to be Kritichized upon. But I can til you I have Kritichized upon you, and so have seferal of my Frinds; and we d—ned all your Papers tother Day in a Coffi House, and cursed Stuff they are, there, my boy, theres a Stuff your puzling Pat never thot off. I wish wee had you upon the Stage, my Dear, wed showe you a Trik worth two othat, I warrant you; but Garrak knows better than to acte such Stuff as you can write. You put me into Grubstreet — You kiss — Da—n me I have 2000 l. a Year, that is, I shall have when I com from my Travels two Years hence, and shall bee of Age, but perhaps I shant travl at all but stay at home and d—n such Felows as you.

TIM. BUCK.

* * * * *

To the CENSOR.

SIR,

IN your Remarks on the many Encomiums made on Brides in the public News-Papers, I suppose you intend to ridicule the Vanity of our Sex in publishing their own Qualifications to the World; but you will excuse me, if I have a better Opinion of the Female Part of the Species than to imagine they are ever privy to such pompous Exhibitions of themselves, and am well convinced that all these Compliments are inserted by the Bridegroom only; and they are, sometimes, I fear, the last Compliments, which he pays his Mistress.

This Matter, I own, appears to me in a very different Light from that in which it is seen by others. It raises my Indignation to read Beauty, Sense, Merit, and all Qualifications necessary to render the married State happy, at the End of every married Woman's Name, while a profound Silence is always preserved with regard to the Merits of the Husband. Good Mr. Censor, are we to understand by this that all Men are possessed of those Qualifications which can render the married State happy, or that there are really no Qualifications necessary on the Part of the Man; or lastly, that his Happiness alone, and not that of the Woman, is to be considered?

None of these I apprehend to be true; I submit, therefore, to your Judgment, whether it would not be decent for the future, either to pass over the great Endowments of the Woman, or to insert likewise those of the Man. For Instance, Yesterday A B, Esq; a Gentlemen¹ of Sense, Honour, and Good-nature, of a comely Person, and a suitable Age, was married to Miss C D, a Lady of great Beauty, *Etc.* as usual: For every one of these Articles on the Man's Side are absolutely necessary to the Happiness of the Woman.

This, Sir, would be fair on both Sides; but as the matter now stands, may we not justly apprehend that many a Lady possessed of every Virtue and good Quality is thrown away either upon a Rake or a Fool, a Sot or a Clown, a Coxcomb

¹ So printed in the original text.

or a R—scal; or, perhaps, on a Husband who possesses all these amiable Qualities together?

To conclude with a plain Truth, I sincerely believe the Qualifications necessary to married Happiness are much more common in Women than in Men, and may, therefore, better be understood, in general, to belong to our Sex than to yours. I am,

SIR,

Grosvenor-

Your humble Servant,

Street.

DOROTHY SINGLE.

Saturday.

* * * * *

To the CENSOR.

SIR,

LOOKING lately into that Volume of the Spectators, in which is inserted the humble Petition of WHO and WHICH, I could not help reflecting on many other discarded Words which might claim an equal Right of being restored to Use, or rather of being suffered, sometimes at least, to enter into the human Mind.

The Words, I at present mean are WHY and WHEREFORE; which, if permitted to present themselves before Mankind, how many vain Pursuits would they stop in the very Beginning; and how many Scenes of Ruin and Destruction would a due Attention to them be able to prevent.

Give me Leave, therefore, to suppose these two Words, setting forth their unhappy Fate, and begging for better Quarter, in the following Complaint, addressed to you, Sir, as Censor of Great Britain. I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

SOPHIA.

*The humble Complaint of WHY and WHEREFORE.**Sheweth,*

That your Petitioners knowing of what great Use and Service we might be to all Societies, as well as to every Individual, and having a benevolent Intention of doing all the Good in our Power, are heartily grieved we so very seldom can find a Hearing.

If we present ourselves before a Fox-hunter in his Chace, he swiftly rides over us.

If we attempt to engage one Moment's Attention from the Hero marching at the Head of his Army to destroy his Fellow-Creatures, instead of listening to us, he immediately orders his Drums, and Trumpets, to strike up; in the Noise of which 'tis impossible our Voice should be distinguished.

In our Address to the Miser, the Chinking of his Gold sounds as loudly in his Ears, and as effectually prevents our being heard, as the more noisy Instruments of War made use of by the Soldier.

When the ambitious Man is sitting alone, and revolving in his Mind all his various Schemes for raising himself to the highest Pinnacle of Greatness, we know that he is too much wrapped up in his own Thoughts to give Attention to any outward Sound. We therefore secretly endeavour to creep into his Breast; and though we, by this Means, gain Admittance, yet is it generally our Fate to be there smothered in a confused Croud of Images, such as Honours, Titles,—Command,—Adoration,—Fame, &c. &c. &c. But if, by Accident, this great Man falls from all his Glory, and comes into Disgrace, the large Company which before hid, and almost stifled, us, instantly vanish, and he then wonders he had not before seen us, and hearkened to our Voice.

The Lover, whenever we apply to him, puffs us away with his Sighs; the Sot drowns our Voice with a merry Catch; nor could we ever obtain a satisfactory Answer from any Author, unless it was from some poor Wretch who was writing for a Dinner.

If we durst, Great Sir, we should put a Question to your Worship, on your attacking a Set of Wretches so much beneath your Notice as the present Race of Scribblers; but we do not expect you should do us so great an Honour, as ever to answer,

Your very good Friends,
WHY and WHEREFORE.

* * * * *

George's Coffee House, Jan. 14, 1752.

SIR,

BY a short Conversation which I had the other Day with an ingenious Friend of your's, at his Office in the Strand, he told me he could supply me with every Kind of useful Person, and give me Information in every Sort of Business.—A Proposal which I own, had greatly the Air of Extravagance; but Experience soon taught me it was true: And though, as Censor, you may be highly serviceable to Society, I think your Friend is no less usefully employed than yourself, being engaged in a Design, which the more I examine, the more I approve.

For your Part, Sir Alexander, I look upon your Office, as Censor, as a *Universal Register Office* too, but of a different Kind; for while your Friend is placing every Man in the Sphere for which his Capacity and Education qualify him, you instruct the Wise, and furnish Entertainment for those of true Taste. In your Office are registered just Sentiments on every Occasion: you regulate the Minds of one Part of the World, whilst he employs the Bodies of the other. You give Information in Points of Knowledge; whilst he deals out Intelligence to Men of Business. To your Register Office, Mr. Censor, I now apply for the Meaning of a Word much used in the present Age, which, I own, conveys no distinct Idea to my Mind, nor do I believe it does to the Minds of those who make use of it. In your last Paper, in which you so ingeniously handled the Abuse of Words, you have, to my

great Disappointment, omitted the Word *Town*, of which I should be glad to know the Meaning. For being in an eminent Coffee House, some few Days ago, a grave Gentleman, with much Dignity of Wig and Person, who seemed to be the Mouth and Oracle of the Assembly, made frequent Use of the Word *Town*, in his Harangues, which were not a little oratorical; and, speaking of some theatrical Performances he said, the *Town* would not bear it; the *Town* did not like it; the *Town* was offended; the *Town* damn'd it; the *Town* was the best Judge; the *Town* was out of Humour. In a Word, the *Town* did every Thing; the *Town* knew every Thing; and, to succeed in any Thing, a Man must please the *Town*.

Now, Sir, what I want to know of you, is, who, or what, is meant by this Word *Town*; What Sort of Animal it is. And what one is to understand by it. Your Information, in this Particular, shall be gratefully acknowledged, by

Your humble Servant, and Admirer,

P. W.

P. S. *Quære*, Whether the *Town* does not signify the idle, silly, and illiterate Part of Society?

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Jan. 17. 12 o'Clock.

Worshipful Sir,

SINCE the Publication of your Paper, such an immense Quantity of Filth and Nastiness has been brought from Grub-Street and Billingsgate, and emptied in Covent-Garden, that unless your Worship, out of your great Wisdom, will contrive some Method of raising a new Tax for the Payment of the Scavenger, it will be impossible for me, had I treble the Number of Carts I have, to keep that Place tolerably decent. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

W. T. Master Scavenger.

P. S. Pray let Grub-Street alone, for the more you stir the more it will stink. M.

* * * * *

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.
(Amelia was set to the Bar.)

COUNSELLOR TOWN. May it please you, Mr. Censor, I am of Council in this Case, on the side of the Prosecution. The Book at the Bar is indicted upon the Statute of Dulness, a very antient Law, and too well known to need much expatiating upon. But it may be necessary to observe, *that that that* is Dulness in one Age, is not so in another, and what says that antient Sage, and Lawgiver, Horace;

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.
Every Writer is to observe the Manners of the Age.

I know the Word *ætatis* is, in this Place, by some Lawyers, understood in another Sense; but what I contend for, is, that it may very well be understood in that Sense that I have here given to it: and, accordingly, the same Horace lays it down as a Rule,

Et prodesse volunt, et delectare, poetæ.
Poets desire to get Money, and to please their Readers.

For so I read the Law, and so I render it. A very good Law it is, and very wholesome to the Writers themselves.

Now the Humour, or Manners, of this Age are to laugh at every Thing, and the only Way to please them is to make them laugh; nor hath the Prisoner any Excuse, since it was so very easy to have done this in the present Case; what, indeed, more was necessary, than to have turned the Ridicule the other Way, and, in the Characters of Dr. Harrison, and Amelia herself, to have made a Jest of Religion, and the Clergy, of Virtue, and Innocence?

Here the Council was hastily stopt by the Censor, and desired to proceed to his Proofs.

TOWN. We shall prove then, to you, Sir, that the Book now at the Bar, is *very sad Stuff*; that Amelia herself is a *low* Character, a *Fool*, and a *Milksop*; that she is very apt to faint, and apt *to drink Water*, to prevent it. That she once

taps a Bottle of Wine, and drinks two Glasses. That she shews too much Kindness for her Children, and is too apt to forgive the Faults of her Husband. That she exerts no Manner of Spirit, unless, perhaps, in supporting Afflictions. That her concealing the Knowledge of her Husband's Amour, when she knew he had discontinued it, was low and poor. That her not abusing him, for having lost his Money at Play, when she saw his Heart was already almost broke by it, was contemptible Meanness. That she dresses her Husband's Supper; dresses her Children; and submits to the Thoughts of every servile Office. That she once mentions THE DEVIL, and as often swears BY HER SOUL. Lastly, That she is a Beauty WITHOUT A NOSE, I say again, WITHOUT A NOSE. All this we shall prove by many Witnesses.

We shall likewise prove that Dr. Harrison is a very *low, dull, unnatural*, Character, and that his arresting Booth, *only because he had all imaginable Reason to think he was a Villain*, is unpardonable.

That Colonel Bath is a *foolish Character, very low, and ill-drawn*.

That the Scene of the Goal¹ is *low and unmeaning*, and brought in by Head and Shoulders, without any Reason, or Design.

That the Abbé is supposed to *wear a Sword*; in short, not to descend to too many Particulars, which you will hear from the Mouths of the Witnesses, that the whole Book is a Heap of *sad Stuff, Dulness, and Nonsense*; that it contains no Wit, Humour, Knowledge of human Nature, or of the World; indeed, that the Fable, moral Character, Manners, Sentiments, and Diction, are all alike bad and contemptible.

All these Matters, Sir, we doubt not to prove to your Satisfaction, and then we doubt not but that you will do exemplary Justice to such intolerable sad Stuff, and, will pass such a Sentence as may be a dreadful Example to all future Books, how they dare stand up in Opposition to the Humour of the Age.

¹ So printed in the original text.

A great Noise was now heard in the Court, and much female Vociferation; when the Censor was informed, that it was a married Lady, one of the Witnesses against Amelia, who was scolding at her Husband for not making her Way through the Crowd.

Mr. TOWN then moved, that, as there were several Persons of great Fashion, who were to be Witnesses in this Cause, Room might be made for them by the Officers, which was ordered accordingly.

C. TOWN. Call Lady *Dilly Dally*.—(*She appeared*) Mr. Censor, we call this young Lady to the Character of Amelia, and she will give you an Account of all the low Behaviour I have opened.—Lady *Dilly*, your Ladyship knows the Prisoner at the Bar?

L. DILLY. I cannot say I ever saw the Creature before. (*At which there was a great Laugh*)

C. TOWN. I thought your Ladyship had said that Amelia was sad Stuff from Beginning to End.

L. DILLY. I believe I might say so.—Eh! I don't always remember what I say; but if I did say so, I was told it.—Oh! yes, now I remember very well, I did say so, and Dr. Dosewell, my Physician, told me so.—The Doctor said, in a great deal of Company, that the Book, I forget the Name of it, was a sad stupid Book, and that the Author had not a Bit of Wit, or Learning, or Sense, or any Thing else.

COURT. Mr. *Town*, you know this is only Hearsay, and not Evidence.—

C. TOWN. I do not contend for it. We shall call the Doctor himself by and by.—We will give your Ladyship no further Trouble.

L. DILLY.—I am heartily glad of it.—Mr. Censor, if you are the Judge, I beg, as you have brought me into this odious Place, you will see me safe out again.

Orders were then given to clear away the Crowd, which was very great, and Lady *Dilly* got safe to her Chair.

The Residue of this Trial will be in our next.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28. 1752. Numb. 8.

*Ambubaiarum Collegia, Pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones; hoc genus omne.*

HOR.

*A motley Mixture! in long Wigs, in Bags,
In Silks, in Crapes, in Garters and in Rags.*

Dunciad.

THE following is a literal Copy of the Fragment mentioned in my Sixth Paper. In what Language it was originally writ, is impossible to determine. To determine this would be, indeed, to ascertain who these Robinhoodians were; a Point, as we shall shew in our Comment, of the utmost Difficulty. From the apparent Difference in the Style, and Spelling of the Translation, it seems to have been *done into English* by several Hands, and probably in distant Ages. I have placed my Conjectures concerning some doubtful Words, at the Bottom of the Page, without venturing to disturb the Text.

**Importinent Questions cunsarning Relidgin and
Gubermint, handyled by the Robinhoodians.*

March 8. 1 51.¹

THIS Evenin the Questin at the Robinhood was, whether Relidgin was of any youse to a Sosyaty; baken** bifer mee To'mmas Whytebred, Baker.

JAMES SKOTCHUM, Barber, spak as floweth: Sir, I ham of Upinion, that Relidgin can be of no youse to any mortal Sole: bycause as why, Relidgin is no youse to Trayd, and if Relidgin be of no youse to Trayd, how ist it yousefool

* Perhaps *impertinent*.

** I think this should be read *taken*, and the Baker's being intent on his Trade, occasioned the Corruption.

¹ As appears in the comment in No. 9, this date is purposely left incomplete. Murphy, and Henley after him, incorrectly supply a 7 in the blank space.

to Sosyaty. Now no Body can deny but that a Man maye kary on his Trayd very wel without Relidgin; nay, and beter two, for then he maye wurk won Day in a Wik mor than at present; whereof no Body can saye but that seven is mor than six: Besides, if we haf no Relidgin we shall haf no *Pairsuns**, and that will be a grate Savin to the Sosyaty; and it is a *Maksum*** in Trayd, That a Peny sav'd is a Peny got. Whereof ——— The End of this Speech seems to be wanting, as doth the Beginning of the next.

——— Different Opinion from the learned Gentleman who spoke first to the Question: First I deny that Trade can be carried on without Religion; for how often is the Sanction of an Oath necessary in Contracts, and how can we have Oaths without Religion? As to the gaining one Day in seven, which the Gentleman seems to lay much Stress upon, I do admit it to be an Argument of great Force; but I question, as the People have been long used to Idleness on that Day, whether it would be easy to make them work upon it; and, consequently, if they had no Churches to go to, whether they would not resort to some worse Place? As to the Expence of Parsons, I cannot think it is prejudicial to the Society in general; for the Parsons are Members of this Society; and whether they who do but little, or others who do nothing at all for their Livelihood, possess their Revenues, is a Matter of no manner of Concern to the Public. Indeed what the Gentleman says concerning the Dutch, I shall own is highly to the Honour of those industrious People: And I question not but if Religion was to interfere with any Branch of our Trade, there is still so much good Sense left in this Nation, that we should presently sacrifice the Shadow to the Substance. But tho' some Instances should occur, in which Religion may be prejudicial, it cannot be fairly argued from thence, that Religion is therefore of no use to the Society; and 'till that can be proved, I shall not give my Vote for its Abolition. But at present ——— *Hammer down.*

* Read *Parsons*.

** Read *Maxim*.

Mr. MAC FLOURISH, Student, I shall with grate Reediness undertake that Tosk upon my Seel.—Sir, the Queestion, as I tak it, is, whether Relegion be of any use to Society? And Sir, this is a Queestion of that Degnity, that grete emportance, that when I conseder the Matter of wheech I am to speke, the Degnity of the Odience before whom I am to speke, when I refleect on the Smallness of my own Abeelities, well may I be struck with the greetest Awe and Reveerence: For Sir, neither Demosthenes nor Eschines, nor Cecero, nor Hortensuis, ever handled a more emportant Queestion: And Sir, should any thing mesbecoming drop from me on this grate Occasion, tho' your Candour, your Beneevolence, might encline you to extend an unmeerited Attention, yet, Sir, these Walls, these Stones, these Boards, these very Bracks, withute Ears, withute a Tongue, would tacitly express their Endeegnation. Sir, it is a Queestion, that whoever hath rede History, or deeeded at all into the oxceelent Mystery of Politics, must confees, that all the grete Pheelosophers, Poets, Oraters, Historians ——— *Hammer down* ———

Mr. OCURRY, Solicitor. Upon my Shoul, I am very sorry now that the Rules of this grate Society forced the last very learned Gentleman to sit down before he told us his Opinion; but, whatever it be, I am after being of the saame. It is very true upon my Shoul, what he said, that it is a very great Question, and I do not well know fether I understand it as yet, or no: but this I think, that if Religion be a great Hurt to the Nation, I cannot for my Shoul see where the Good of it is. This I know very well, that there is a very good Religion in Ireland, and they do call it the Roman Catholic Religion, and I am of it myself, though I dont¹ very well know what it is. There is Something about Beads and Masses, and Patty Nosters, and Ivy Marys, and I will fight for it as long as I am alive, and longer.—And upon my Shoul I will tell you a good Thing, if you are afraid of your own Religion, you may send for ours, for I know it will come; for Father Patrick

¹ The original text does not have the sign of contraction. See also a similar case in 184. 6, below.

Ocain did tell me, he would bring it along with him. Nay, he tould me, that he had brought it hither before he did come himself. (*at which there was a Laugh.*

Mr. GILES SHUTTLE, Weaver.—I hope no Gentleman will treat this Thing as a Jest, whereof I thinks it to be a very great Matter of Earnest. Whereof I dont much understand your Speech-making Sort of Work, but this I thinks, that I am as a good Judge of these Sort of Matters, for I am worth a hundred Pounds, and owes no Man a Farthing. Whereof I thinks, I am as good a Man as another: for why should not any other Man have as much Sense as a Gentleman? I thinks I knows Something of Trade, that to be sure, is the main Article in every trading Nation, whereby — Here the first Paper was broke off. The Second is as follows:

Question. Whether infinite Power could make the World out of Nothing?

The Speakers to this Question were Mr. Thomas Tinderbox, the Chandler; Mr. George White, Boatswain's Mate; Mr. Edward Peacock, Victualler; Mr. Budge, the Shoemaker; Mr. Goose, the Taylor; Mr. Halt, the Maker of Pattins, and one great Scholar, whose Name I do not know.

It was urged on the Behalf of infinite Power, That we have no very adequate Idea of it. That there are many Things which we see are, and yet we cannot, with any great Certainty, tell how they came to be. That so far from our Reason being able to comprehend every Thing, some wise Men have doubted, whether we do with Certainty, comprehend any Thing. That whatever we may think we know, we do not know how we think. That either every Thing was made by Something, out of Nothing, or else Nothing made every Thing, either out of Something or Nothing. And, lastly; that infinite Power might more reasonably be supposed to create every Thing out of Nothing, than no Power at all could be supposed to make every Thing out of any Thing.

On the contrary, it was well argued, that Nothing can be made out of Nothing, for, *ex nihil O Nothing is fit.* That

every Day's Experience must convince us of this: That, by infinite Power, we only meant a very great Degree of Power; but that, if the Thing to be done be not the Subject of Power, the smallest Degree will be equal to the greatest. And it was urged with great Force of Wit and Eloquence, by Mr. Goose, that the best Taylor, and the worst, were alike unable to make a Coat without Materials. That, in this Case, a Taylor with infinite Power, would be in the same Condition with a Taylor who had no Power at all. And if so small a Thing as a Coat could not be made out of Nothing, how could so large a Thing as the World be cut out of the same no Materials. The Scholar gave a very good Answer to what had been offered concerning our Ignorance of infinite Power, and said, if we had no adequate Idea of it, it was a good Cause of disbelieving it; for, as Reason was to be Judge of all Things, what was not the Object of Reason, ought to be rejected by it. He admitted, that there were some Things which did exist, and that we did not as yet know, the Manner in which they came to exist; but it did not follow that such Causes were above the Reach of human Reason, because she had not yet discovered them, for, he made no Doubt, but that this Society, by Means of their free Enquiry after Truth, would, in the End, discover the Whole; and that the Manner in which a Man was made, would be no more a Mystery to Posterity, than it is to the present Age, how they make a Pudding. He concluded with saying, that some very wise and learned Men, who lived near 3000 Years ago, had asserted that the World had existed from all Eternity, which Opinion seemed to solve all Difficulties, and was, as it appeared, highly agreeable to the Sentiments of the whole Society.

Question. Whether, in the Opinion of this Society, the Government did Right in —

Here ends this valuable Fragment, on which I shall give my Comment in my next Paper. A

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Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

A Great Number of Beaus, Rakes, fine Ladies, and several formal Persons with bushy Wigs, and Canes at their Noses, pushed forward, and offered themselves as Witnesses against poor Amelia, when a grave Man stood up and begged to be heard; which the Court granted, and he spoke as follows.

‘If you, Mr. Censor, are yourself a Parent, you will view me with Compassion when I declare I am the Father of this poor Girl the Prisoner at the Bar; nay, when I go farther, and avow, that of all my Offspring she is my favourite Child. I can truly say that I bestowed a more than ordinary Pains in her Education; in which I will venture to affirm, I followed the Rules of all those who are acknowledged to have writ best on the Subject; and if her Conduct be fairly examined, she will be found to deviate very little from the strictest Observation of all those Rules; neither Homer nor Virgil pursued them with greater Care than myself, and the candid and learned Reader will see that the latter was the noble model, which I made use of on this Occasion.

‘I do not think my Child is entirely free from Faults. I know nothing human that is so; but surely she doth not deserve the Rancour with which she hath been treated by the Public. However, it is not my Intention, at present, to make any Defence; but shall submit to a Compromise, which hath been always allowed in this Court in all Prosecutions for Dulness. I do, therefore, solemnly declare to you, Mr. Censor, that I will trouble the World no more with any Children of mine by the same Muse.’

This Declaration was received with a loud Huzza, by the greater Part of the Spectators; and being allowed by the Court, was presently entered of Record. Then Amelia was delivered to her Parent, and a Scene of great Tenderness passed between them, which gave much Satisfaction to many present; some of whom, however, blamed the old Gentleman for putting an End to the Cause, and several very grave and

well looking Men, who knew the whole Merits, asserted, that the Lady ought to have been honourably acquitted.

Then the Court adjourned to Saturday, Feb. 1.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1. 1752. Numb. 9.

*Dic quibus in terris et eris milii¹ magnus
Apollo, Virg.*

*Tell in what Clime these People did appear,
And you shall be the Laureate of next Year.*

IT will be a very difficult Matter to fix with any Certainty, at what Place, and amongst what People, the Robin-Hood Society was held, as we have not the least Light to guess from what Language the Fragment which now remains to us, was originally translated. Two Things may be averred, that this Society was held in some Country where the People were extremely free; and, secondly, that it was in a Country, where that Part of the Community which the French called *la Canaille* was at the Head of Public Affairs.

From the latter of these Circumstances, it appears that these Robinhoodians cannot be placed among the Egyptians; for Diodorus Siculus, speaking of these People, tells us, that, *Whereas in all Democracies great Injury is done to the State by the Populace interfering in the public Councils, the Egyptians very severely punished these Artificers who presumed to meddle with Matters of Government.**

Nor can I ever believe, that the Question, *Whether Religion was of any Use to the Society*, would ever have been supported amongst a People so highly devoted to Superstition, that Religion was indeed the Foundation of their civil Society.

The same Objection will recur against placing this Society in Athens: For tho' Pericles, in his Speech to the Athenians,

* Diod. Sic. Fol. 68. Edit. Rhod. Hannov. Πλέστοι δ' ἐ ταῖς δημοκρατουμέναις πόλεσιν, κ.τ.λ.

¹ An obvious misprint for *mihī*.

recorded in Thucydides, compliments his Countrymen with being all Politicians, *Among us*, says he, *even the Mechanics are not inferior to the fellow Citizens in Political Knowledge.** Yet in a Country where Socrates was put to Death, for attempting an Innovation in religious Matters, it is hard to believe that the Dregs of the People would have been permitted to have questioned the very first Principles of all Religion with Impunity.

And this Objection will, I apprehend, hold likewise against all other States, not only those which we call civilized, but even the Tartars, Goths, Vandals, and Piets, &c. from the Time they are recorded in History. None of these having been found without their Deities, and without a very strong Persuasion of the Truth of some Religion or other. And so far were they all from doubting whether Religion was of any Use, or as the Fragment hath it, *youse* to the Society, that they carried the Images of their Gods with them to War, and relied upon their Favours and Assistance for Success in all Affairs.

To say the Truth, the only People now upon Earth, among whose Ancestors I can suppose such an Assembly to have been held, are the Inhabitants of a certain Tract of Land in Africa, bordering on the Cape of Good Hope, commonly known unto us by the Name of the HOTTENTOTS.

I am, however, well aware that there are many Objections to this Opinion. First, that these Hottentots are supposed not to have any Knowledge of Religion at all, nor ever to have heard the Name of the Divinity; whereas it appears manifestly that the Robinhoodians had some kind of Religion even established in their Country, and that the name of G— was at least known among them.

It is unnecessary to observe, likewise, that the Members of this Society had more of the Use of Letters, and were better skilled in the Rules of Oratory than the Hottentots can be conceived to have been: For as to the Speech of Mr. Mac

* Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 40. Καὶ ἑτέροις πρὸς ἔργα τετραμμένοις κ.τ.λ.

Flourish, as well for *the Matter* as for the Eloquence of it, it might be spoken with great Applause in many of our politest Assemblies.

Upon the whole, therefore, I must confess myself intirely at a Loss in forming any probable Conjecture as to what Part of the Earth these *Robinhoodians* inhabited; not being able to trace the least Footsteps of them in any History I have ever seen.

As to the Time in which they flourished, the Fragment itself will lend us some little Assistance. It is dated 1 51; which Figures, I make no Doubt, should be all joined together, and then the only Doubt will be from what *Æra* this Reckoning begun.

And here, I think, there can be no Doubt, but that the *Æra* intended was that of the general Flood in the Time of Noah, and that the *Robinhoodians* were some Party of those People, who are said, after the Dispersion at Babel to have been scattered over the Face of the Earth.

Those imperfect Notions of Religion which they appear to have entertained, admirably well agree with this Opinion: For it is very reasonable to suppose that such immediate Interpositions of Providence, or to speak more adequately such Denunciations of divine Vengeance, as were exemplified in the Deluge, and the Dispersion at Babel, could scarce be so immediately eradicated as not to leave some little Impression, some small Sparks of religious Veneration in the Grandchildren and Great-Grand-Children of those who had been Spectators of such dreadful Scenes; as, on the other Hand, both sacred and profane History assures us, that these Sparks were very faint, and not sufficient to kindle any true Devotion among them.

Again, as the Fragment very plainly appears to have been translated by several Hands, so may we very reasonably infer that it was translated out of as many various Languages. Another Reason to fix the Date of this Assembly soon after the abovementioned Dispersion.

Lastly, the Name of Robinhood puts the Matter beyond all

Doubt or Question; this Word being, as a learned Etymologist observed to me, clearly derived from the *Tower of Babel*: for first *Robin* and *Bobin* are allowed to be the same Word; the first Syllable then is Bob, change o into a, which is only a Metathesis of one Vowel for another, and you have Bab, then supply the Termination el instead of ing (for both are only Terminations) and you have clearly the Word Babel.

As for the H in Hood, it is known to be no Letter at all, and therefore an Etymologist may there place what Letter he pleases, and why not a T as well as any other. Then change the final d into an r, and you have Toor, which hath a better Pretence, than the known Word Tor to signify Tower.—Thus, by a few inconsiderable Changes, the Robin-Hood and Babel-Tower, appear to be one and the same Word.

Two Objections have been made to the great Antiquity of this Fragment; the first is, that Ireland is mentioned in it, which as *Camden* and others would make us believe, was not peopled till many Ages after the *Æra* I have above mentioned: But these learned Men are certainly in a Mistake; for I am well assured that several Irish Beggars, whose Ancestors were dispossessed in the Wars of the last Century, are after having now in their Possession the Title-Deeds of their said Estates from long before the Times of Noah.

The other Objection is, that the Dutch are likewise mentioned in the Fragment, a People, as they are generally supposed, of a much later Rise in the World than the Period of Time which I have endeavoured to assign to this Society.

To this I answer, that tho' that Body of People, who threw off the Spanish Yoke in the Time of the Duke of Alva, are extremely modern, yet are the Dutch themselves of very great Antiquity, as hath been well proved by the learned GOROPIUS BECANUS from the History of Herodotus.

That Historian tells us, that one of the Assyrian Kings being desirous to discover who were the most ancient People, confined two Children, a Boy and a Girl, till they were at the Age of Maturity, without suffering either of them to hear one articulate Sound; having determined, I know not for what

Reason, that whatever Language could claim their first Word, the People speaking that Language should be deemed the most ancient.

The Word which was first pronounced by one of them was BEKER, which in the Phœnician Tongue signifies Bread: the Phœnicians were therefore concluded to have been the first Planters of Mankind.

Under this Mistake the World continued many Ages, till at last the learned *Goropius* discovered that the Word BEKER, which in the Phœnician Tongue signifies *Bread*, did in the Dutch Language signify A BAKER, and that before Bread was a Baker was. *Ergo, Etc.*

And here I cannot help observing, that this Quotation, as it proves the Antiquity of the Dutch, so it proves the great Antiquity of *Bakers*, to whose Honour we may likewise read in Diodorus, that Isis the Wife of Osyris was immortalized among the Egyptians, for having taught them the Art of Baking.

Succeeding Ages being unwilling to ascribe so great an Honour to a Woman, transferred it from her to her Husband, and called him BACCHUS; or as it is more commonly by modern Authors writ, BAKKUS, and BAKUS, which being literally *done into English* by the Change of the Latin Termination, is BAKER.

Indeed it is very reasonable to imagine that before the Invention of Cookery, the Bakers were held in the highest Honours, as the People derived from their Art the greatest Dainty of which their simple Taste gave them any Idea. And the great Esteem, in which Cookery is held now, may very well account for the Preference given to Bakers in those early Ages, when these were the only Cooks.

But if none of these Reasons should be thought satisfactory, to fix, with any absolute Certainty, the exact *Æra* of this Assembly, the following Conclusions must be, I think, allowed by every Reader.

First, that some Religion had a kind of Establishment amongst these People.

Secondly, That this Religion, whatever it was, could not have the least Sway over their Morals or Practice.

Thirdly, That this Society, in which the first Principles of Religion and Government were debated, was the chief Assembly, in this Country, and Mr. Whitebread, the Baker, the greatest Man in it.

And lastly, I think it can create no Manner of Surprise in any one, that such a Nation as this hath been long since swept away from the Face of the Earth, and the very Name of such a People expunged out of the Memory of Man. A.

* * * * *

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

COUNSELLOR TOWN moved for an Information, in the Nature of a *Quo Warranto*, to be exhibited against Mr. Mossop, the Player, to shew Cause by what Authority he takes upon himself the Stile, Title, and Dignity of Macbeth, Mr. Garrick, the only true and lawful Macbeth being at the same Time in full Life and Health.

Ordered, That the said Mossop do shew Cause in this Paper on Tuesday next.

The Court was then moved by an Irish Gentleman on Behalf of a vast Number of *Practitioners* of the Law, who do not at present practise the Law at all, that they might be admitted to plead before the Censor.

And it was ordered accordingly.

The Trial of B— T—, on the Statute of Dulness, was then brought on, when the said B— T— pleaded to the Jurisdiction of the Court; and set forth, that, being a lawful Subject of Grub-Street, she is not liable to be tried in this Court for any such Crime as Dulness. To this Plea there was a Demurrer, and a Day was given for the Argument of the same.

This is a Cause of great Importance, and the Expectations of all Men are very much raised concerning the Event.

(*Adjourned.*)

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4. 1752. Numb. 10.

*At nostri Proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavêre Sales, nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam Stulte, mirati.* Hor.

Modernized.

*In former Times this tasteless, silly Town
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.*

THE present Age seems pretty well agreed in an Opinion, that the utmost Scope and End of Reading is Amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable Books, that a Reader can propose no more than mere Entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this in his Studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable Purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere Jack-Puddings, whose Business it is only to excite Laughter: This, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed, and served up, with graver Matters, in order to titilate the Palate, and to recommend wholesome Food to the Mind; and, for this Purpose, it hath been used by many excellent Authors: *for why* (as Horace says) *should not any one promulgate Truth with a Smile on his Countenance?* Ridicule, indeed, as he again intimates, *is commonly a stronger and better Method of attacking Vice, than the severer kind of Satire.*

When Wit and Humour are introduced for such good Purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the Writer said *to have succeeded in every Point.* *Pleasantry* (as the ingenious Author of *Clarissa* says of a Story) *should be made only the Vehicle of Instruction;* and thus Romances themselves, as well as Epic Poems, may become worthy the Perusal of the greatest of Men: But when no Moral, no Lesson, no Instruction is conveyed to the Reader, where the whole Design of the Composition is no more than

to make us laugh, the Writer comes very near to the Character of a Buffoon; and his Admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great Compliments to be paid to their Wisdom.

After what I have here advanced, I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an Enemy to Laughter, or to all those Kinds of Writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few Men, I believe, do more admire the Works of those great Masters who have sent their Satire (if I may use the Expression) laughing into the World. Such are that great Triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These Authors I shall ever hold in the highest Degree of Esteem; not indeed for that Wit and Humour alone which they all so eminently possess, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost Force of their Wit and Humour, to expose and extirpate those Follies and Vices which chiefly prevailed in their several Countries.

I would not be thought to confine Wit and Humour to these Writers. Shakespeare, Moliere, and some other Authors, have been blessed with the same Talents, and have employed them to the same Purposes. There are some, however, who tho' not void of these Talents have made so wretched a Use of them, that had the Consecration of their Labours been committed to the Hands of the Hangman, no good Man would have regretted their Loss: Nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself in this Number. For if I may speak my Opinion freely of these two last Writers, and of their Works, their Design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all Sobriety, Modesty, Decency, Virtue and Religion, out of the World. Now whoever reads over the five great Writers first mentioned in this Paragraph, must either have a very bad Head, or a very bad Heart, if he doth not become both a wiser and a better Man.

In the Exercise of the Mind, as well as in the Exercise of the Body, Diversion is a secondary Consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable, which is at the same Time useful, to such noble Purposes as Health and Wisdom.

But what should we say to a Man who mounted his Chamber Hobby, or fought with his own Shadow for his Amusement only? How much more absurd and weak would he appear, who swallowed Poison because it was sweet.

How differently did Horace think of Study from our modern Readers.

*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:
Condo et compono, quae mox depromere possim.*

Truth and Decency are my whole Care and Enquiry. In this Study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing, that I can at any Time draw forth my Stores for my immediate Use. The whole Epistle indeed, from which I have paraphrased this Passage, is a Comment upon it, and affords many useful Lessons of Philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good Author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after Treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the Mind, will be of use to us on sundry Occasions in our Lives. If a Man, for Instance, should be overloaded with Prosperity, or Adversity, (both of which Cases are liable to happen to us) who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a Master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great Matter of Comfort and Utility from their Doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the Works of the latter, are not, I think, yet compleatly made English; and, consequently, are less within the Reach of most of my Countrymen.

But, perhaps, it may be asked, Will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? Perhaps not; but if you are not a Fool, my worthy Friend, which I can hardly with Civility suspect, they will both, (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own Part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more Delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing, that such Scriblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfy, and the Wits of our Age should find Readers, whilst the Writing of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an Author as Plutarch remain in the World, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The Truth I am afraid is, that real Taste is a Quality with which Human Nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two Authors have agreed in their Notions of it; and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others, seem to have succeeded only in shewing us that they knew it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own Sentiments, I should derive it from a nice Harmony between the Imagination and the Judgment; and hence perhaps it is, that so few have ever possessed this Talent in any eminent Degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see Men of very bright Imaginations, and of very accurate Learning (which can hardly be acquired without Judgment) who are entirely devoid of Taste; and Longinus, who of all Men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his Reader very much if he should attempt to decide, whether Imagination or Judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable Critic.

But as for the Bulk of Mankind, they are clearly void of any Degree of Taste. It is a Quality in which they advance very little beyond a State of Infancy. The first Thing a Child is fond of in a Book, is a Picture; the second is a Story; and the third a Jest. Here then is the true *Pons Asinorum*, which very few Readers ever get over.

From what I have said, it may perhaps be thought to appear, that true Taste is the real Gift of Nature only; and if so, some may ask, To what Purpose have I endeavoured to show Men that they are without a Blessing, which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, tho' it is certain that to the highest Consummation of Taste, as well as of every other Excellence, Nature must lend much Assistance; yet great is the Power of Art almost of itself, or at best with only slender Aids from Nature; and to say the Truth, there are very few who have not in their Minds some small Seeds of Taste. *All Men* (says Cicero) *have a sort of tacit Sense of what is right or wrong in Arts and Sciences, even without the help of Arts.* This surely it

is in the Power of Art very greatly to improve. That most Men therefore proceed no farther than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper Education.

I shall, probably, therefore, in a future Paper, endeavour to lay down some Rules by which all Men may acquire, at least some Degree of Taste. In the mean while, I shall, (according to the Method observed in Innoculation) recommend to my Readers, as a Preparative for their receiving my Instructions, a total Abstinence from all bad Books; I do therefore most earnestly intreat all my young Readers, that they would cautiously avoid the Persual of any modern Book till it hath first had the Sanction of some wise and learned Man; and the same Caution I propose to all Fathers, Mothers, and Guardians.

Evil Communications corrupt good Manners, is a Quotation of St. Paul from Menander. EVIL BOOKS CORRUPT AT ONCE BOTH OUR MANNERS AND OUR TASTE. C.

* * * * *

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

MR. Mossop appeared, according to Order, and shewed Cause by his Council,

That Mr. Mossop is a young Actor of promising Abilities, and very desirous of meriting the Favour of the Public.

That, in all his Attempts hitherto, he hath met with very kind Treatment, and much Encouragement from the Audience, which he presumes to derive from the extraordinary Pains that he hath taken, and from his visible Endeavours to deserve their Applause.

That he doth not presume in the Character of Macbeth to emulate the Perfections of Mr. Garrick; but that he humbly hopes he may be allowed equal to any other Actor in that Part; a Praise which, if he obtains, it will be far from raising his Vanity to any immoderate Pitch.

That Mr. Garrick hath not given up the Part of Macbeth to Mr. Mossop, nor will the former appear the more seldom in that Character, because the latter is upon the Stage.

That Mr. Garrick is not immortal, whatever his Fame may be; and that, if no regard be had to the Succession of Actors, nor any Care taken to bring those forward into the principal Parts who shall discover the greatest theatrical Talents, the Stage will fall with himself; as was the Case when that famous Triumvirate, Booth, Wilks, and Cibber were in the Management; who, by discountenancing, and keeping back any Actor of apparent Genius, left such a Set of wretched Strolers behind them, at their Departure, that our dramatic Entertainments became contemptible; and had not a Genius of a surprizing Kind emerged all at once, one who was born both in a Sock, and a Buskin, the Theatre Royal was in Danger of sinking to Bartholomew-Fair.

For these Reasons the Council concluded, that he hoped the Rule should be discharged.

Mr. TOWN, who was on the other Side, said he had never any Intention to press this Matter far against Mr. Mossop; that his Clients considered him as a promising young Man, and very likely to make in Time a great Actor; and that he had already shewn uncommon Powers in the Character of Zanga; and as Mr. Garrick had declared that he did not intend to give up his great Parts, but that he had last Night appeared in that of Richard the Third, he had Instructions to give his Consent to the Discharge of the Rule.

And the Rule was discharged accordingly.

(Adjourned.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1752. Numb. 11.

——— *Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti.*

HOR.

Anglicè.¹

*If you know a better Way of providing for
the Poor,
Be pleased to tell it us.*

IN a former Paper I offered a Conjecture, that the Robin-hoodians must have been either the Hottentots themselves, or some such Sort of People, for which I there advanced several very plausible Reasons; the most forcible of which seems to be, *That their Religion could not have the least Sway over their Morals or Practice.* I will here add, in Support of my Opinion, that such a Religion befitted only a People who were not possessed of any Manner of Property.

On the contrary, if we look into the D[o]ctrines and Tenets of that Institution which was accounted divine by our Ancestors, and sincerely believed at least, in this Coun[t]ry, we shall find it admirably calculated for the Preservation of Property; and most notably to correspond with the original Design of all Government, as we find this laid down by Thrasy-machus in Plato's Dialogues de Republica. "Do you think," says Thrasy-machus to Socrates, (just after he had told him that he wanted a Nurse to blow his Nose) "that those Governors of Cities, who really understand their Art, consider the People in any other Light than as their Cattle? Do they labour Night and Day with any other View than to make their Subjects profitable to themselves?"

Now what can more effectually establish this excellent and useful Doctrine, than that positive Assertion in the 6th Chap. of one St. Luke, 20th Verse, *Blessed are the Poor, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.** If the Poor,

* This is the Reading in Mills, and this is certainly the best.

¹ The presence of this accent here and its omission in I. 133. 4, leave some doubt as to the intended usage.

or the People, (for in this Country the 'ΟΙ ΠΟΛΛΟΙ, and the 'ΟΙ ΠΤΟΧΟΙ, are synonymous) could be once firmly persuaded that they had a Right to the other World, they might surely be well contented to resign all Pretentions to this. Nay, the Rich might in that Case very fairly withhold every thing in this World from them: For it would be manifestly unjust that the Poor should enjoy both. Thus the two Worlds were equally divided; and as the Rich could never be accused of making any, the least, Attempt on that which was allotted to the Poor, they had surely a very good Plea to keep their own to themselves, and not to suffer the Poor to make any Encroachments on them.

And on this Principle alone that Position in our Law, that even Necessity itself is no Justification of Theft can be vindicated: For in this Instance the Roman or Civil Law, as we find in Grotius and Puffendorf, differs from us. Both these Writers do indeed hold, that the Rich have much the better Title to all the good Things of this World, an Opinion which I suppose they found on the Right of Possession; but they agree, however, that a poor Wretch, absolutely to prevent Starving, may innocently take a Loaf from his opulent Neighbor, which he hath neither the Heart to give, nor the Stomach to eat.

But however wise, according to the Opinion before cited from Plato, our Law may here be, I much question whether it will not want the above Sanction of Religion to support it. Could any Thing therefore be so weak in our late Governors, as to have suffered a Sett of poor Fellows, who were just able to read and write, to inform their Brethren, that the Place which the Rich had allotted them was a mere Utopia, and an Estate, according to the usual Sense of the Phrase, in Nubibus only! Could the Poor become once unanimously persuaded of this, what should hinder them from an Attempt in which the Superiority of their Numbers might give them some Hopes of Success; and when they have nothing real to risqué in either World in the Trial?

This is a Matter of very serious Consideration, and, as it

seems of late to have employed most of our Projectors, I hope I shall be at Liberty to propose a Scheme, which I think would very effectually remove the Danger apprehended.

I have not here Time to examine all the Plans of others; one however I cannot entirely pass over in Silence, as it somewhat resembles my own, and as I know so many good People who are pleased with it; and this is the Scheme of the late Dean Swift, to force our Poor to eat their own Children, as what would not only afford Provision for our present Poor, but prevent their Encrease.

But with Submission, however proper and humane this Proposal might be in Ireland, I must observe it would be extremely cruel and severe here. For there the Children of the Poor being sustained for the most Part with Milk and Potatoes, must be very delicious Food; but here, as the Children of our Poor are little better than a Composition of Gin, to force their Parents to eat them, would in Reality be to force them to poison themselves. The Cruelty of which appears so monstrous at first Sight, that it need not be exaggerated.

In Truth Religion here, as in many other Instances, will best do the Business of the Politician.

As to the Restoration of the Christian Religion, tho' I must own the Expediency of it, could it be accomplished, I think it is a Matter of too much Difficulty. But perhaps another Religion may be found, which will equally answer the above Great Purpose of Government, and for which the People have not been lately inspired with any Contempt or Abhorrence; and which would have the Pleasure of Novelty to some, and of Antiquity to others to recommend it.

Without further Preface then I shall propose the Restoration of the antient Heathen Religion; that Form of Worship I mean which was formerly practised among many Nations, nay even in this very Country, and that consisted in the Immolation of human Sacrifices.

The great Usefulness of these Sacrifices to the Purpose here contended for may partly be presumed, if we consider their

true Original, of which the Learned have been hitherto so much puzzled to give an Account.

The ingenious Abbè de Boissi imagines that the Heathen World derived this Practice from some incertain traditional Account of the intended Sacrifice of Isaac by his Father; a Conjecture which, while the Christian Religion flourished, might seem to have had some Weight; but at present it is unnecessary to advance any Argument to prove that a Custom could not have been derived from a Fact which is not believed to have had any Existence.

In Truth, these Sacrifices were no other than an Invention of Politicians to secure the good Things of this World to themselves, and at the same Time to make a *Legal Provision for the Poor*.

And this will more plainly appear, if we observe who were the Poor in the first Ages of the World. Now in those simple Times when Riches consisted only in Flocks and Herds, and when Kings themselves were little better than Shepherds, as the richest Men abounded only in the Necessaries of Life, so there were few or none who were left entirely destitute of them: For before the Introduction of Money, Men could not, as they do now, lock up thousands of Sheep and Oxen, and the Produce of a vast Number of Acres in a small Coffers; and consequently, every Country was found sufficient for the Maintenance of its own Inhabitants.

The Poor therefore among these People were of two Sorts only; namely adventitious Strangers, and Prisoners of War; and both these, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus, that great Penetrator into the Fogs of Antiquity, were by many Nations sacrificed to their Gods.

Thus these Sacrifices were no other than an Invention of Politicians to *provide for*, or rather to remove those redundant Members in every Society, for which the better (that is the richer) Sort had no Manner of Use, and who were consequently in the Language of the Law *become chargeable*. Now that the same laudable Means would produce the same desirable End is too plain to require any Proof.

I am however aware of one Objection, which may be made to this Scheme by some few Persons, who will not be at the Pains to give it a thorough Examination; and who, as Madam Dacier said of one of the Critics on Homer, find it more easy to cavil at an Author than to understand him.

The Objection I would obviate is this; that my Scheme is rather too barbarous and inhuman.

To this it might be sufficient to answer that it is for the Good of the Nation *in general*; that is to say, for the richer Part.

But in Truth it is for the Advantage of the Poor themselves; we may say indeed to these, as the Roman Soldier said to Nero, in the midst of his Distress, *Usque adeone mori miserum est?* Is there such a Coward in the World, as to think Death the most miserable of all Evils? Do we not daily see Instances of Men in distressed Circumstances, that is to say, who cannot keep a Coach and Six, who fly to Death as to a Refuge? What must we think then of Wretches in a State of Hunger and Nakedness; without Bread to eat, without Clothes to cover them, without a Hut or Hovel to receive them?

When Serenus was condemned to Death by the Senate of Rome, Gallus Asinius moved to mitigate the Sentence into Banishment; and proposed to send the Convict either to the island of Gyarus or Donusa; but Serenus despised the Alternative, as both Islands were destitute of Water; saying as Tacitus hath it, “*Dandos vitæ usus cui vita concederetur.*” *If you grant me my Life, give me also the Necessaries of it.* Without these indeed Serenus well knew that the Favour pretended to be granted to him, was a mere Insult, and in Reality an Aggravation instead of a Mitigation of his former Sentence.

In this Light, therefore, I shall be understood by my sensible Reader; and instead of that Censure of Cruelty which hath been bestowed on Dr. Swift by some very ingenious and learned Critics for his abovementioned Proposal; it will be attributed to my Humane Disposition, that I have proposed

to lessen the Severity of that Death which is suffered by so many Persons, who in the most miserable lingering Manner do daily perish for Want in this Metropolis. A.

* * * * *

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

THE Court was moved against the following Advertisement published on Wednesday last.

(Taken from the Life by an ingenious Artist)

A Whole Length PRINT of Miss MOLLY BLANDY.

Who, with her own and her Sweetheart's Contrivance, is charged with barbarously and inhumanly poisoning her own Father; which cruel and horrid Act WAS perpetrated for his Estate.

To which are annexed,

Lines properly adapted to HER wicked Crime.

Published as a Memento to Youth of either Sex.

And the Court was of Opinion, that the said Advertisement was base and infamous. That such scandalous Methods tended to prepossess the Minds of Men, and might take away that Indifference with which Jurymen ought to come to the Trial of a Prisoner. That their own Passions are too apt to biass and prejudice Men in the Trial of very flagitious Offences; for the Mind being thoroughly heated with Detestation of an inhuman Crime, is prepared to receive every slight Impression against those who are accused of it, and the Weight of the Evidence is commonly enhanced by every Circumstance which enhances the Weight of the Crime: When to this Detestation we add Prejudice against the Accused, and Prepossession of their Guilt, all Hope is removed from a Defendant nothing indeed being more difficult than to acquit those whom we have once convicted in our own Hearts. That by the Law of England all Persons were presumed



MISS MOLLY BLANDY

innocent, 'till found guilty by their Country; but that here a Woman was adjudged guilty of the most enormous of all Crimes before Conviction. That she was here stigmatized, and hung up as an Example of the blackest Iniquity to others, at a Time when her Trial is near approaching. This, the Court said, was to hang first and try afterwards; and whereas the Council had urged, that here was no Malice, but only a Desire of getting a Penny, it was answered no more was there Malice generally in Highwaymen, Burglars, and other Rogues, who were nevertheless deservedly hanged; and that to get Money by picking Pockets was less atrocious, and by robbing on the Highway more honourable than to do it by such bad Methods as these.

The Court then passed Sentence of Infamy not only against the ingenious Artist, but against all those who indulge a vain Curiosity, by encouraging such wicked and abominable Practices.

The Argument in the Great Cause of the Censor, against B— T—, is appointed for Saturday next.

On Tuesday the Court will sit on the Recommendatory Side, when all Booksellers are at Liberty to enter their Claims, and present their Books.

(*Adjourned.*)

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1752. Numb. 12.

—— *utcunque ferent ea facta Minores.*

VIRG.

*Why should we heed what after Times
Think of our Follies or our Crimes?*

“MOST of those Things (says the ingenious Doctor ‘*South*’) that have the mightiest and most controuling ‘Influence upon the Affairs and Course of the World, are ‘downright Lies. What is common Fame, which sounds from ‘all Quarters of the World, and resounds back to them again, ‘but generally a loud, rattling, impudent, overbearing Lye?

“What are most of the Histories of the World but Lies?
 “Lies immortalized, and consigned over as a perpetual Abuse
 “and Flam upon Posterity!”

There is, I am afraid, too much Justice in the Charge on History in general. Juvenal hath left this Stamp of Falsehood on the Greek Histories then extant,

— *Quicquid Græcia mendax*
Audet in Historia.

And the same Character Pliny gives to the historical Writers in his own Language, “Minus profecto mirentur Græciæ
 “Mendacia, &c. qui cogitent nostros nuper paulo minus
 “monstrifica quædam de iisdem tradidisse.” *We shall be less amazed at the monstrous Lies of the Greeks, (concerning the Gardens of the Hesperides, &c.) when we consider how little less monstrous are the Accounts of those Matters which we find in our own Tongue.*

Herodian, who sets out with lamenting the little Attention to Truth, which is commonly found in these Recorders of Time, hath an Observation too pretty to be omitted. “The
 “Writer,¹ says he, is more careful to embellish his work with
 “Propriety of Phrase, and Harmony of Stile, than with
 “Truth: For he considers that remote Posterity will be more
 “likely to admire the two former Excellencies, than to detect
 “his Want of the last.”

I do not however conclude that the Historian whenever (in the Language of the Hounhmms) he relates *the Things which is not*, intends himself to impose a Falsehood on his Reader. We frequently meet with Lies in History, when the Writer, I am convinced, did not deserve the opprobrious Name of a Liar.

Some Writers (I confess) are hardly entitled to this candid Interpretation; such are those Historians who relate Falsehoods as of their own Knowledge, and are not only the Recorders of a Lie, but the Witnesses of it; and those again whose Works contain scarce any Thing besides Lies, such

¹ The customary punctuation is, as in other instances, lacking.

as Master Geoffry of Monmouth, and some others who may be fairly said to *immortalize Lies, and to confirm them over as a perpetual Abuse and Flam upon Posterity.*

But if no Latitude should be given to Historians, I am afraid not only Matthew Paris, the best of our antient Annalists, but the valuable Remains of Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, and, indeed almost every History, must be condemned to the Flames. The last of these whom I have mentioned tells us, I remember, a most notable Fact, (it may indeed be called a Hummer.) It is the Story of an Apparition in the Shape of Alexander the Great; who with four hundred attendant Spirits traversed great Part¹ of Thrace to Byzantium, and then crossed the Water to Chalcedon, wh[e]re² after some Time they all vanished. This Story he relates as a Fact which happened in his own Time, and which was (he says) attested by many thousand³ of Eye-Witnesses.

In Reality, there are other Apologies for the Historian, besides the Allowances which we are to make for Superstition and Credulity. Nothing is so short lived as Truth, occasioned I suppose by her extreme Indolence and Sluggishness, which are so remarkable, that she never cares to wag out of her own House, not even to visit her next Door Neighbour. Physicians may on the contrary well account for the long Life of Falsehood, by the constant Exercise which she uses: for according to Virgil,

*Fama malum quo⁴ non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, Viresq; acquirit eundo.*

Where Fama may very well be translated a *Lie*.

¹ Henley emends this to *great parts*, but it would seem better to insert *a* before *great*. However, I leave the passage as it stands in the original, since it seems to be almost idiomatic; see I. 346. 25.

² This is an obvious misprint for *where*.

³ On the basis of the usage in 210. 2, below, this was probably intended for *thousands*.

⁴ This form is incorrectly given for *qua*. Note the customary abbreviation in *viresq; (viresque)*.

If we candidly consider therefore the Materials which the Historian is obliged to make use of, and the great Difficulty with which he can come at Truth, as a Lie is always ready to present itself to his Pen, we shall not always conclude that the Writer intended to impose a Falsehood on us, when we reject his Narrative as incredible. For my own Part, though I have not quite so much Faith at present, as I once had in the Casualties related by Sir Richard Baker, in that wonderful Chronicle which was the great Favourite of my Youth; I do yet nevertheless acquit the Writer of any Design to impose on Posterity. And tho' my Faith is now somewhat staggered in attempting to believe *that the Devil carried away half a Church*, with many other such Miracles recorded by that great Writer, I am however well persuaded that they were firmly believed by the Writer himself.

Without pursuing this Lucubration any farther, I will endeavour to illustrate what I have already said, by presenting my Reader with the Specimen of a History of the present Age, which may probably be written many hundreds of Years hence, by some future Sir Richard Baker under his favourite Title of Casualties in the Reign of George the Second.

Casualties happening in this Reign.

Towards the Beginning of this Reign there flourished in some Part of Wales, a very extraordinary Woman who brought forth at one Birth nineteen Couple of Rabbets, one of which having been eaten by the Royal Society, and by them declared to have a most delicious Relish, the Breed was afterwards propagated all over the Kingdom of England, were called Welsh Rabbets, and were a long Time in great Request.

About the same Time a Set of infernal Spirits appeared in London, and held a nocturnal Meeting under the Name of THE HELL-FIRE CLUB. One Prank of this Club is confirmed by so many Writers, that it would be ridiculous

Infidelity to deny our assent to it. This was the taking up the Theatre which then stood in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and carrying it on their Shoulders, together with all the Audience, into Covent Garden, where are still some Remains of that Theatre now to be seen. Here we are well assured that many Devils used frequently to appear during the Time of acting, and dance to divert the Company, 'till at last a most immense Dragon descended from above, and carried them all *up to Hell*.

Several other very extraordinary Matters are reported in good Authors of this Club. Some of the Members, it is said, commenced Writers, and openly propagated Atheism, Deism, Immorality, Indecency, and all Kinds of Scurrility against the best and worthiest Men of those Times. It hath been greatly lamented by the Learned, that not the least Remains of these Works have come down to us, as this would have sufficiently silenced those Objections of some Critics; who would persuade us, in Opposition to the whole Current of Historical Evidence, that all which is related of this Club is a mere Fable, and the Invention of a certain Legend Writer in the twenty-third Century.

The chief Argument which these Critics rest upon is this, that it is impossible to suppose a Nation arrived at such an enormous Degree of Corruption and Prostitution, to have existed even a few Years upon the Face of the Earth. And this, I confess, would have some Weight, was it not overthrown by that Account of the thorough Reformation, which, according to the best Chronologists, happened in the Year 1753, brought about by one General DRAWCANDSIR, who *at the Head of a vast Army*, set up his Standard in the Common Gardens, and with a certain Weapon called a Ridicule, or Ridicle, or as one conjectures a Wry-Sickle, brought the People by main Force to better Manners.

But the most extraordinary Miracle of all that happened about this Time, and which indeed we should not have mentioned, had it not been so well attested by a great Number of Spectators, was this which follows. A certain Juggler

placed a common Quart-Bottle on a Table, on the Stage of a public Theatre, and in the Sight of several Hundreds of People, conveyed himself into the Bottle, where he remained a decent Time; after which he again returned out of his Place of Confinement, in the same Manner as he had gone into it.

And what makes this *the more remarkable*, is that this Juggler was not of the smallest Size of Men, which would indeed have added *great Credibility* to the Story; but was a well proportioned and middle-sized Man.

But strange as this Story may appear, it is extremely well attested; for it hath the Authority of a Fragment of undoubted Antiquity, in which the Author writes *That he was himself one of the F—l—s* who were assemb— to see the Perf—rm—nce.*

About this Time likewise we are assured, that a Set of Attorneys Clerks, Apprentices, Players, Fidlers, Taylors, Shoemakers, and other Mechanics, assembled themselves together to examine into the Truth of Religion. They met in a Place called ROBIN'S WOOD, and were, after several Skirmishes, all dispersed by General DRAWCANDSIR.

In the Middle of the same Reign; or somewhat sooner, two blazing Stars appeared, and shone all over London for the Space of a Year or more: They were esteemed the most beautiful Stars that ever enlightened the Sky, were called *The Sisters*, and were universally admired. They at last set in two great Houses, where they long shone as bright as they had shined in the Sky before: And the Owners of those Houses were envied by all Mankind.

Now in all these Instances there appears a Mixture of Truth and Falsehood, such as was probably the Case with those Accounts of the first Ages that appear in profane History, in which none of the Fables were perhaps solely the Invention of the Writer, but were originally founded on some Matter of Fact; which is however so obscured and

* The Original will be here imperfect.

metamorphosed in the Tradition, that the real Truth no more appears in the Fable, than the Seed is to be discovered in the Plant that is produced from it.

I will conclude this Paper with a Story which was communicated to me by a noble Duke lately dead, and which from his Mouth I can attest to be a Fact.

A certain Nobleman taking the Air one Day, on the Downs near Salisbury, saw among the *Baras** there, one of a larger Size than the rest; This, said a Gentleman present, is I suppose the Dormitory of some Giant. The Nobleman, who was a great Lover of a Jest, took the Hint; and, when they returned home, immediately dispatched a Paragraph to be inserted in a particular News-Paper, which he knew was constantly taken in by a certain Virtuoso in that Country; in which Paragraph it was affirmed, 'That the Bones of a certain Giant, supposed to have been, when alive, near ten Foot high, were lately found in a Bara near Salisbury, and were then in the Possession of a certain Clergyman, who was mentioned by Name.' The Joke had its Effect with the Virtuoso, who immediately dispatched a Man and Horse for the Bones to the Clergyman, whose Patron he was; nor did it cease there, but the same silly Story was literally translated into French; and on the Authority of the News-Paper transmitted to Posterity as a real Fact, in a very voluminous work in Folio soon after published in France. A.

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Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

THIS Day the Court sate on the Recommendatory Side, and several Booksellers appeared, and very humbly presented their Books; which were severally ordered to be read over and examined by the Commentator General.

Complaint was made to the Court against several Print-

* The Graves of those who were slain in the Wars of our Ancestors are so called in Saxon.

Sellers, for exposing in the Windows of their Shops, several lewd and indecent Prints, &c. And the following Letter was ordered to be read.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

‘SIR,

‘THE Censure you have very justly passed on the Author of the Print of Miss BLANDY, is very much approved of, and ’tis hoped may have the Effect intended, to restrain such scandalous Liberties, so much of late taken. But it is hoped you will extend your Authority yet farther, and bring to Shame the Authors and Venders of those infamous Prints, exhibited in almost every Print-Shop in London, representing Lewdness in every Shape in its proper Colours. This Offence, for such I must term it, calls aloud for Redress; whether it be cognizable by the Civil Magistrate, I know not; but I am sure it properly is by you as Censor-General, and therefore have no Doubt but at your next Court you will take this Matter into Consideration, and pass such Judgment on the Offenders, as shall make them ashamed of getting a Livelihood by these scandalous Methods. There are two Prints of this Sort lately come out, which exceed all the rest, and are to be seen in Fleet-Street, very finely coloured. This evidently shews the Necessity there is of stopping their Progress, else we may soon expect to see the most obscene Practices of Brothels exposed to public View, for the Edification of all young Men and Maids.

‘Your Well-wisher and

‘Humble Servant,

‘MODESTY.’

Ordered, that, as this is an Offence, contra bonos mores, the Suppression of the same be recommended to the Magistrates of London, Middlesex and Westminster.

(Adjourned.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1752. Numb. 13.

Βοτρυδὸν δὲ πέτονται

HOMER.

They fly in Clusters.

I Shall make no other Apology for now publishing the following Letters, than to some of the Writers for not publishing them sooner. For the future, however, I recommend it to my Correspondents, not too hastily to conclude that I have suppressed their Writings, because they do not immediately see them in this Paper.

From my Toilette,
Wednes. 2 o'Clock.

Most noble Knight,

THE seventh Article of your Censorial Court runs thus,—— *Whereas by the Statute of good Breeding, the wearing a Hat in the Boxes at the Playhouse, before or behind the Ladies, is a very great Offence; that swearing or talking loud, is likewise under very severe Penalties forbidden by the said Statute, Etc.*

You must know, Sir, that I am a Woman of some Rank, but unfashionable enough when I go to the Theatres to attend to the Play, and be entertained with it. I was last Week at Drury-Lane to see a Tragedy of Shakespear, and was well disposed to be greatly pleased with the Performance; but most unluckily for me I was seated opposite to three Persons (Gentlemen I suppose they call themselves) whose Behaviour was so conspicuous and particular, that my Eyes were unwillingly drawn from better Objects upon them.—The Moment the Curtain was taken up, they were endeavouring to turn every Thing into Ridicule; there was not a Word or Gesture but was repeated by one of 'em, to the great Diversion of the other two;—and while every Heart but theirs in the Audience seemed to be most sensibly touched with the acting and Circumstances of the Play, they were all

the while like my *Lord Froth*, upon the broad Grin.—Now, Sir, tho' you have not particularly mentioned this Kind of Behaviour in the said Resolutions of your Court, I beg to know if it is not to be understood in the general Words *Misconduct* and *Misbehaviour* in your fifth Article; and whether a good Sett of Teeth, or a white Hand, may be pleaded in Excuse for grinning and gesticulating during the Representation of any well written and well acted Tragedy.—Let me likewise intreat you to tell these very fine People, that tho' Fortune has most good naturedly enabled 'em to sit in the Boxes, they have no Right to interrupt the Entertainment of sober rational Minds, or to bring their Noise, Affectation, and Ribaldry, from the Tavern to the Theatre.

I am,

Dear Knight-Errant,

Yours

CORDELIA.

P. S. If these Remarks are thought worthy of your Attention,—I shall be upon the Watch for you, and send you more.

To Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Etc.

SIR,

THERE are certain little Registers of Wit, Humour, and Gallantry, on all the public Roads of this Kingdom, which, as they might be conducive to the Entertainment, as well as inviting to the Genius, of his Majesty's Subjects, I hope you will not think below your Notice, but favour them with your Protection. What I mean, Sir, are the Windows of the Inns, which, instead of being prophaned with Bawdry and Immorality, are certainly *meant* to be the Receptacles of Epigrams, Sonnets, and other diverting Pieces. Why should not the sighing Lover, as he is travelling from the dear Object of his Wishes, vent his Complaints, and commit them to the

Animadversion of others, by the Help of a Diamond-Pencil, without having the Mortification upon his Return to find his Passion laughed at? As thus, Sir, travelling lately upon that Road of this great Kingdom, which leads northward, a pretty *Sonnetist* had wrote upon a Pane of Glass, at one of the most principal Inns, as follows:

*Give me sweet Nectar in a Kiss,
That I may be replete with Bliss.*

How pretty is this! How elegant! How it adorned the lucid Pane! 'Till there comes a Brute and writes under it

*Give me sweet Nectar in a Glass,
And as for kissing,—kiss my A—.*

I give you this Specimen, Sir, of the wrong Use Diamond and Glass is put to; and beseech you, Sir, that at your next Censorial Court, you will be pleased to order, that the first two Lines should be stuck up as a Standard of true Window-Writing; and that the last two Lines, and all that are of the same Stamp, may be committed to the Bog-House.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

PETER GRIEVOUS.

*To the Worshipful Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR,
Knt. and Censor of Great Britain, the Humble Petition
of Deborah Prateapace, Widow, of the Parish of
St. George's Hanover-Square, and others.*

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT in a Paper wrote by your Honour intituled the COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, and published some Weeks since, your Censorship in your great Wisdom, was pleased to set forth a Prohibition, that after the 9th Day of February then next ensuing, no Females should in their Criticisms make Use of the Words sad Stuff, low Stuff, mean Stuff, vile Stuff,

dirty Stuff, and so-forth: Now it does appear to a Committee of Relicts Lawfully assembled, of which I am the Chair-woman; that this Prohibition of your Worship's is Arbitrary, Illegal, and contrary to the Liberty of the Subject; for it is an antient Maxim, that the Tongue of a Female is her only Weapon of Defence, or Offence, as some Millions of his Majesty's good People can testify; pray consider our Condition: Many of us from natural Weakness of Mind, many more from an illiberal Education, have very confused Ideas, and but few Words to express them: therefore it is Tyranny to forbid us the Use of those Epithets which we have acquired and perhaps with some Difficulty. Sure you cannot be so unreasonable, or indeed so foolish to attempt to condemn us to Silence! No, Sir ALEXANDER, that can never be carried into Execution, in this Land of Liberty; and as a Friend I advise you, drop that Project if you have formed it: Give us a plenary Indulgence, to talk as much silly Stuff, as we are inclined to, and all whose Names are underwritten, will as in Duty bound ever pray for your Prosperity.

*Deborah Prateapace,
Margery Tattle,
Phillis Findfault,
Sarah Scandal,
Winifred Whisper,
Theodosia Telltruth.*

P. S. If you treat us with that Humanity you have upon several Occasions expressed, you will certainly hear further from our Society; in a grateful Manner.—I do not mean a Bribe.

Mr. Censor,

Booksellers never appeared to me in the Light of Jokers, 'till the other Day calling in at a noted Shop in the Strand, I found the Authors had given one Kind of Title to their Books, and the Bookseller by an Abridgement had given

another: For Instance, Mr. Chubb had intitled his Book *The True Gospel*, &c. But the Bookseller on the gilded Back, called it *Chubb's Gospel*: Meaning (which indeed was the Case) that 'twas not the *Gospel* according to *Matthew*, *Mark*, &c. but *according to Thomas Chubb*.— But pray, Mr. Censor, let the Booksellers be put in Mind that Authors are not be¹ joked with by their Booksellers,

I am Sir,

Yours, &c.

AN AUTHOR.

BAD VERSES.

Wrote on the Back of some VERY BAD Verses, which a Gentlemen¹ made upon BELINDA'S speaking some Lines from the FAIR PENITENT.

BELINDA'S *Perfections strike all with Surprise,*
Who hear, and who see the dear Maid;
The Wit, and the Fool, and the Dull and the Wise,
Alike by her Charms are betray'd.

So ORPHEUS *of old, as the Poets recite,*
With his Music such Transport inspir'd,
His Strains were so moving and gave such Delight;
That Men and BRUTES also admir'd.

But you, fair BELINDA, *old ORPHEUS excel,*
(Your Praise each that sees you rehearses)
Since the Charms of your speaking alone can compel,
Ev'n DUNCES themselves to write Verses.

Y. Y.

Tremendous Sir,

THO' you have not mentioned the Word EPITAPH in your Proclamation to the Poets in one of your Papers, I have

¹ So printed in the original text.

ventured to send you one, made Extempore upon a *very passionate Man* and a *great Snorer*.—Do what you please with it.

EPITAPH.

*The Choleric BRIN this Grave has fill'd,
And rests in sweet Repose;
Each ruffl'd Passion now is still'd,
And eke his tuneful Nose.*

*To our Relief Death kindly stept,
And took him for our Sake;
For while in Life this Mortal slept,
He kept Mankind awake.*

To the Censor.

SIR,

IT was very kind of you to mention two B — y Prints in your last Paper; in which I doubt not, you had that same good Intention, that your Paper hath answered; a very large Demand having been since made for those Prints.

I shall shortly exhibit to the Public a Representation of Mars and Venus caught in Vulcan's Net, as they are described in Mr. Pope's Poem upon the Odyssey. The two Figures will be *in puris*, and *finished in a high Taste*.

I am but a young Beginner, and therefore hope for the Encouragement of the Censor. If you will be so very kind to write a few Lines against my Print, and to represent it as very indecent, which I promise you it shall be, I shall esteem it always as a great Obligation, and will beg your Acceptance of one *for your own Use*,

I am, &c.

P. S. I intend to take the Face and Neck of Venus from your Favorite, with all that Loveliness, Modesty and Innocence in which she last Night graced the Character of Sigis-

munda. This Boldness, I hope, she will excuse, since as Prior says,

*'Tis Chloe's Air, and Face, and Neck and Breast,
Friend Howard's Genius fancied all the rest.*

M.

* * * * *

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

THE Court of Censorial Enquiry met and adjourned to Saturday next, when the great Cause so much talked of, will be certainly argued.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1752. Numb. 14.

——— *Jam sævus apertam*

In Rabiem verti cæpit Jocus, et per honestas

Ire minax impunè Domos.

HOR.

The Jest began to turn to open Rage,

And the dull scurrilous invective Page,

Fell on the greatest Worthies of the Age.

}

A Good Name, says THE Dramatic Poet, *is the immediate Jewel of a Man's Soul*. So high indeed is the value which Mankind set on a good Name, that we have frequent Instances (in the Case of Duels particularly) where Men do at least run the Risque of both Life and Soul for its Preservation. This is surely going too far; but if we agree with Aristotle in his *Eluis*,¹ *that not to live but to live happily* is the great Business of Man, Reputation will appear of equal Value with Life itself, since our living happily so absolutely depends on our possessing this inestimable Jewel.

Hence it seems to appear, that unjustly to take away another's Reputation, is an Injury equal with that of taking away his Life; and in the only Laws which have corresponded

¹ An obvious misprint for *Ethics*.

throughout with Truth and common Sense, those Laws I mean which came from the Voice of God himself, these Injuries are both considered as Crimes of an equal Die, and as deserving an equal Punishment. The same sacred Table of Laws which forbids Murder, alike forbids us to bear false Witness against our Neighbour; and whoever reads and understands the 22nd Verse of the 5th Chap. of St. Matthew, will find equal Vengeance pronounced by the Divine Lawgiver of the New Testament against both these Crimes.

If this be the Case, a Man may reasonably express some Wonder that in a Country whose Laws pretend to be founded on those I have just mentioned, none, or at best very small Punishments are allotted to this heinous Crime of Slander. That so far from considering the taking away another's Reputation as a Crime equal to that of taking away his Life, the Laws of this Christian Country do in Reality consider the taking away a Shilling as a much more grievous Offence.

Nor is it, I think, Matter of less Astonishment to see many who profess themselves Believers in the Christian Religion, very deliberately, and without the least Hesitation, plunge themselves into a Crime so positively, and under such dreadful Penalties forbidden in that holy Dispensation which they agree to have Divine Authority.

Again, that Men who pretend to Honesty and Good-Nature, nay and who appear in other Instances really to possess those amiable Qualities, should wantonly delight in doing this cruel Injury to their Fellow-Creatures, may justly seem a strange Solecism in Ethics; such a Solecism indeed that it is a great Pity there should be found any Principle in human Nature which will account for it.

As the Divine Law however hath thought proper to rank this Sin with that of Murder, I may be allowed to treat it in the same Light, and to consider the Degrees of Guilt in this Case, as the English Law considers those in Murder.

Murder is the killing a Man, &c. with Malice prepense. By this we are not to understand that it is always incumbent on a Prosecutor to prove that the Murderer had a previous

avowed Malice to the deceased; nor is it indeed necessary he should have had it. In every barbarous Murder, and where there is no just Provocation given, the Law very wisely implies the Malice from the Fact itself: For such a Person, say the Writers on that Subject, is supposed to bear Malice to all Mankind.

In the same Manner, when we barbarously take away the Reputation of another, it is not a sufficient Excuse that we have no particular Malice to the Person whom we thus cruelly Injure. Nay, the Offence becomes perhaps the more atrocious from this very Excuse: For if we have no Malice, we are the less likely to have received any Provocation; and our Cruelty is to be imputed only to that Malignity which is the rankest and most poisonous Weed that disgraces human Nature. This is that *malignant Temper* which Horace attributes to the Vulgar, when he says *he despises them*; that Malignity to which Valerius Maximus *assigns* Teeth, and says, “No State of Happiness can by any Degree of Moderation escape them; a Disposition that makes Men rich in the Losses of others, fortunate from their Calamities, and immortal from their Deaths.”

Nor will it mitigate the Offence that we were only in Jest, and that whatever Mischief we have done by our Slander we meant nothing more than our Diversion. Many Tyrants and Slaughterers of Mankind, had there been any Power to arraign them in *Foro Civili*, could have justly alledged this Motive for Murder; but as this will be allowed no Plea for that Crime in *Foro Civili*, no more will it be a Plea for Slander in *Foro Conscientiæ*; if there be any such Slanderer who doth not know from what Principle in his Nature this mischievous Pleasure arises, let him consult Cicero’s fourth Book of his *Tusculan Questions*, where he will find *Malevolence* defined to be *that Delight which we take in the Evil that happens to others, from which we ourselves receive no Emolument*.

Again in Murder, as in all other Felony, there are Principals and Accessaries. In the Case of Murder, not only he

who actually kills a Man, but all who are present, and in any Manner aiding, abetting, or assisting, are Principals.

In Slander, every Man who knowingly contributes to the Propagation of a Falsehood against the Character of another, is as much a Principal, as the original Deviser or Contriver; and in this Light he is regarded in the Law.

Nor will it be either a legal or conscientious Excuse for such a Publisher of Scandal to say, that he did not certainly know the Falsehood, or even that he had some Reason to believe it to be true. In Law indeed, not even Truth itself will justify a Libel or a scandalous Report; but surely in no Sense whatever can the Publisher of a Falsehood to the Ruin of any Man's Reputation be deemed innocent. It would be but a poor Defence for the Murder of an honest Man, that somebody told us he was a Thief; our Ignorance of the Falsehood of the Report, would hardly extenuate the Guilt in such a Case, to pure Chance-Medley; nor will the same Degree of Ignorance justify the Murder of our Neighbour's Reputation. The Injury done to him is the same, and the Guilt of the Slanderer differs very little, whether he publishes that he knows to be false, or that which he hath very little Grounds to believe to be true.

Lastly as to the Death of a Man, there are Accessaries, so are there likewise in this Crime.

In Murder he who commands, counsels, or advises the killing, is an Accessary before the Fact, and his Guilt is the same with the Principal; so is the Case of Slander, and needs not to be expatiated upon; but as to Accessaries after the Fact I shall be a little more explicit.

These in a legal Sense are the Receivers, Abettors, Consenters, and Encouragers of a Felon knowing him to be such; and these themselves are Felons in Law, tho' admitted to the Benefit of their Clergy.

To pursue therefore the Language of the Law, we shall venture to call every Man a Slanderer, who protects, defends, assists or receives into his Company any Person who is notoriously guilty of this detestable Vice.

There is besides a particular Accessary after the Fact in Theft, and that is he who buys the stolen Goods; in the same Manner may we consider the Purchase of a Libel; and this moreover falls within the former Description: For by such Means the Libeller is certainly protected and assisted. Nay we may thus become even Accessaries before the Fact, to future Libels; for by the Purchase of one Libel we encourage the Author to write another; and thus Scandal and Theft are promoted in the same Manner.

What an Encouragement indeed must it give to scandalous Writers to find that an Abuse on a private Character shall be a sufficient Recommendation of their Works; and that any Hint of this Kind in an Advertisement, shall be sure to gain them Readers. This may perhaps afford too¹ some little Excuse for those at least who write from such absolute Necessity, as would in the Civil Law have justified a Theft; but what Excuse can their Readers find, who swallow down a Potion of Dulness and Nonsense, for the Sake of the agreeable Bitter of Scurrility? Is not this as vitiated a Taste as that of a green sick Girl, who devours all Kinds of the most poisonous Nastiness, for the Sake of those very Savours, which a sound and healthy Appetite would nauseate?

Instead of searching into those Bogs of human Nature whence such a depraved Taste can arise, I shall recommend to all who are possessed of it, a more innocent, as well as cheap Way of gratifying it than by contributing any longer to the Propagation of those Loads of Scurrility, which are daily sent abroad to the Dishonour of both the Press and the Nation; and this Secret I shall communicate in the following short Receipt.

Take out of Ainsworth, Bailey, or any other Dictionary, all the abusive scurrilous Words you can find, and apply them yourself, in your own Mind, to any grave, great or good Character you please.

¹ This word might have been set off with commas.

P. S. Take Care none of them stick to your own Hands in the Application. Thus may we gratify Malevolence without doing any Mischief; and save both that Money and Time, which we throw away in buying and reading Scandal.

C.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1752. Numb. 15.

— *populum late Regem, belloq; superbum.*

VIRG.

A Nation of Kings and Warriors.

IT seems very wonderful and surprizing, that when so many learned Writers in all Ages, have discoursed on Government and its various Forms, there should still remain one Form of it unhandled, and indeed unmentioned by any of them. Plato, Aristotle, Cicero are entirely silent on the Subject; Harrington, Locke, Lord Bolingbroke, take no Notice of it; and even the ingenious Writer of *L'Esprit des Loix*, who seems to have sifted and considered the several Kinds of Government with such critical Exactness, hath either thro' Negligence or Design, made not the least mention of that most extraordinary System of Politics, which I am now going to describe, with a Gravity becoming so important a Question.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in Suspence, the Government I mean is that of the Stage; a Government founded on a Set of Politics peculiar to itself, and practised by no other Nation in the known Parts of the World.

No State, of which we have any Record in History, hath ever suffered a greater Variety of Revolutions, been engaged in more continued Wars, or torn to Pieces with more intestine Divisions: Yet hath it subsisted thro' an infinite Number of Ages, outlasted all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and still remains in a very prosperous and flourishing Condition. Now as the Length of its Continuance must be thought an incontestible Proof of the Excellence of its Constitution, it seems

to me both an useful and amusing Speculation, to examine by what particular Maxims of Policy this extraordinary People regulate their Lives. The following slight Remarks may serve to introduce the Subject, and excite some abler Penman to discuss it more at large.

The Theatrical State can neither be called a Monarchy, an Aristocracy, or a Democracy, but seems rather a Mixture and Compound of them all. It is indeed for ever in a fluctuating Condition inclining more or less to each of these Sorts of Government at different Times: Yet, what is very remarkable, the Revolutions happen without disordering the Constitution, and Affairs go on as usual, with very little Interruption.¹

Thus the Theatrical State of Drury, from which we shall chiefly derive our Example, was about an Age ago under the Jurisdiction of a Triumvirate, who called themselves Cibber, Booth and Wilks, and had each of them their distinct Provinces of Government. Booth presided over the Affairs of Tragedy, Wilks over those of Comedy, and Cibber reserved himself in a neutral State, ready to add Weight to the Scale of either of his Colleagues, as the other should seem to preponderate. Not long afterwards the Government changed itself into a Monarchy, and is at present under the joint Power of two Consuls, both of whom are esteemed by all to be the ablest Governors, that ever ruled over that People, and the State accordingly triumphs in their Hands.

These *Archons* or chief Magistrates, are usually stiled *Managers*, or, as that learned and ingenious Historian Colley Cibber spells it, *Menagers of the House*; and their Business is to appoint the Members of the Commonwealth their several Stations, to instruct them in the Parts they have to act, to regulate their Salaries, to manage the public Revenues, and do many other Things too tedious here to mention. They are likewise the final Judges of all Causes and Controversies that happen within their Dominions.

The Dignity and Magnificence of these Managers may be

¹ So printed in the original text.

collected from hence, that they have many Kings among the Number of their Subjects, in which they seem to resemble the Majesty of the antient Romans. Yet, like the old Romans, their Modesty is very observable, in taking upon them no higher Title than that of Managers, at the same Time that many of their Subjects arrogate to themselves the splendid Appellations of Bassas, Doges, Princes, Emperors and the like.

Another Instance of the Modesty of these Archons or Managers is, that tho' their Power seems to be absolute and unlimited, they never take any Step of Consequence without consulting their Council upon it. The Council assembles every Morning in a Chamber of State, which they call the Green-room, where the vacant Places of the Government are filled up, and all Affairs relating to the Commonwealth debated.

There is a very singular Custom among these People, practised by no other Nation, of admitting Women to a Seat in the Council, and a Share in the Management of public Affairs. This is often the Cause of great Inconveniencies; for as the Ladies of this Country are extremely vain and fond of Pre-eminence, grievous Quarrels often arise among them, to the great Disturbance and Interruption of public Business. A remarkable Fray of this Kind is said to have happened two or three Years ago, which set the whole Green-room in an Uproar, and 'tis confidently reported, that one of these Ladies went so far as to call her Antagonist *a Brandy-fac'd B—ch*, even while the Council was sitting, and in the very Presence of the Managers.

This is the only State perhaps in which the Talents of Men are considered, and applied to what they are most fit for, and seem directed to by Nature. In other Nations it is not at all unfrequent to see a Man placed at the Head of an Army, who is entirely void of Courage and military Conduct; another created Judge, without having the least Knowledge of the Laws; a third installed Bishop or Cardinal, who is perhaps a Heathen and an Atheist: But here, in the best

regulated theatrical States, if we make some few Exceptions, we shall find Men disposed and placed in such particular Offices as their Talents enable them to discharge. This especially is the Case in that famous Nation now governed by Mr. Garrick and his Coadjutor, whose Plan of Policy I would recommend as a Pattern to all his cotemporary Princes.

The theatrical State is certainly the only State under the Sun, in which Rewards are bestowed generally and universally on *Well-doers*. A certain able Politician remarks, "That altho' Rewards and Punishments are usually called "the two great Hinges on which all Government turns, yet "he never could observe this Maxim to be put in Practice "by any Nation except that of *Lilliput*." 'Tis evident from hence, that this great Statesman had either never travelled among the People I have been describing, or that he had them not in his Thoughts when he wrote the foregoing Paragraph. For it is absolutely certain, that Rewards are here generally bestowed on all who discharge any Part well in the Society; and even the meanest of the People have *Benefits* assigned them in Proportion to their Merit. On the contrary, Punishment, the other Hinge of Government, is very little in Use among them; and even when there is a Necessity of employing it, their most rigorous Sentences never rise higher than suspending the Salary of an Offender, or at worst, if his Crime be very atrocious, banishing him from the Community.

A great Poet, Cotemporary with the Statesman last quoted, observes in one of his Satires, that

The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

But this also is false with Respect to the People now under Consideration, among whom it is very common to see Crowns on the Head of the *Canaille* or Multitude. Indeed the Title of King seems to be in no great Repute among them, for except King Richard, King Lear, and one or two more, I have generally observed the regal Office to be filled by some of the

meanest of the People. One of these crowned Heads, namely KING MILLS, died about two Years ago, and was succeeded in Rank and Dignity by King —, the next most venerable Personage on the Stage.

I could never learn with Certainty what Religion is practised in this Country. Many are of Opinion that, like the Robinhoodians, they have none at all; but I think one may assert with greater Probability, that they have among them all the Religions which the World has ever produced: For I myself have seen the most opposite Rites and Ceremonies performed by them on the same Spot of Ground, and sometimes on one and the same Evening. Besides they pretend to be a Nation peculiarly favoured of Heaven, and boast that at certain Seasons the Gods descend among them; nor is this Pretence without Foundation, for I have with my own Eyes been Witness of many of these supernatural Descents. Their Patron-Deity seems to be Mercury, who is more frequent in his Visits than all the other Gods.

They are a People that delight greatly in War, and carry their Passion for military Glory to the most romantic Pitch of Heroism and Extravagance. And as Heroes are ever the most susceptible of the gentle Passion of Love, so these People are of all Nations under the Sun, the most amorous, the most addicted to Love and Gallantry. *Intrigue* is of the very Essence of their Constitution, and nothing is esteemed more honourable than to contrive and carry on a Love-Plot with Success. 'Tis said moreover, that they encourage promiscuous Copulation, and that all their Wives and Daughters are in common among them; but this I take to be a groundless Calumny, maliciously invented by their Enemies, without any Appearance or the least Probability of Truth.

These are some few of the Observations, which I have made in my Travels among this extraordinary People, so famous in all civilized Parts of the World. The Subject deserves to be treated more at large, and I am now preparing a Book for the Press, in which these several Matters will be more copiously explained, with many more Particulars not touched

upon in this short Dissertation. In the mean Time let me recommend their Laws and Customs to the Consideration of all Statesmen, and I shall conclude with heartily wishing that all the Monarchs of Europe governed as well as Mr. Garrick.

P.

* * * * *

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

THE Censor gave his Opinion in the Cause of B— T—, against whom there was an Information on the Statute of Dulness,

That this Court hath no Jurisdiction over any of the Subjects of Grubstreet, unless in Cases of Blasphemy, Sedition, Scurrility and Indecency.

That the Corporation of Grubstreet had existed from Time, whereof the Memory of Man was not to the contrary, and for all that Time had enjoyed and used the Privilege of being dull.

That tho' by the Carelessness of the Clerks, all the Records of Grubstreet were lost, so that it was scarce possible to find any of a single Year's standing, yet it well appeared by incontestable Authorities, that there had been a Grubstreet even in Greece itself, where as appears from Longinus, there were Dealers in the Turgid, the Puerile, the Vapid and other¹ the known Wares of Grubstreet.

That Grubstreet was in a flourishing State in Rome, hath been proved by many Citations from Juvenal and Horace; and even from a Line of Virgil himself, who advises the Admirers of one Grubstreet Writer, to be likewise the Admirers of another.

Mr. Censor added, that all these Proofs were taken from the Writings of Men who were avowed Enemies to the Grubstreet Cause, and were consequently the most unquestionable Evidence.

¹ There seems to be an error here either in the metathesis of *other* and *the*, or the omission of the word *of* before *the*.

Mr. Censor said, he was sorry to confess that Grubstreet had very fully made out its Title to a much greater Antiquity, than the Kingdoms of Wit and Learning. That the two last had arisen from the first, and not that from these.

That before the first Beginners of the Reformation, all was Grubstreet; and Darkness had overspread the Face of the whole Kingdom.

That tho' the Dominions of Grubstreet had been lessened since the Rise of the Kingdom of Wit and Learning, still had the low Republic continued a great and mighty Power.

That the Subjects of this Republic had never paid any, not even the least Acknowledgments to the Kingdom of Wit; but that on the contrary, the Subjects of the latter had always paid certain Tributes to Grubstreet. That Shakespear himself was obliged to this Composition; for that all his Admirers had ever accounted for certain Passages in his Works, from his having been forced to comply with the absurd Taste of his Audience, in other Words, to pay a Tribute to Grubstreet.

That Ben Johnson was compelled to pay the same Acknowledgments, and very plainly writ some of his Plays, with no other View than that of offering a Tribute to the Republic; and Beaumont and Fletcher often contented themselves with two Scenes of Wit, and filled the rest with Dulness from the same Motive.

That Dryden is another Instance of the same Tribute exacted and complied with; witness several of his Plays; in writing which he could apparently have no other Design, than what is here alledged.

I need not, said the Censor, run through all the Proofs. Even Swift himself as the late noble Writer of his Life seems to allow, suffered some Pieces to be inserted in his Works, as a Tribute to the same Republic. This is an Instance equal to all the rest, if we consider either the Temper of the Man, or his known Antipathy to the Cause of Grubstreet.

The last Example I shall produce, is that of Pope, who begins the last Book of his Dunciad with an Address to Dulness.

*Yet, yet a Moment, one dim Ray of Light,
Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night,
Of Darkness visible so much be lent,
As Half to shew, half veil the deep Intent!
Ye Pow'rs, whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid Wing;
Suspend awhile your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.*

Here the Poet confesses the great Power of Grubstreet, and seems to allow explicitly that the greatest Wits write only through the Indulgence of that Republic.

Upon the whole as Mr. Cibber, that great and profound Lawyer, long since discovered that we had no Right to any Liberty before the Revolution, so it appears to me that no Wits were at Liberty to write without paying a Tax to Grubstreet, 'till this was stipulated for them by the late Treaty of Covent-Garden.

On the contrary, no single Instance hath been shewn where any Author of Grub-street hath paid any Tribute to the Kingdom of Wit, but have in all Ages claimed, had, and used the full Privilege of being as dull as they please, and this Privilege is secured to them by the above Treaty.

For all which Reasons Judgment was ordered to be entered for the Defendant.

(Adjourned.)

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1752. Numb. 16.

Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto.

TERENCE.

*I am a Man myself; and have an Interest
in the Concerns of all other Men.*

AN eminent Frenchman now alive, in his Letters on the English Nation, hath cast a Reflexion on us, which we by no Means deserve. *The present English*, says he, *no more*

resemble their Ancestors in the Days of Oliver Cromwell, than the modern Italians resemble the antient Romans.

The Satire here, as the Context plainly shews, is levelled at the Bravery of our present Countrymen; the Injustice of which all those French who were present at the late Battles in Germany and Flanders have very freely and loudly acknowledged. Had one of our Allies indeed been no more deficient in Bravery or Integrity at the great Action at Fontenoy, France had possibly felt the Force of English Valour on that fatal Day, with as bitter Lamentations as the Fields of Cressy or Agincourt, of Blenheim or Ramelie had ever occasioned; and our glorious General as he deserved no less, so would he have gathered no less Laurels, than the most successful of his Predecessors had been ever crowned with.

In real Truth, we are by no Means, degenerated in Valour from our Ancestors. The British Lion is still as formidable as ever. I am afraid I cannot say the same of every other Virtue. In that particularly which hath been said so peculiarly to belong to us, that the Word which implies it, cannot be adequately rendered into any other Language, I fear we have very sensibly begun to decline. The Virtue, and the Word which I mean, is Good Nature; a Quality, in which, tho' there is little of glaring Pomp and Ostentation, there is much of solid and intrinsic Worth; if it be not admirable, it is in the highest Degree aimable;¹ if it doth not constitute the heroic, it adorns the human, and is essential to the Christian Character.

This Virtue, I am sorry to say, seems of late Years to have decreased among us; and the Reason of this Decrease is but too apparent.

In the worthiest human Minds, there are some small innate Seeds of Malignity, which it is greatly in our Power either to suffocate and suppress, or to forward and improve their Growth, 'till they blossom and bear their poisonous Fruit; for which execrable Purpose, there is no Manure so effectual as those of Scandal, Scurrility and Abuse.

¹ So printed in the original text.

That our Conversation, our Stage, and our Press have lately abounded with all these, will, I believe, be readily admitted; nor is it difficult to trace these horrid Evils to their Source? Party is indeed the Fountain whence all have flowed. This it was which first set all our malignant Humours afloat, and taught us to shun, to hate, to malign and to vilify each other.

Very mischievous is this Spirit of Party of itself, and very bad were the Consequences which it produced; but they ended not here. Bad Passions being once kindled in the Mind are not so easily extinguished. There is, indeed, so much Pleasure in their Gratification, that instead of desiring to extinguish, we are apt to apply ourselves only to procure them the Fuel, in which they delight. This is a Matter too well known, and Numbers are consequently ready to get their Livelihood by administering this Fuel to us. Thus whilst our great Men are at Peace among themselves, and the Press and other Engines of Party are no longer used to spread Political Dissension, the lowest of the People lay hold on those very Engines to deal forth Food to Malignity; and all those noxious Passions which Party had raised, are fed with every Kind of Scandal and Scurrility.

Instead of pursuing this disagreeable Subject any further, I will present my Reader with a Picture of a very different Temper of Mind; and then leave it with him to oppose the amiable Character, which is here drawn at full Length, to that Sketch which I have given him above: I will only add, that it is greatly within his Power to resemble which of the two he pleases, in other Words to imitate the most benevolent and virtuous, or the most wicked and base of all Beings.

Mr. Censor,

From what I have read of yours, and from what I have heard of yourself, from some Persons who know you, I have concluded that you possess in an eminent Degree, that Quality, which of all others I most esteem, I mean Good-nature. I have therefore ventured to send you the Character

of one, whom tho' you may imagine an odd, you will perhaps think a Good-natured, Man.

Without further Preface I am now in the sixty-fifth Year of my Age, and a Batchelor. I have an Income of five hundred a Year, and have no near Relation in the World, nor indeed any Relation with whom I am acquainted. When I tell you I am a Batchelor at these Years, I would not have you conclude that I am an Enemy to the tender Sex. In Truth I have loved one of them much too well for my Quiet. I lost her within a few Days of our intended Marriage, and still do, and ever shall, cherish her dear Memory.

From the Day of that grievous Loss to this, I have never enjoyed but one Pleasure beyond trifling Amusements, and the common Satisfactions of our ordinary Appetites, and that is —— will you believe me, Mr. Censor, the Pleasure I receive from seeing and hearing the Happiness of other People.

It is natural for the Mind of Man to hunt after those Objects in which it takes Delight, and to shun those which give it Pain; for which Reason I am a constant Frequenter of Scenes of innocent Mirth, Jollity, and Happiness, and run from the Reverse as I would from a Plague. I do not mean by this that I always shun the Unfortunate; on the contrary, whenever I can by my Company, by my Advice, or by my Purse, relieve the Solitary, the Simple, or the Distressed, I never fail of doing it; and when my Endeavours are crowned with Success, I enjoy a most exquisite Pleasure. But when I should only see and feel those Miseries which I cannot redress or alleviate, I run hastily from the Scene.

I keep my Ears shut to all tragical and scandalous Stories. The Hawkers are in fee with me, never to cry any Murders, last dying Speeches, or any Kind of Scurrility, in the Court where I live; but a merry Ballad is greatly my Delight, and the Singers of them receive from me many a good Penny. In a Word, I cannot bear those Pictures which represent human Nature in a wretched, or in an odious Light; but cherish every Thing which fills my Mind with Ideas of the

Wisdom, the Goodness, the Mirth, and the Happiness of Mankind.

In Seasons of public Calamity I am the most wretched of Men; for I have at such Seasons the Weight of a whole Nation on my Shoulders; but I am fully repaid in Times of Joy and Prosperity; for then I may be said (tho' not in the usual Sense of the Phrase) to ride upon the Backs of all the People.

I often express great Gratitude to the Almighty, that I was born in a Country where I can reflect with constant Pleasure on the Freedom, the Wealth, and indeed every political Happiness of the People. I again exult that I live in that very Age when they enjoy all these Blessings in the purest Manner. I look up with unfeigned Gratitude to the Authors, under Heaven, of these Blessings to us. With these Views I frequent the Court, and a certain Levee in Arlington-Street, with more Devotion than any of the Candidates for Preferment.

Of all my Life, I think, I never enjoyed so happy a Winter as this last, in which there hath been such perfect Unanimity among all Parties, and the sole Attention of all our great Men seems to have been the Good of the Public.

Within this last Fortnight too, I have been extremely delighted. The Happiness which within that Time hath accrued to a private Family, hath almost intoxicated me, with Joy. That noble, generous, Duke! How worthy of the highest Blessings of Life! In my Opinion how sure of them!

I have, I must confess, had lately some little Allays to my Pleasures. I was on Tuesday last at the new Play, it being the second Night (for I never go on the first). I was not so well entertained as I expected; I do not mean with the Play (for that was very pretty) but with the Audience. Surely, Mr. Censor, this is unfair and illegal; for by the Law of England a Man cannot be tried twice for the same Crime.

I have likewise heard lately some obscure Hints of a Woman, somewhere or other, suspected of poisoning her Father; but I always shut my Ears, as I have told you, on

such Occasions. I hope it is a great Way off; and what is better, I hope she is innocent.

How can your neighbouring Justice bear the Sight of all those Wretches who are brought before him; but perhaps he hath sometimes Opportunities of doing Good, which make him amends. I greatly enjoyed your Story of the Man and his Ass. It brought to my Mind the famous Story of the Lion and the Man in the Roman Historian. I wish I had ever seen such an Instance as either.

I am,

My worthy and good Sir,

Your honest, sincere Friend,

And most hearty Wellwisher,

AXYLUS.

C.

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

The following Letter was ordered to be read and printed.

To the Right worthy the Censor, Etc.

SIR,

Feb. 23. 1752.

AS Censor of great Britain, Misbehaviour in public Places seems to come within your Notice, and the Authors of it ought to suffer your Rebuke; tho' I must confess I am heartily sorry, that verbal Chastisement is the only Punishment you can inflict on him, whose Behaviour the other Night at Mr. Rich's House has thus raised my Indignation. For was I to see him marching at the Tail of a Cart, from Charing-Cross to Temple-Bar, with a proper Officer at his left Hand, I cannot say it wou'd give me any Pain. But not to keep you any longer in Suspence, you must know that very lately I carried my Wife to see the new Entertainment at Covent-Garden, which by four o'Clock one may truly say was cramm'd from Top to Bottom. During the Entertainment

two Gentlemen, after having hunted in vain for Admittance, came to the Door of the Two Shilling Gallery, where several Ladies were contented to stand. One of these Gentlemen, being a Man of great Wit and Humour, and resolved to indulge his Curiosity at any Expence, turned to his Companion, and said by G— I will soon make Room, I'll clear the House in an Instant, damn me. Then, with a broad Grin upon his Face, he thrust his empty Head into the Gallery Door, and cried out Fire; which on his repeating, a Lady at the Door rebuked him in such a Manner as made him, ignorant as he was, sensible of his Folly. He looked up in her Face, damn'd her for a grave Bitch, turned upon his Heel, and went down Stairs laughing, only to conceal his Confusion. Happy was it for hundreds, that their Attention was too much fixed on their Entertainment, to suffer them to be susceptible of this false Alarm. When I consider that there might possibly be in the House that Evening several Ladies with Child, and raise in my Mind the Idea of the Confusion and the Consequence that would have attended it, had this rash, this inconsiderate, this wicked Stratagem taken place, I am shocked at the very Thought; and had not my Wife prevented me, this Coxcomb should not have gone off unpunished. I am sorry I don't know his Name, and am still more concerned to say, that his Dress bespoke him an Officer, a disbanded one I hope. In your last Paper there are great Encomiums on the good Order and Government among the Nation of Actors in Drury-Lane; I could heartily wish that there was the same Decency observed in the Behaviour of those who call themselves the Audience. Having now vented my Indignation, I leave the Criminal to your Reproof, and am with all due Respects,

SIR,

Your most obliged Humble Servant,

Z. Z.

Ordered that the Defendant do appear at the next Court,
and make his Defence to the above Accusation.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1752. Numb. 17.

Credite, Posterì.

HOR.

Let Posterity take my Word for it.

IT is a common Expression with Historians, *That such and such Facts will hardly be believed by Posterity*; and yet these Facts are delivered by them as undoubted Truths, and very often affirmed upon their own Knowledge.

But, what is much more astonishing, many of those very Instances, which are represented as difficult Articles of Truth by future Ages, did most probably pass as common Occurrences at the Time when they happened, and might seem scarce worthy of any Notice to the Generality of People who were Eye-witnesses to the Transactions.

The Cardinal de Retz, after relating the almost incredible Distress of the then Queen of England, who was likewise the Daughter of France, and had not Credit at Paris for a Faggot to warm herself in the Month of January, proceeds thus. ‘*Nous avons horreur, en lisant les Histoires, de Lachetez moins monstreuses que celle-la, & le peu de Sentiment que je trouvais dans la plupart des Esprits sur ce fait m’a obligé de faire, je crois, plus de mille fois cette reflexion: que les Exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les Hommes que ceux de leurs Siecles. Nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voions; & je vous ai dit quelquefois, que je ne sais si le consulat du cheval de Caligula nous auroit autant surprit que nous nous l’imaginons.*’ *We are shocked in reading History, at many less scandalous Instances than this; and the little Impression which I observed this made in the Generality of Mens¹ Minds at that Time, hath caused this Reflection to recur to me a thousand Times. That the Examples of former Ages do beyond all Comparison more sensibly affect us, than those of our own Times. Custom blinds us with a Kind of Glare to those Objects before our*

¹ See footnote to p. 161, above.

Eyes, and I have often doubted whether we should have been as much surprised at Caligula, when he made his Horse a Consul, as we are apt to imagine we should have been.

I can with Truth declare, that I have a thousand Times reflected on the judicious Discernment of this uncommon Observation; the Justice and Excellence of which I will endeavour to illustrate to my Reader, by taking once more a Survey of that Opinion, which Posterity may be reasonably supposed to entertain of the present Times; and as I have formerly shewn that they will probably in some Instances believe much more than ourselves, so in others, it is altogether as probable, that they will believe less.

Without further Preface then let us suppose some great and profound Critic, in the fortieth Century, undertaking to comment on those Historical Materials relating to this Kingdom, with which that Age may possibly furnish him, and in what Manner may we conceive him more likely to write than in the following.

Abstract from Humphrey Newmixon's Observations on the History of Great Britain.

* * * * *

Desunt multa.

Tho' it is impossible to deliver any Thing with great Certainty of those fabulous Ages, which a little preceeded the Time, when universal Ignorance began to overspread the Face of the Earth; and more especially prevailed in this Island, till the Restoration of Learning, which first began in the 36th Century; some few Monuments of Antiquity have however triumphed over the Rage of Barbarism, which may serve us to confute the horrid Forgeries of that Legendary, Geoffry Bechard, who wrote about the Year 3000.

This Geoffry writing of the Year 1751, hath the following Words. 'The Inglis hat set Temps ware soe dicted to Gamein,

‘soe that severl off the Grate Menn yous’d to mak yt thee
 ‘soal Bisens off thayr Lifs; hand knot unli thee Messirs, butt
 ‘also theyre Fems yous’d to spind a hole Dais, hand knits
 ‘hatt thayr Cartes. Les Fems aussi bien ass Messirs cheept
 ‘thayre l’Assemble forr thatt propos, hat whitche les Fems
 ‘hat perdus Mundoy quelle thayres Messirs rop Koontri for
 ‘get.’

So far this Bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most learned Man¹ of his Age, *quia legire & scribere potebat*, says a cotemporary Author; but those who contend the most for his Learning, will be able, I am afraid, to say but little for his Honesty; since all must allow that he was either deceived himself, or hath endeavoured to deceive his Readers: For I have now by me a Record of undoubted Antiquity, by which it appears, that all Kinds of Gaming were, within a very few Years before this Period, of which this Geoffry writes, absolutely prohibited under the severest Penalties. This Law might indeed be infringed by some of the lowest of the People; and there is some Reason to think it was so; for in a Speech of George the Good, delivered from the Throne in that very Year 1751, a severe Execution of the Laws in this Respect is recommended to the Magistrate.

But that the great Men as the Bishop says, should fly thus in the Face, not only of those Laws which they themselves made, but of their Sovereign too, is too incredible to be imposed even on Children.

Again here is a Reflection not only on the great Men, but on the great Ladies of those Times, who are represented in a Light, which I shall not affront the present virtuous and prudent Matrons, their great Grand-daughters in the seventieth descent, by mentioning. But how inconsistent is this Character with what we find in the Writings of Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, the only Annalist of whose Works any Part hath descended to us, who in one of his Annals or Journals, acquaints us, that there was not a single

¹ An obvious error, but so in the text.

Lady in his Time married, who was not possessed of every Qualification to make the Marriage State happy?

The same Authority is sufficient to contradict the absurd Account which this Geoffry gives in another Place of the Ladies of those Days; where he says that Women of the first Quality used to make nightly Riots in their own Houses. One Passage is so ridiculous, that I cannot omit it. The Ladies of St. James's Parish, says he, used to treat their Company with *Drums*; and this was thought one of their most elegant Entertainments; some Copies, I know read *Drams*, but the former is the true Reading, nor would the latter much cure the Absurdity.

A learned Critic indeed of my Acquaintance suspects, that the above Passage is corrupt, and proposes, instead of *St. James's* to read *St. Giles's*, and instead of *Drum*, to read *Dram*, and then he says the above Account will agree with a Record of that Age, by which it appears, that the Women of St. Giles's Parish, were notoriously addicted to Dram-drinking at that Time. And as for the Word Lady, he urges, that it did not then, as it doth now, signify a Woman of great Rank and Distinction, but was applied promiscuously to the whole Female Sex; to support which he produces a Passage from Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, where the Wife of a low Mechanic is called a Lady of great Merit.

Another Legend recorded by our Geoffry, is sufficient of itself to destroy his Credit. He tells us, that a HERD OF BUCKS used to frequent all the public Places; nay, he says, that two or three such Animals, would sometimes venture among several thousands, of Gentlemen and Ladies, and put them all into Confusion and Disorder. This is a very scandalous Reflection on the Gentlemen of those Days; but it is at the same Time so incredible, that it needs no Refutation.

The Truth I believe is, that the Bishop was a weak and credulous Man, and very easily imposed upon; especially in those Matters with which his Function prevented him from being well acquainted. What he writes of their Theatrical

Entertainments is beyond all Measure ridiculous. De vurst a Nite of le Play, (says he) d' Author was a put a de Stake Sur on de Theatre Stage, dare des Criticats dey palt at him, hyess him, Catadecall him; off, off him vor too dree heures. Dis be dam Playe. Des Criticats be de Apperentice,¹ Klarque, Boo, Buccuk and Gamambler.

Now I will refer it to any one whether the Historian can be conceived here to write of a civilized People, and such the Britons are allowed on all Hands to have been at that Time.

Monsieur de Belle Lettre in his *Melange Critique*, which he published in the Year 3892, treats the whole History of this Geoffry as a Romance; and indeed what is recorded in it concerning Dogs, seems sufficiently to favour this Opinion. At this Time, says Bechard, the chief Learning among those People, was among the Dogs. Learned was then a common Epithet to several of the canine Speeches, and a great Dispute was for a long Time carried on between a French and English Individual of this Species. We know not in whose Favour it was determined; but it is agreed on all Hands, that the Question was, which was the most learned of the two. The Historian adds, that several of the most eminent Writers were of the canine Kind; and were universally called sad Dogs.*

The Bishop concludes his History with these Words. Monstr. incred ten tousand Pip. fiffi nit. up got zee Oostryche tap tonnobus, is pregados. dat zocurn hypor hoperad abun, idelonyeus quinto pur zin inmus fi fadon addili.

Which is so ridiculous a Supposition, that I shall leave it with the Reader without any Remark.

A.

* * * * *

* Sad is synonymous with grave, wise. The Judges were formerly called sad Men of the Law.

¹ Henley reads this *a perentice*, but I can distinguish a somewhat obscured *p* which would naturally belong in this word—despite the grotesque spelling.

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, Etc.

THE Court of Censorial Enquiry stands adjourned to Saturday next.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1752. Numb. 18.

*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a gadibus usq;
Aurorem¹ & Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
* VINA bona, atq; illis multum diversa —*

JUVENAL.

*From where Cornubia's hundred Boroughs end,
To where the Caledonian Shores extend,
How few are found with Taste to ascertain
The vilest Perry, and the best Champagne.*

IT is from a very common but a very false Opinion, that we constantly mix the Idea of Levity with those of Wit and Humour. The gravest of Men have often possessed these Qualities in a very eminent Degree, and have exerted them on the most solemn Subjects with very eminent Success. These are to be found in many Places in the most serious Works of Plato and Aristotle, of Cicero and Seneca. Not only Swift, but South hath used them on the highest and most important of all Subjects. In the Sermons of the Latter, there is perhaps more Wit, than in the Comedies of Congreve; and in his Controversy with Sherlock on the Trinity, he hath not only exerted great Wit, but many Strokes of the most exquisite Drollery. Not to mention the Instance of St. Paul, whose Writings do in my Opinion contain more true Wit, than is to be found in the Works of the unjustly celebrated Petronius.

In like Manner, and with like Error we unite the Ideas of Gravity with Dulness, as if the former was inseparably

* So I chuse to read this Passage, at least on the present Occasion.

¹ A misprint for *Auroram*.

annexed to the latter. True indeed it is that Dulness appears in her own Form, and in her proper Dress, when she walks abroad in some tritcal Essay on a grave Subject; and many millions of Reams have in all Ages been sacrificed to her by her Votaries in this Manner; but she doth not always preserve this solemn Air. She often appears in public in Essays of Entertainment, as the Booksellers chuse to call them; and sometimes in Print, as well as on the Stage, disguises herself in a Jack-pudding Coat, and condescends to divert her good Friends with sundry Feats of Dexterity and Grimace.

The late ingenious Dr. Swift, who was one of the greatest Enemies that Dulness ever had; and who hath traced her out and exposed her in all her various Disguises, likens these two different Appearances of Dulness to the different Qualities of small Beer in the Barrel, and small Beer in the Bottle. The former of which is well known to be of all Things the most vapid, insipid and heavy; but the latter is altogether as airy, frothy, brisk and bouncing.

But tho' there is excellent Drollery in this Comparison, I have still another Liquor in my Eye, which will better match this airy and brisk Kind of Dulness; at least will give the Reader a more just Idea of that very Quality which we principally intend to remark in this Paper. The Liquor I mean, is that of Perry: for as this hath been often imposed on the injudicious Palate for Champagne, so hath this Kind of Dulness with no less Assurance been often vented to the Public under the Name of Wit.

As this is grown to be a very common Practice, and as the Consequence of it is very pernicious to the Society; the Understandings of Men being as capable of an Injury as their Health, and as every Taste is no more capable of distinguishing in the Case of Wit than in the Case of Champagne, I shall do, I think, no inconsiderable Service to the Public by giving them some Rules to direct their Judgment, and to arm them against this Imposition. And here I shall chiefly make use of the Words Champagne and Perry, instead of

Wit and Dulness, as the two former seem the pleasanter and better sounding Words, and will equally explain my Meaning.

The first Caution I shall give my Reader on this Head, is to take Care of all Shops over the Door of which is writ in great Letters the following Word, BIBLIOPOLIUM. The true Reading of which is BIBITOPERRYUM. A Corruption which hath led many Men into an Error, and hath carried them into a Perry-shop by Mistake.

In the next Place, I caution all Persons to pay no Regard to the Labels with which the Perry Merchants constantly endeavour to put off the worst of their Stuff. Nothing indeed is more common than to see a Quantity of rank Perry, with a Label signifying, that it is the very best of Champagne, and approved of by all Persons of Taste. The Words *curious, eminent, learned, the 6th or seventh Edition. Done into English from the original French Vessels &c.* written upon the Label, are all of them certain Marks of Perry.

Nor is much more Regard to be had to the positive Assertion of the Merchant himself; for nothing is more usual in this Trade as well as with the Wine-Merchant, than to sell one Thing for another. Both of these make use indeed of the same Imposition, and as every Dealer in French Vinegar, hath the Names of the most excellent Wines always at his Tongue's End, and ready to be applied to the worst Goods in his Warehouse, so hath our Perry-Merchant constantly in his Mouth the Names of the most celebrated Authors; under one of which without any Scruple, he vends the genuine anonymous Productions of Grubstreet; the Names of Swift, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Prior, &c. have been used by the one Kind of Merchant, as of Laseat, Latour, Bennet, &c. have been by the other.

Having premised these Cautions, I come now to those Marks which may distinguish the true Champagne from Perry, even to those who are not vested with sufficient Taste to know the one from the other by their several Flavours.

The first Quality which is remarkable in Perry, is its

extreme Frothiness, in which indeed it will sometimes almost wholly evaporate.

2dly, It is very apt to bounce and fly with much Noise, as it is truly little more than a Composition of Wind, and proceeded originally, according to the Observations of Butler, from the Author's Incapacity of sending his Wind downwards.

An extraordinary Degree of Thinness is another manifest Sign of Perry. Let the Quantity be never so large, you can immediately see through it; nor is there ever any thing to be found at the Bottom.

There are perhaps some other Differences which do not at present occur to me; but indeed the surest Way of judging is by the opposite Consequences, which never fail to attend these two Liquors.

First, as Champagne is sure to raise the Spirits, and to fill almost every Man with Mirth and Gayety; so this is as certain to depress, and render those who swallow any Quantity more heavy and dull.

If, after a large Draught, you find yourself inclined to Irreligion and Blasphemy, never touch a Drop more, for this is a sure Sign of the very worst of all Perry.

Again, if after sitting to it (as is the Language of Drinking) an Hour or two, you find in yourself a Propensity to talking indecently, indeed to any Discourse which modest Ears should not hear; this is another manifest Indication. Nothing indeed being so very apt to corrupt the Minds of Youth, to make them unfit for civil Company, and to send them to the Brothels, than this Kind of Perry. In this Instance, indeed, the metaphorical Perry, which I have been here treating of, and that genuine Liquor which comes to us from Worcestershire, seem to bear a strict Analogy to each other. And for this Reason, I suppose, it is so sacred to the Brothel, that when a Bottle of Champagne is then called for, a Bottle of Perry is sure to be brought to the Customer; that being the only Champagne which is ever admitted into these Houses, from

the Tendency no doubt which it hath to propagate that Kind of Filth in which they deal.

The last odious Quality of this Kind of Perry, and which most clearly distinguishes it from that which we here call true Champagne, is that it never fails to propagate gross Abuse and Scandal; so far indeed as to inspire Men to call Names, and to deal in all the Language of Billingsgate. So very rancorous is the Nature of Perry, that many eminent Dabblers in it have escaped the Cudgel or the Whipping Post from this Circumstance only, that they have been so absolutely intoxicated as to be unable to pronounce certain Syllables in an articulate Manner. Instead of Minister, Lord, Bishop, &c. they have only uttered such Sounds as may be imitated by pronouncing M—nst—r, L—d, B—sh—p, and so forth. Thus by stripping a Name or a Title of its Vowels, they securely strip the Owner of all his Virtues and good Qualities.

Now Champagne, on the contrary, is known to inspire Men not only with the most sparkling Wit, but with the highest good Humour; and so far is it from filling the Head or Heart with Mischief and Rancour, that in France the Character which is given to the best Champagne, and that of a certain Age, is that it is *Ami d'homme*; A FRIEND TO MANKIND. An Appellation which, as it is perhaps the most glorious of all, so hath it most justly belonged to those great Men in all Ages, whom Heaven hath been pleased to distinguish with those superior Talents which are properly said to constitute a true Genius.

A.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1752. Numb. 19.

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt Lyræ.

HOR.

Such Matters are beyond a Jest.

IF any Person should have the Assurance to exhibit a Set of Bristol Stones to the Public as real Diamonds; or if another should call himself a China-Man, and deliver to his Customers some of the vilest Earthen-Ware, as the real Production of China or Dresden, the Consequence in both Cases is certain. The Imposition would be too gross to deceive a single Individual, and the Undertakers would immediately become the Objects of universal Ridicule and Contempt.

Again, should any Man, pretending to be a Connoisseur, go about the Town and abuse the finest Jewels in Mr. Lacan's Possession as mere Counterfeits, would not such a Person presently gain the Reputation of a Madman, and be soon ashamed of shewing his ridiculous Face in public?

This, as I endeavoured to shew in my last Paper, is not the Case with the Dealers in Letters. The truest Brilliants often lie overlooked and neglected on the Booksellers Shelves, while the most impudent Counterfeits are received, admired, and encouraged. Milton himself (I am ashamed of my Country when I say it) very narrowly escaped from the Jaws of Oblivion; and, instead of shining for ever with those great Lights of Antiquity in whose Constellation he is now admitted, was like to have been bundled up with those *Ephemeran* insect Authors, of whom every Day almost sees both the Birth and the Funeral.

Now may we not hence conclude, that in the Distinction of Diamonds, China, and such like, from their Counterfeits, there are some certain well-known Criteria to form and direct our Judgment; and that in Matters of Invention and Learning, either there are no Rules to guide our Opinion,

or that such Rules are but weakly established, and that we are in general very ignorant of them.

Hence must arise those different Notions which we so often find among Men, of the same Author and the same Work; and which Horace allegorically points at, when he says,

Tres mihi Convivæ prope dissentire videntur, &c.

Thus in one Company it is very common to hear the same Book extolled to the Skies, with the Epithets of fine, excellent, inimitable, and so forth; which in another is vilified and run down, as the lowest, dullest, and saddest Stuff that ever was writ.

Of all Kinds of Writing there is none on which this Variety of Opinions is so common as in those of Humour, as perhaps there is no Word in our Language of which Men have in general so vague and indeterminate an Idea. To speak very plainly, I am apt to question whether the greater Part of Mankind have any Idea at all in their Heads, when this Word drops (perhaps accidentally) from their Tongue.

I remember a Gentleman who used to have this Word very frequently in his Mouth, and bestowed it with great Liberality on most of his Acquaintance. I was sometimes inclined to wonder at his Taste, 'till I happened to be on board a Ship with him, when he rapt out a great Oath, and swore that the Ship had a great deal of Humour in it. I was now satisfied that with my Friend this Word had no Meaning at all.

What can we sometimes conceive of an Audience at a Play-House, where I have heard the dullest Chitchat between Gentlemen and Ladies called Humour, and applauded as such! On the other Side, Albumazar was but coldly received, and the little French Lawyer of Fletcher was hissed off the Stage.

And here I cannot omit a pleasant Fact to which I was myself a Witness. A certain comic Author produced a Piece on Drury-Lane Stage, called *The Highland Fair*, in which he intended to display the comical Humours of the Highlanders;

the Audience, who had for three Nights together sat staring at each other, scarce knowing what to make of their Entertainment, on the fourth joined in a unanimous exploding Laugh. This they had continued through an Act, when the Author, who unhappily mistook the Peels of Laughter which he heard for Applause, went up to Mr. Wilks, and, with an Air of Triumph, said — *Deel o' my Sal, Sare, they begin to tauk the Humour at last.*

Whether the Audience or the Poet erred most on this Occasion, I shall not determine. Certain it is that it is no unusual Thing in the former, to make very gross Mistakes in this Matter, as great indeed as the late learned Bernard Lintott the Bookseller, who, having purchased the Copy of a Tragedy called Phædra and Hypolitus, lamented that the Author had not put a little more Humour in it; for that, he said, was the only Thing it wanted.

In Truth, there is nothing so unsettled and incertain, as our Notion of Humour in general. The most common Opinion is, that whatever diverts or makes you laugh, is Humour; and in Proportion as Men are more or less risible in their Nature, they are more or less liberal in this Appellation. A merry Fellow, or a pleasant Companion as he is called (and, by the by, I have known many a dull Dog called so) never fails to obtain the Character of a Man of Humour, among his Acquaintance and Admirers. The Qualifications of these Gentlemen, are a facetious Countenance, a sagacious Leer, and somewhat of Drollery in the Voice; and their Performances are usually a merry (i.e. b—y) Catch, or a long Story, with a Sting of the same Kind in the Tail.

I forbear to mention here the vast Variety of handy or practical Jests, as I have seen them touched elsewhere, all which are reputed to be Humour by the Vulgar. Such are Tweaks by the Nose, Kicks on the Backside, pulling away your Chair, snatching off your Wig, with many others.

But there is another Kind of Humour, on which I do not remember to have seen any Remarks. This is that tragical Humour which was perhaps intended by the learned Book-

seller abovementioned; and which, tho' it may tend to raise Laughter in some, may however be said to have its Foundation in Tears.

As the Species of practical Humour, just before spoken of, are produced by doing little jocose Mischiefs to others, this tragical Humour consists in afflicting Men with the greatest and most serious Evils; in a Word, in ruining, destroying, and tormenting Mankind.

Histories abound with Examples of Men who have very eminently possessed this Kind of Humour. There hath scarce existed indeed a single Tyrant or Conqueror upon Earth, who, tho' otherwise perhaps extremely dull, was not a great Master this Way. Alexander the Great was much gifted with this Quality, of which we have many Instances in the Accounts of his Asiatic Expedition. His burning the City of Persepolis in particular, was a Performance of most exquisite Humour.

What were the Reigns of Caligula and Claudius, of Nero and Domitian, of Commodus, Caracalla, Heliogabalus, and all those Imperial Bucks or Bloods of Rome, but great tragical Farces in which one Half of Mankind was with much Humour put to Death and Tortures, for the Diversion of the other Half.

But of all the Performances of this Kind I have ever met with, I am most pleased with the common Story of Phalaris and Perillus. The latter of these being desirous of recommending himself to the Favour of the Former, who was a great Tyrant, and consequently a great Lover of the tragical Humour, acquainted his Master Phalaris that he had, with much Invention and hard Labour, contrived an Entertainment for him which would produce the highest Sport and Pastime. It was thus to be performed; the Artist had made the brazen Image of a Bull, into the Belly of which a human Creature was to be conveyed. The Bull was then to be heated 'till it was red hot, by means of which the Person inclosed within, suffering the most intolerable Torments, would bellow in such a Manner that the Sound would very near

imitate, or, to speak in the present fashionable Taste, would admirably MIMIC, the Roaring of a Bull.

Phalaris highly approved the Project; but being himself a Man of great Humour, he was willing to add somewhat of his own to the Joke. He therefore chose Perillus, the Inventor, for the Person on whom the Experiment was first to be tried, and accordingly shut him up and roasted him in his own Bull.

From this, I suppose, that pleasant Humour called ROASTING was derived; for so not only the Term, but the Thing seems to intimate; this diverting Entertainment consisting in giving all the Torments possible to the Object, and may indeed be called Roasting him alive.

Hence likewise the pleasant Pastime of roasting Men's Characters may possibly take it's¹ Original. Hence all that Torrent of Humour which flow¹ so plentifully in Libels of all Kinds, in which, Names that we ought to tremble to think of, and others which highly deserve our Reverence and Honour, are pointed out as the Marks of Ridicule and Contempt; and, to use the common Expression, ROASTED for the Entertainment of the Public.

To conclude, as Tully long ago said, that there was no Absurdity which some of the Sophists had not maintained to be *true Philosophy*; so is there no Nonsense whatever, provided it be dashed with Abuse and Scurrility; which will not pass with many for TRUE HUMOUR.

C.

* * * * *

THE Court of Censorial Enquiry is further adjourned to this Day Se'nnight.

¹ So printed in the original text.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1752. Numb. 20.

*Desine molle, precor, verbis convellere pectus:
Neve mihi, quam te dicis amare, noce.
Sed sine, quam tribuit sortem Fortuna, tueri:
Nec spolium nostri turpe pudoris habe.*

OVID.

*Cease with your Prayers, my tender Breast to
move,
Nor injure her whom you profess to love:
What Fate allots me, suffer me to share,
And the base Spoils of Chastity forbear.*

THE good Reader will not, I believe, be displeased at seeing a second Letter from my worthy Correspondent, who signs himself AXYLUS. I shall give it with only this Preface, that the Subject here treated is of the utmost Concern to the Public.

Mr. CENSOR,

In my former Letter I mentioned an imperfect Account which I had received of a late cruel Parricide, which I then hoped had been committed afar off, or rather indeed, that it had not been committed at all.

This Morning, however, a Paper was sent me inclosed, called the genuine Trial of Mary Blandy, Spinster, at Oxford, for poisoning her late Father Francis Blandy, Gent. &c. To whom I am indebted for this Favour, I know not; but when I had once read the Title of the Pamphlet, I was insensibly led on to read the whole: For indeed, when I was well acquainted with the Reality of the Fact, I had gone too far to recede; nor was Curiosity my only Motive for perusing the Trial; tho' this is a Passion for the Gratification of which we often suffer great Pains, as we see young People listen attentively to the Stories of Apparitions, notwithstanding all the Terrors which such Relations are seen to raise in their Minds. In Fact, I had another view. I read on in Hopes

of meeting with some Circumstances that might a little alleviate the dreadful Guilt imputed to the Accused, and in some Degree lessen those Horrors which I had conceived at the first Idea of a Child's poisoning her Father.

In this Endeavour I have had some Success. I know not in what Light this miserable Wretch may appear to others; but to me there is a Circumstance of some Compassion in her Case; and tho' no Man living can more abhor her Crime, yet I am not altogether without Pity for the most wretched at this Day of all¹ human Race.

Miss Blandy (for I am now acquainted with her whole History) had the Education of a Gentlewoman. She was received as such in the Country where she lived; and her Behaviour and Conversation was so agreeable, that Ladies of great Rank and Fashion were fond and desirous of her Acquaintance. She was amiable, spritely, and extremely good humoured; and was esteemed as one of the principal Ornaments of the polite Assembly at Reading.

Such was her Demeanour in general. To her Father, she was an affectionate, dutiful, respectful Child. This many Witnesses swore at her Trial. This the Witnesses against her confessed,

'Till at the last, a cruel Spoiler came.

'Till that damned Villain Cranston, as the poor Father so justly called him, returned the kindest Offices of Hospitality by *the Ruin of a poor Love-sick Girl*; by bringing the Father to the Grave, and the Daughter to the Gallows.

Here then is the Cause of all that Tragedy, which hath happened in this little innocent Family; of indeed the total Destruction of a kind and tender Father; of an affectionate and dutiful Daughter. The Villain crept into the unguarded Heart of this thoughtless Girl. There he first infused those poisonous Sentiments, which were afterwards to convey Arsenic into the Veins of the best and tenderest of Fathers.

¹ See I. 155. 22, and footnote.

For this Fact we will leave the condemned Criminal to the Execution of that Sentence, which she hath so justly received from an earthly Judge, and to that Mercy, which, I hope, a sincere Penitence will obtain for her from that most awful, most tremendous Tribunal where she must so shortly appear.

Let us for a Moment only cast our Eyes on the Wretch, who hath caused all this, who hath hitherto escaped the Hands of Justice; perhaps to be more exquisitely punished in the State of a profligate abandoned Fugitive; sent like the first Murderer, to wander over the Earth; till he shall cry with Cain, *My Punishment is greater than I can bear.*

But I will leave this Wretch likewise to the Horrors of his own Conscience, to Wandering, to Beggary, to Shame, to Contempt. This Letter is designed for the Use of the loveliest, and, I sincerely think, the best Part of the Creation, who seldom stray but when they are misled by Men; by whom they are deceived, corrupted, betrayed, and often *brought to Destruction, both of Body and Soul.* In the Sequel therefore, I will treat in general of these Corrupters of the Innocence of Women; and of the extreme Baseness as well as Cruelty of this Practice, how favourably soever the World may please to receive it.

This base and barbarous Man was, they say, an Officer in the Army; a Sort of People who, I know not for what Reason, live in an eternal State of real Hostility with the female Sex; and seem to think that by destroying our Enemies in War, they contract a Right to destroy our Wives and Daughters in Time of Peace.

I would not be here understood to insinuate that there are many Cranstons to be found in the English Army; on the contrary, I sincerely believe it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to pick out such another; yet certain it is, that thro' the Prevalence of Custom, the Ruin of a Woman is far from being regarded amongst our military Gentlemen, or indeed amongst others, with that Abhorrence and Detestation which it deserves. It is often made the Subject of Mirth; nay, I am deceived if, instead of being considered on the

Man's Side as a Mark of Disgrace, it is not sometimes treated as a Point of Honour, viewed in the Light of a Victory, and thought to add new Lawrels to those which have been acquired in the Field.

The Reason of this, in a great Measure, is the Levity with which this Matter hath been handled by some of our fashionable Authors; who, instead of exposing so execrable a Vice in it's¹ proper odious Colours, have given it the soft Term of Gallantry; have at most endeavoured to make it the Subject of Ridicule; I am afraid have even represented it in an amiable Light to their Readers.

I will endeavour therefore to strip the Monster of all its borrowed Ornaments, and to display it in its native and true Deformity; such as, I think, cannot fail of attracting all that Abhorrence and Contempt which is its Due.

I shall at present pass by all those dissuasive Arguments which Religion affords against this Practice. These are already well known; and if they are not sufficient to deter Men, the Reason is but too obvious as well as deplorable.

But tho' many of my gay Readers may be ready enough to own that they have no Faith, there are few I believe who will own they have no Honour. If they have a Vanity in desiring to be thought no Christians, they will at least be ashamed of being no Gentlemen.

First then, can any thing be more dishonourable than to engage in a Combat with one who is greatly inferior in Strength; and this is surely the Case in all our Attacks on the Virtue of Women: For, without any Disparagement to the Understanding of my fair Countrywomen, their Hearts are at least weaker than ours, and it is the Heart of the Woman which is aimed at in all these Engagements.

And in what Manner are these Attacks carried on? Is not the basest Fraud and Treachery constantly used on this Occasion? Doth any Man when he first aims at this Conquest, fairly and openly assert his evil Intentions? Doth he declare

¹ For another example of this punctuation see 252. 15, above.

War against that Chastity and Honour which he means to violate? On the contrary, doth he not approach with Smiles and Cringes, with Soothing and Flattery, with Protestations, Vows, and Oaths of the tenderest Love and the sincerest Friendship? By these Means, the innocent Heart of a poor thoughtless Girl is in a manner bribed to betray its Owner into the Arms of her Seducer.

If we consider the Matter therefore in this warlike Light, the Assailant, instead of entitling himself to any Honour by such a Conquest, deserves truly an Appellation which few military Men will affect, namely that of a treacherous Coward.

And what shall we say of this Vice, when thrown under another Allegory, and that too a very familiar one to our fine Gentlemen! What do we say of the Gamester who throws a Levant? who draws another in to play for a large Stake, while he himself deposits nothing real on the other Side? Would not all Men allow such a Person to be a Cheat and a Pickpocket? And what is he who engages a Woman, where her Innocence, Honour, Interest, indeed every thing valuable of which she is possessed, are at Stake; while he himself plays at the Risque *only of his Damnation*, which all fine Gentlemen will allow to be nothing; or, as some Gamesters call it, MOONSHINE?

In the last Place, let me apply to the Humanity of these Gallants; and this the rather as the Latins often use the Word *Humanitas* for the chief Qualifications of a Gentleman. Now what Man of Humanity (take the Sense of the Word from which Language you please) can bear the Reflection of having by all the Means of Baseness, Falsehood and Treachery, purchased the Affections of a young, innocent, unguarded Creature; of having made this Creature from her Affections to him, the Object of his Pleasure and Delight, and of having repaid those Affections and this Pleasure, by the utter Ruin of such a Creature! Can he bear to see her stript of her Innocence, of her Reputation, of every Thing lovely, every Thing which might have made her happy in herself, or recommended her to others; deserted and aban-

doned by the whole World, and exposed to Shame, Beggary, Disease, in a Word, to final Misery and Ruin! Can he see all this, and know himself to be the Cause of all this, without hanging himself? If he can, I heartily wish he was, as he well deserves to be, hanged by the Laws.

I am, Sir,

Your sincere Well-wisher,

AXYLUS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1752. Numb. 21.

*Est miserorum, ut malevolentes sint atq; in-
videant bonis.*

PLAUTUS.

*It is a miserable State to be malevolent and
to envy good Men.*

I shall publish the following Letter with the same Design, that the Spartans exposed drunken Men, to the View of their Children. Examples may perhaps have more Advantage over Precepts, in teaching us to avoid what is odious, than in impelling us to pursue what is amiable. If the Reader will peruse it with Attention, he will, I conceive, discover in it a very useful Moral; of which I shall give no further Hint, than by desiring the Reader not to be offended at the Contradictions that occur in it.

Mr. Censor,

WHEN I first read the Name of Axylus to a Letter in your Paper, tho' I easily perceived the Writer to be a silly Fellow, I little guest who was the individual Person; but in his second Performance he hath been pleased to acquaint me who he is.

This Fellow, Sir, you are to know, I have employed every Means in my Power to persecute, ever since I was acquainted

with him; not because he is a Fool (for I have no fixed Quarrel with so numerous a Body) but because he is in reality a good Man.

You will perhaps think this a very strange Confession; and so it would be, if there was any Possibility of your guessing from whom it came; but I have the Satisfaction to be assured, that tho' I am actually known both to you and to your Friend Axylus, I shall be the last Person in the World to whom either of you will impute the Character I shall here lay open. I well know that I pass upon you both, and a thousand other such wise People, for one of the best and worthiest Men alive: For, as a late Orator at the Robinhood said, *he had the Honour to be an Atheist*; so I, Sir, have the Honour to be a most profound Hypocrite. By which Means I have universally obtained a good Character, and perhaps a much better than what the silly Axylus hath acquired by really deserving it: For, as Plato remarks in the second Book of his Republic, the just Man and the unjust Man are often reciprocally mistaken by Mankind, and do frequently pass in the World the one for the other. The Reason of which, as I take it, and as he in Plato indeed intimates, is, that the former are for the most Part Fools, and the latter are Men of Sense.

If I could so far prevail, however, as to deprive this Axylus of all the Praise which he receives from his Actions, and to shew him in an opprobrious Light to the World, I might perhaps be contented, and wish him Ill no longer. And yet I am not positive that this would be the Case: For what amends can it make to a Man who sees his Mistress in his Rival's Arms, that the World in general are persuaded that he himself alone enjoys her; or could all the Flattery of his Courtiers, and all the Te-Deums of his Priests, satisfy Lewis the Fourteenth, and prevent his envying the Duke of Marlborough. I am well apprized that the Reputation of Goodness is all which I aim at, and is all which a wise Man would desire, notwithstanding which, I am convinced that Praise sounds most harmonious to that Ear where it

finds an Eccho from within; nay who knows the secret Comforts which a good Heart may dictate from within, even when all without are silent! I perceive Symptoms of such inward Satisfaction in Axylus, and for that Reason I envy and hate him from the Bottom of my Soul.

You will perhaps say, Why then do you not imitate him? Your Servant, Sir; Shall I imitate a Fool because I see him happy in his Folly? For, Folly I am convinced it is to interest yourself in the Happiness, or in the Concerns, of others. Horace, who was a sensible Writer, and knew the World, advises every Man to roll himself up in himself, as a polished Bowl which admits of no Rubs from without; and the old Greek, like a wise Rogue, exclaims; *When I am dead let the Earth be consumed by Fire. It is no Concern of mine; all my Affairs are well settled.*

Here again it may be objected, why do you envy one whom you condemn as a Fool? To this, I own it is not easy to give an Answer. In Fact Nature hath moulded up with the wisest Clay of Man some very simple Ingredients. Hence we covet those Commendations which we know are seldom bestowed without a Sneer, and which are annexed to Characters that we despise. The Truth I am afraid is, that I would willingly be this very Man. That I have sometimes such a Fear, I confess to you, as I think it impossible you should ever guess from whence the Confession comes; for I would not for ten thousand Pound, that any Man should know, I had ever such a Wish; nay I would not for an equal Sum know myself that I had it.

And from this Fear, this Suspicion (for I once more assure you, and myself, that it is no more than a Suspicion) I heartily detest this Axylus. For this Reason, I have hitherto pursued him with the most inveterate Hatred; have industriously taken every Occasion to plague him, and have let slip no Opportunity of ruining his Reputation.

I am aware I may have let drop something which may lead you into an Opinion, that I really esteem this Character, which I would endeavour to persuade you I despise; but,

before I finish this Letter, I flatter myself I shall place this Fellow in so contemptible a Light, that I shall have no Reason to apprehend your drawing any such Conclusion.

First, notwithstanding all the secret Comforts which Axylus pretends to receive from the *Energies of Benevolence*, as he calls them, I cannot persuade myself, that there is really any Pleasure in a good Action. I must own to you, I do not speak this absolutely on my own Knowledge, for I do not remember to have done one truly good, benevolent Action in my whole Life. Indeed I should heartily despise myself if I had any such Recollection.

And if there be no Pleasure in Goodness, I am sure there is no Profit in it. This, Axylus himself will, I doubt not, be ready to confess. No Man hath ever made or improved, tho' many have injured, and some have destroyed their Fortunes this Way.

In the last Place, as to the Motives which arise from our Vanity, and which, as that very wise Writer Dr. Mandevil observes, are much the strongest Supports of what is generally called Benevolence, I think to make the Folly of doing good from such Motives very plainly appear. I am far from being an Enemy to Praise, or from expressing that Contempt for a good Character which some have affected. But surely it becomes a Man to purchase every Thing as cheap as he can; now why should he be at the Pains and Expence of being good in Reality, when he may so certainly obtain all the Applause he aims at, merely, by pretending to be so.

An Instance of this I give you in myself, who, without having ever done a single good Action, have universally a good Character; and this I have acquired by *only* taking upon me the Trouble of supporting one constant Series of Hypocrisy all my Days.

Axylus, on the contrary, for want of undergoing this Trouble, hath miss'd the Praises he deserves. While he carelessly doth a hundred good Actions, without being at the Pains of displaying them, they are all overlooked by the

World; nay often, by my Means (for I am always watchful on such Occasions) his most disinterested Benevolence is seen in a disadvantageous Light; and his Goodness, instead of being commended, turns to his Dishonour.

An Example of this I saw the other Day when you published his last Letter, where all that is said of an unhappy Woman, drawn in to be guilty of the highest Degree of Wickedness, by the most wicked and profligate of Men, I am convinced flowed immediately from that Compassion which is the constant Energy of these good Hearts. Now, Sir, even this I turned against him. I represented it as a barbarous Attempt to revile the Character of a Man before he had undergone his Trial; and, can you believe it? Such is the Nature of Man. I found some Persons who could not, or would not, see the Difference between concluding a Person guilty who is in Custody, and who is to undergo a legal Disquisition into his Crimes, and concluding one to be guilty of a Fact for which he hath fled from Justice, and who, even by the Evidence given on Oath in the solemn Trial of another, appears to all the World to be guilty.

But perhaps it may be said, tho' the World in general do not commend your Actions, still you are repaid for them sufficiently, by having the Esteem, the Love, the Gratitude, of those to whom they are done. To this Purpose, I will tell you a short Story. The Fact is true, and happened to Mr. Axylus himself.

That silly, good Man had done many great Services to a private Family. Indeed the very Bread they eat was for a long time owing to his foolish Generosity, and at length by his Advice and Assistance, this Family was brought from a State of Poverty and Distress to what might be called Affluence in their Condition. I was acquainted with the whole Scene and often present at it, and indeed it was one of the pleasantest I ever saw: For while the good Man was rejoicing in his own Goodness, and feeding his foolish Vanity with fond Conceits of the grateful Returns which were made to him in the Bosoms of the Obligated, they on the other Side

were continually laughing at his Folly amongst themselves, and flattering their own Ingenuity with their constant Impositions on his good Nature, and ascribing every Thing which they obtained of him, to their own superior Cunning and Power of over-reaching him.

When I had enjoyed this Scene 'till I was weary of it, I was resolved to work myself another Satisfaction out of it, by tormenting the Man I hate. I accordingly communicated the Secret to Axylus, and gave him almost Demonstration of the Truth of what I told him. He answered with a Smile, he hoped I was mistaken; but if not, he was answerable for the Means only, and not for the End; and the very same Day did a new Favour to one of the Family.

I will conclude by telling you, that it was I who sent him the Trial of Miss Blandy to vex him, and I hope you will print this Letter that he may have the Plague of guessing at me, for I am sure he will guess wrong; and perhaps may fix on one of his best Friends; which will be doing him a very great Injury, and will consequently give great Pleasure to,

SIR, yours,

IAGO.

I cannot dismiss this Letter without observing, that if there be really such a Person as this Writer describes himself, the Possession of his own bad Mind is a worse Curse to him, than he himself will ever be able to inflict on the happy Axylus.

A.

* * * * *

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1752. Numb. 22.

*Qua tamen exarsit forma? Qua capta ju-
[ven]ta est
Hippia? Quid vidit propter quod ludia dici
Sustinuit?*

JUVENAL.

*It is not Virtue, Wisdom, Valour, Wit,
Strength, Comeliness of Shape, or amplest
Merit,
That Woman's Love can win or long inherit,
But what it is, hard is to say —*

MILTON.

THE following Story, related by Ariosto in his Orlando Furioso, is so injurious to that beautiful Part of the Creation called the fair Sex, that one is at a Loss to guess what could move the ingenious Author to give it a Place in his Works. The Manners of Womankind could never, I hope, be so degenerate, as to give any just Ground for such a Satire; or if they were so in the Days when Ariosto wrote, how may we congratulate our own Times on their Improvement in Virtue? For now, when all Women, Ladies of Quality especially, are so remarkably chaste and virtuous, so distinguished for Fidelity to their Husbands, and Constancy to the Marriage-bed, the following Tale will I doubt not be treated as an unnatural Fiction, unlikely ever to have happened, and beyond all Bounds of Probability. I thought it right therefore to quote my Authority, and shall leave it to the Reader's Consideration.

There reigned once in Lombardy a King named Astolpho, famous for his Beauty, and no less so for the high Conceit which he entertained of it. His Courtiers, sensible of their Master's Weakness, flattered themselves into Favour by extolling the Charms of his Person. 'Twas the current Language to call him the handsomest of Men, the Jewel of Italy, another Adonis, and many other such extravagant Appellations, to which Astolpho lent a very willing Ear.

A Rumour came at length to Court, of a young Gentleman named Jucundo, who lived at some Distance in the Country, and was said to rival the King in Beauty. Astolpho immediately had a Desire to see him, and being impatient to satisfy his Curiosity, he dispatched one of his Favourites into the Country, to invite Jucundo to Court, making him many Overtures of his Friendship and Promises of Promotion, if he complied with his Desires.

Jucundo was at this Time enjoying the most consummate Happiness, that Love and Innocence in a rural Retreat could afford him. Blest beyond Description in the Arms of a beautiful Woman, of whom he was passionately fond, and who returned his Affection with equal Rapture, he found all his Wishes complete and satisfied, and had resolved to pass his Days in Tranquillity and Retirement. When therefore the Messenger came from Court, and informed him of Astolpho's Desires, he excused himself as long as he could from complying with them. He humbly thanked his Prince for his gracious Offers, but begged Leave to represent to him, that his Views were entirely void of Ambition, that his Felicity was already perfect in the Fruition of his lovely Spouse, with whom he lived in the greatest conjugal Endearment, and that his Wishes reached no farther. To all this the Courtier remonstrated, that the Commands of Kings were not to be dispensed with, that it would be in the highest Degree unpolite to frustrate a Monarch's Desires, and that a very short Residence at Court would soon cure him of those romantic, old-fashioned Notions, about matrimonial Happiness and the Joys of Solitude, which Men who understood the *grand Monde* had long ago exploded: At least, if he determined to waste his Life in a miserable Desart, it behoved him nevertheless to make his Appearance at Court for a Time, and when the King had seen him, he might then return, if he pleased, to his Wife in the Country, and pursue that strange Scheme of Happiness, with which he seemed to be so unaccountably delighted. Jucundo replied much to this, and dwelt largely on the Difficulty of parting at all from the dear

Object of his Soul, whose Happiness he knew was so entirely wrapped up in him, that the very Thought of Absence, tho' for ever so short a Time, would be worse than Death to her. But being at length overcome by the repeated Importunities of his Guest, he was obliged to consent, and agreed to attend him to Court.

This being resolved on, the poor trembling Husband went to break the News to his Wife, who received it, as he expected, with the utmost Amazement and Affliction. She shed a Flood of Tears, and exhausted all the tender Rhetoric of Grief to dissuade him from his Purpose. At length, when she found his Honour was too far engaged to recede, she then applied herself in the warmest Manner to press his speedy Return. A thousand Times she insisted that his Absence should not exceed a Month; and a thousand Times he vowed the sincerest Obedience to her Will. She breded for him a Bracelet of her own Hairs, and gave him her Picture, to carry with him as Memorials of Love in the tedious Hours of their Separation. In short the last Scene of Tenderness, which passed between them on the Day of his Departure, exceeded any Thing that ever was recorded in History or Romance.

Jucundo then set out on his Journey; but such had been the Hurry and Agitation of his Mind at the last Interview, that he forgot to take with him the Bracelet and the Picture. When he had travelled seven or eight Miles he became sensible of this Omission, and to repair his Fault galloped back in person, not chusing to trust a Servant with the Conveyance of them. Perhaps a secret Desire of once more bidding adieu to his dear Consort, had its Share in producing this Resolution; but, however that be, he was no sooner returned and alighted from his Horse, than he flew up stairs on the Wings of Love, and with as much Impatience as if he had already been absent from her a Twelve-month. And now follows the sad Part of the Story: For no sooner had he opened his Chamber-door, than he beheld his chaste Penelope, that darling Wife, on whom he doated with such Tenderness, and

who had always returned his Love with such Transport, he beheld her

*(Let me not name it to you, you chaste
Stars!*

*And thou pale Moon, turn paler at the
Sound!)*

fast asleep in the Arms of a Moorish Servant, who lay stretched out and snoring on the lovely Bosom of his Mistress. Imagine the Astonishment, Horror, and Indignation, that seized on Jucundo at so strange a Sight. In the first Transport of his Rage he drew his Sword, and was going to stab them both as they lay in their Embraces; but recovering himself on the Instant, "No, cried he, perfidious Woman, "thou art not worthy of my Resentment; live and riot in thy "impious Amours; to the Remorse of thy own Conscience I "abandon thee for ever." And so saying he locked the Chamber-Door, remounted his Horse, and pursued his Journey to Court.

But when he arrived there, he was no longer the handsome Man which Fame had reported him. Grief had entirely destroyed his Complexion, and altered his Features; his Vivacity was totally gone, and a settled Gloom reigned for ever in his Countenance. The Court-Ladies received him with Indifference, and sneered to think that this should be the Narcissus of whom they had heard so much, and who was to do such Execution among their Hearts. Astolpho however shewed him great Respect, appointed him an Apartment in the Palace, honoured him with his Friendship, and perhaps behaved better to him than he would have done had he found him handsomer.

But not all the King's Civilities could cure the Uneasiness of Jucundo's Mind. His Health continually decreased, and Melancholy seemed every Hour to take deeper Possession of him, when a little Accident happened which effectually restored him to himself. As he was walking one Day in a Gallery of the Palace, pensive and meditating on his unfor-

fortunate Lot, he heard a female Voice in one the adjoining Apartments, upbraiding a Lover for want of Affection. Curiosity led him to listen, and perceiving a Chink in the Wainscot, he peeped thro' it and saw — the Queen herself in a very wanton Attitude, caressing the King's Dwarf, who seemed to receive her Fondness with the most stupid Indifference, and appeared to look on her with Eyes of Aversion. So strange, so wonderful a Sight, threw him immediately upon Reflection, and, upon comparing it with his own Case, he began to think it was the common Behaviour of Woman-kind: He persuaded himself that he suffered nothing new, and that all Husbands were in the same Condition. This immediately had a good Effect; he recovered his Spirits, regained his Complexion, and soon became the Favourite of all the Women at Court.

But as he had great Obligations to Astolpho, he thought it would be making an ill Return to see him injured in so tender a Part, and suffer him to remain in Ignorance of his Wrong. One Day therefore, when he had a fair Opportunity, he gave the King Information of all he had seen. Astolpho knew not how to believe it, and at first resented so improbable a Suspicion; but by strict watching he soon became an Eye-Witness of the Fact. What Methods he took of punishing his Queen, would be a useless Enquiry; but 'tis said he soon afterwards proposed a very whimsical Project to Jucundo, and this was to make the Tour of Italy, and debauch as many Women as they could, by Way of Revenge for what they themselves had suffered from their Wives. Without Delay they began their Adventures, and took with them a large paper Book, designing to register in it the Names of all the Women who should yield to their Embraces. The Story says that the Book was soon filled, and that the two Adventurers returned to Astolpho's Palace, crowned with innumerable Lawrels.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1752. Numb. 23.

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίῃ εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω.
Εἰς Βασιλεὺς, ὃ ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
Σκῆπτρον τ' ἡδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλένῃ.

HOMER.

—————*Here is not allow'd,*
That worst of Tyrants, an usurping Crowd.
To one sole Monarch, Jove commits the
Sway;
His are the Laws, and him let all obey.
Pope.

THO' of the three Forms of Government acknowledged in the Schools, all have been very warmly opposed, and as warmly defended; yet, in this Point, the different Advocates will, I believe, very readily agree, that there is not one of the three which is not greatly to be preferred to a total Anarchy; a State in which there is no Subordination, no lawful Power, and no settled Government; but where every Man is at Liberty to act in whatever Manner it pleaseth him best.

As this is in Reality a most deplorable State, I have long lamented, with great Anguish of Heart, that it is at present the Case of a very large Body of People in this Kingdom. An Assertion which, as it may surprize most of my Readers, I will make Haste to explain, by declaring that I mean the Fraternity of the Quill, that Body of Men to whom the Public assign the Name of AUTHORS.

However absurd Politicians may have been pleased to represent the Imperium in Imperio, it will here, I doubt not, be found on a strict Examination to be extremely necessary. The Commonwealth of Literature being indeed totally distinct from the greater Commonwealth, and no more dependant upon it than the Kingdom of England is on that of France. Of this our Legislature seems to have been at all

Times sensible, as they have never attempted any Provision for the Regulation or Correction of this Body. In one Instance, it is true, there are (I should rather, I believe, say there were) some Laws to restrain them: For Writers, if I am not mistaken, have been formerly punished for Blasphemy against God, and Libels against the Government; nay I have been told, that to slander the Reputation of private Persons, was once thought unlawful here as well as among the Romans, who, as Horace tells us, had a severe Law for this Purpose.

In enacting these Laws (whatever may be the Reason of suffering them to grow obsolete) the State seem to have acted very wisely; as such Kind of Writings are really of most mischievous Consequence to the Public; but alas! there are many Abuses, many horrid Evils, daily springing up in the Commonwealth of Literature, which appear to affect only that Commonwealth, at least immediately, of which none of the political Legislators have ever taken any Notice; nor hath any Civil Court of Judicature ever pretended to any Cognizance of them. Nonsense and Dulness are no Crimes in *Foro Civili*: No Man can be questioned for bad Verses in Westminster-Hall; and amongst the many Indictments for Battery, not one can be produced for breaking poor Priscian's Head, tho' it is done almost every Day.

But tho' immediately, as I have said, these Evils do not affect the greater Commonwealth; yet as they tend to the utter Ruin of the lesser, so they have a remote evil Consequence, even on the State itself; which seems by having left them unprovided for, to have remitted them, for the Sake of Convenience, to the Government of Laws, and to the Superintendence of Magistrates of this lesser Commonwealth; and never to have foreseen or suspected that dreadful State of Anarchy, which at present prevails in this lesser Empire; an Empire which hath formerly made so great a Figure in this Kingdom, and that indeed almost within our own Memories.

It may appear strange, that none of our English Historians have spoken clearly and distinctly of this lesser Empire; but

this may be well accounted for, when we consider that all these Histories have been written by two Sorts of Persons; that is to say, either Politicians or Lawyers. Now the former of these have had their Imaginations so entirely filled with the Affairs of the greater Empire, that it is no Wonder the Business of the lesser should have totally escaped their Observation. And as to the Lawyers, they are well known to have been very little acquainted with the Commonwealth of Literature, and to have always acted and written in Defiance to its Laws.

From these Reasons it is very difficult to fix, with Certainty, the exact Period when this Commonwealth first began among us. Indeed if the Originals of all the greater Empires upon Earth, and even of our own, be wrapped in such Obscurity that they elude the Enquiries of the most diligent Sifters of Antiquity, we cannot be surprized that this Fate should attend our little Empire, opposed as it hath been by the Pen of the Lawyer, overlooked by the Eye of the Historian, and never once *smelt after* by the Nose of the Antiquarian.

In the earliest Ages, the literary State seems to have been an Ecclesiastical Democracy: For the Clergy are then said to have had all the Learning among them; and the great Reverence paid at that Time to it by the Laity, appears from hence, That whoever could prove in a Court of Justice that he belonged to this State, by only reading a single Verse in the Testament, was vested with the highest Privileges, and might do almost what he pleased; even commit Murder with Impunity. And this Privilege was called the Benefit of the Clergy.

This Commonwealth, however, can scarce be said to have been in any flourishing State of old Time, even among the Clergy themselves; inasmuch as we are told, that a Rector of a Parish going to Law with his Parishioners about paving the Church, quoted this Authority from St. Peter, *Paveant illi non paveam ego*. Which he construed thus: *They are to pave the Church, and not I*. And this by a Judge, who was likewise an Ecclesiastic, was allowed to be very good Law.

The Nobility had clearly no antient Connection with this Commonwealth, nor would submit to be bound by any of its Laws, witness that Provision in an old Act of Parliament; “that a Nobleman shall be entitled to the Benefit of his “Clergy (the Privilege abovementioned) *even tho’ he cannot “read.*” Nay the whole Body of the Laity, tho’ they gave such Honours to this Commonwealth, appear to have been very few of them under its Jurisdiction; as appears by a Law cited by Judge Rolls in his Abridgement, with the Reason which he gives for it. “The Command of the Sheriff, “says this Writer, to his Officer by Word of Mouth, and “without writing is good; for it may be, that neither the “Sheriff or his Officer can write or read.”

But not to dwell on these obscure Times, when so very little authentic can be found concerning this Commonwealth, let us come at once to the Days of Henry the Eighth, when no less a Revolution happened in the lesser than in the greater Empire: For the literary Government became absolute together with the Political, in the Hands of one and the same Monarch; who was himself a Writer, and dictated not only Law but Common-Sense too, to all his People; suffering no one to write or speak but according to his own Will and Pleasure.

After this King’s Demise, the literary Commonwealth was again separated from the Political; for I do not find that his Successor on the greater Throne, succeeded him likewise in the lesser. Nor did either of the two Queens, as I can learn, pretend to any Authority in this Empire, in which the Salique Law hath universally prevailed; for tho’ there have been some considerable Subjects of the Female Sex in the Literary Commonwealth, I never remember to have read of a Queen.

It is not easy to say with any great Exactness what Form of Government was preserved in this Commonwealth during the Reigns of Edward VI, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth; for tho’ there were some great Men in those Times, none of them seemed to have affected the Throne of Wit: Nay Shakespear, who flourished in the latter end of the last Reign,

and who seemed so justly qualified to enjoy this Crown, never thought of challenging it.

In the Reign of James I. the literary Government was an Aristocracy, for I do not chuse to give it the evil Name of Oligarchy, tho' it consisted only of four, namely, Master William Shakespear, Master Benjamin Johnson, Master John Fletcher and Master Francis Beaumont. This Quadrumvirate, as they introduced a new form of Government, thought proper according to Machiavel's Advice, to introduce new Names, they therefore called themselves THE WITS, a Name which hath been affected since by the reigning Monarchs in this Empire.

The last of this Quadrumvirate enjoyed the Government alone during his Life; after which the Troubles that shortly after ensued, involved this lesser Commonwealth in all the Confusion and Ruin of the greater, nor can any Thing be found of it with sufficient Certainty, till the WITS in the Reign of Charles the Second, after many Struggles among themselves for Superiority, at last agreed to elect JOHN DRYDEN to be their King.

This King John had a very long Reign, tho' a very unquiet one; for there were several Pretenders to the Throne of Wit in his Time, who formed very considerable Parties against him, and gave him great Uneasiness, of which his Successor hath made mention in the following Lines:

*Pride, Folly, Malice, against Dryden
rose,
In various Shapes, of Parsons, Critics,
Beaus.*

Besides which, his Finances were in such Disorder, that it is affirmed his Treasury was more than once entirely empty.

He died nevertheless in a good old Age, possessed of the Kingdom of Wit, and was succeeded by King ALEXANDER, sirnamed POPE.

This Prince enjoyed the Crown many Years, and is thought to have stretched the Prerogative much farther than his

Predecessor: He is said to have been extremely jealous of the Affections of his Subjects, and to have employed various Spies, by whom if he was informed of the least Suggestion against his Title, he never failed of branding the accused Person with the Word DUNCE on his Forehead in broad Letters; after which the unhappy Culprit was obliged to lay by his Pen forever; for no Bookseller would venture to print a Word that he wrote.

He did indeed put a total Restraint on the Liberty of the Press: For no Person durst read any Thing which was writ without his Licence and Approbation; and this Licence he granted only to four during his Reign, namely, to the celebrated Dr. Swift, to the ingenious Dr. Young to Dr. Arbuthnot, and to one Mr. Gay, four of his principal Courtiers and Favourites.

But without diving any deeper into his Character, we must allow that King Alexander had great Merit as a Writer, and his Title to the Kingdom of Wit was better founded at least than his Enemies have pretended.

After the Demise of King Alexander, the Literary State relapsed again into a Democracy, or rather indeed into downright Anarchy; of which, as well as of the Consequences, I shall treat in a future Paper.

A.

* * * * *

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1752. Numb. 24.

*Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum.*

HOR.

*Trifling Pursuits true Wisdom casts
away;
And leaves to Children all their [c]hildish
Play.*

THE Mind of Man is compared by Montaigne to a fertile Field, which tho' it be left entirely uncultivated, still retains

all its genial Powers; but instead of producing any Thing lovely or profitable, sends forth only Weeds and wild Herbs of various Kinds, which serve to no Use or Emolument whatsoever.

The human Mind is indeed of too active a Nature to content itself with a State of perfect Rest or Sloth. There are few Men such arrant Stocks or Stones as to be always satisfied with Idleness, or to come up to that Description in Lucretius:

*Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivo, atq;
videnti
Qui somno partem majorem conterit
Ævi
Et vigilans stertit.*

St. Paul describes these Men better when, writing to the Thessalonians, he says some of them are *μηδὲν ἐργαζόμενοι ἀλλὰ περιεργαζόμενοι*. *Doing no Work, but busying themselves in Impertinence*. Or as the Latin Author expresses the same Sentiment; *Gratis anhelans multa agendo nihil agens*. *Puffing and sweating to no Purpose; employed about many Things, and doing nothing*.

The Original of Diversions is certainly owing to this active Temper: For to what Purpose were they calculated, but, as the very Word in our Language implies, to cast off Idleness! than which, to the Generality of Mankind, there is not I believe a much heavier Burthen.

But if we look a little deeper into this Matter, we shall find that there is implanted in our Nature a great Love of Business, and an equal Abhorrence of Idleness. This discovers itself very early in Children; most of whom, as I have observed, are never better pleased than when they are employed by their Elders.

The same Disposition we may perceive in Men; in those particularly to whom Fortune hath made Business unnecessary, and whom Nature very plainly appears never to have

designed for any. And yet how common is it to see these Men playing at Business, if I may use the Expression, and pleasing themselves all their Lives with the Imagination that they are not idle!

From this busy Temper may be derived almost all the Works with which great Men have obliged the World. Hence it was that the great Artifix Nero arrived at so great Skill, as he himself tells us he did, in Music; to which he applied with such unwearied Industry on the Stage, that several Persons counterfeited Death, in order to be carried out of the Theatre from hearing him.

If Domitian had not been of a busy as well as a cruel Temper, he would never have employed so many Hours in the ingenious Employment of Fly-spitting, which he is supposed to have brought to the highest Degree of Perfection of which that Art is capable. Hence it is so many industrious Critics have spent their Lives *in all such Reading as was never read*, as Mr. Pope hath it; witness the laborious, and all-read Dr. Zachary Grey, who to compile those wonderful Notes to his Hudibras, must have ransacked not only all the Stalls, but all the Trunks and Bandboxes in the World.

Didymus the Grammarian was another Labourer of this Kind. Seneca tells us, 'that he writ 4000 Books; in some of which he enquires into the Country of Homer; in others, who was the true Mother of Æneas; whether Anacreon loved wenching or drinking most; whether Sappho was a common Prostitute;' with other such Learning, with which, if you had already stuffed your Head, your Study ought to be how to get it out again.

Tiberius, wise as he was in Policy, had a great Inclination to this Kind of Knowledge. He pursued it, says Suetonius, '*usq; ad ineptias & derisum, &c. to a Degree of Folly and Ridicule*: For he used to ask the Grammarians, of whose Company he was very fond, such Kind of Questions as these. Who was the Mother of Hecuba? By what Name

‘Achilles past among the Daughters of Lycomedes? What Songs the Syrens used to sing? &c.’

Cardinal Chigi, who was afterwards Pope Alexander the Seventh, was a Genius of this Kind. He proclaimed a public Prize for that learned Man who could find a Latin Word for the Word *Chaize*. He likewise spent seven or eight Days in searching whether *Musca*, a *Fly*, came from Mosco, or Mosco from *Musca*. De Retz, from whose Memoirs I have taken this Story, says that he had formerly discovered that the Cardinal was *Homme de Minutiis*; for that the said Cardinal, in a Discourse on the Studies of his Youth, had told De Retz that he had writ two Years with the same Pen.

I cannot omit the excellent Remark of my Author, tho’ not to my present Purpose. ‘It is true, says he, this is but a Trifle; but I have often observed, that little Things afford us truer Symptoms of the Dispositions of Men, than great ones.’¹

What but the utmost Impatience of Idleness, could prompt Men to employ great Pains and Trouble, and Expence too, in making large Collections of Butterflies, Pebbles, and such other wonderful Productions; while others from the same Impatience have been no less busy in hunting after Monsters of every Kind, as if they were at Enmity with Nature, and desirous of exposing all her Errors.

The Greeks have a Word for this Industry. They call it *Κενοσπουδία*; and oftner *Πολυπραγμοσύνη*. Neither of which Words I can translate without a Periphrasis: By both is meant a vain Curiosity and Diligence in Trifles.

I make no Doubt but that the same Industry would often make a Man of a moderate Capacity a very competent Master of some notable Science, which hath made him a Proficient in some contemptible Art or rather Knack. The dextrous Juggler might have made a complete Mechanic. The same Labour, and perhaps the same Genius, which brings a Man

¹ The frequent omission of quotation marks within a passage has been noted; here the final mark is wanting, as in other instances (see I. 206).

to a Perfection at the Game of Chess, would make a great Proficiency in the Mathematics. Many a Beau might have been a Scholar, if he had consulted Books with the same Attention, with which he hath consulted a Looking-Glass; and many a Foxhunter might to his great Honour have pursued the Enemies of his Country with less Labour and with less Danger than he hath encountred in the Pursuit of Foxes.

I am almost inclined to think, that if a complete History could be eomplied of the eminent Works of the Κενόσπουδοι, *the Triflers*, it would manifestly appear, that more Labour and Pains, more Time (I had almost said more Genius) have been employed in the Service of Folly, than have been employed by the greatest Men in inventing and perfecting the most erudite and eonsummate Works of Art or Wisdom.

I will conclude this Paper with a Passage from the excellent and truly learned Dr. Barrow.

‘Aliud agere, to be impertinently busy, doing that which ‘conduceth to no good Purpose, is in some respect worse than ‘to do nothing, or to forbear all Action: For it is a positive ‘Abuse of our Faculties, and triffling with God’s Gifts; ’tis ‘a throwing away Labour and Care, things valuable in themselves; ’tis often a running out of the Way, which is worse ‘than standing still; ’tis a debasing our Reason, and declining ‘from our Manhood; nothing being more foolish or childish, ‘than to be solicitous and serious about Trifles: For who are ‘more busy and active than Children? Who are fuller of ‘Thoughts and Designs, or more eager in Prosecution of ‘them than they? But all is about ridiculous Toys, the ‘Shadows of Business, suggested to them by apish Curiosity ‘and Imitation, Of such Industry we may understand that ‘of the Preacher, *The Labour of the Foolish wearieth every one of them*; for that a Man soon will be weary of that ‘Labour which yeldeth no Profit or beneficial Return.’

C.

Proceedings at the Court of Censorial Enquiry, &c.

*The Censor was pleased to deliver himself
as follows.*

‘I have perused a Book called, THE FEMALE QUIXOTE,
‘or THE ADVENTURES OF ARABELLA; and I shall give
‘my Opinion of it with no less Sincerity than Candour.

‘This is an Imitation of the famous Romance of Cervantes
‘called *The Life and Actions of that ingenious Gentleman*
‘*Don Quixote of the Mancha*, &c. A Work originally written
‘in Spanish, and which hath been translated into most of the
‘Languages, and admired in most of the Countries in Europe.

‘I will here very frankly declare my Opinion in what
‘Particulars the Imitation falls short; in what it equals, and
‘in what it excels its illustrious Original.

‘In the first Place, Cervantes hath the Advantage of being
‘the Original; and consequently is intitled to that Honour
‘of Invention, which can never be attributed to any Copy
‘however excellent. An Advantage which Homer will always
‘claim, and which is perhaps the only one that he can claim,
‘over Virgil and Milton.

‘In the next Place Cervantes is to be considered as an
‘Author who intended not only the Diversion, but the
‘Instruction and Reformation of his Countrymen: With this
‘Intention he levelled his Ridicule at a vicious Folly, which
‘in his Time universally prevailed in Spain, and had almost
‘converted a civilized People in a Nation of Cut-throats.

‘In this Design he imitated the three glorious Poets I have
‘mentioned. The first of whom placed the particular Good
‘of Greece, the second the Honour of Rome, and the third
‘the great Cause of Christianity before their Eyes, when they
‘planned their several Poems. And the Success of none of
‘them was perhaps equal to that of Cervantes.

‘Here again the Spanish Romance hath the Advantage of
‘the English.

‘Thirdly, the Character of Don Quixote himself, as well

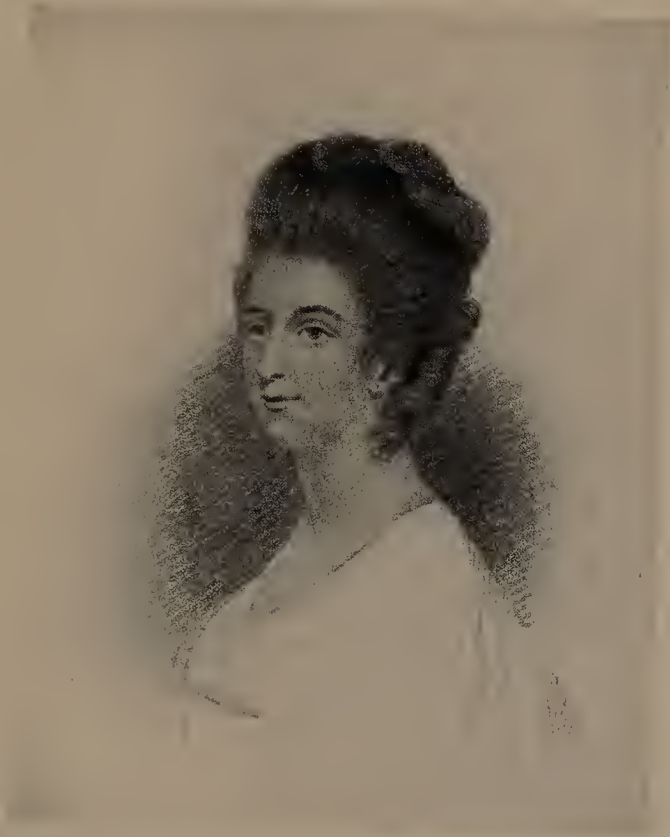
‘as that of Sancho Pancha, are superior to those of Arabella
‘and her Maid.

‘Fourthly, some of the Incidents in the Original are more
‘exquisitely ridiculous than any which we find in the Copy.
‘And those I think, are all the Particulars in which an
‘impartial Critic can give the Preference to the Spaniard.
‘And as to the two last, I cannot help observing, they may
‘possibly be rather owing to that Advantage, which the
‘Actions of Men give to the Writer beyond those of Women,
‘than to any Superiority of Genius. Don Quixote is ridicu-
‘lous in performing Feats of Absurdity himself; Arabella
‘can only become so, in provoking and admiring the Absurdi-
‘ties of others. In the former Case, the Ridicule hath all the
‘Force of a Representation; it is in a Manner subjected to
‘the Eyes; in the latter it is conveyed, as it were, through our
‘Ears, and partakes of the Coldness of History or Narration.

‘I come now to speak of those Parts in which the two
‘Authors appear to me upon an Equality. So they seem to
‘be in that Care which both have taken to preserve the
‘Affection of their Readers for their principal Characters,
‘in the midst of all the Follies of which they are guilty.
‘Both Characters are accordingly represented as Persons of
‘good Sense, and of great natural Parts, and in all Cases,
‘except one, of a very sound Judgement, and what is much
‘more endearing, as Persons of great Innocence, Integrity
‘and Honour, and of the highest Benevolence. Again the
‘Fidelity and Simplicity of Sancho Pancha, are well matched
‘by these Qualities in Arabella’s Handmaid. Tho’ as I have
‘before observed, I do not think the Character of Sancho is
‘here equalled. It is perhaps a Masterpiece in Humour of
‘which we never have, nor ever shall see the like.

‘There are probably more Instances under this Head, which
‘I shall leave to the discerning Reader. I will proceed in the
‘last Place to those Particulars, in which, I think, our
‘Countrywoman hath excelled the Spanish Writer.

‘And this I am not afraid to declare, she hath done in my
‘Opinion, in all the following Particulars.



MRS. CHARLOTTE LENNOX

‘First, as we are to grant in both Performances, that the
‘Head of a very sensible Person is entirely subverted by
‘reading Romances, this Concession seems to me more easy
‘to be granted in the Case of a young Lady than of an old
‘Gentleman. Nor can I help observing with what perfect
‘Judgment and Art this Subversion of Brain in Arabella
‘is accounted for by her peculiar Circumstances, and Educa-
‘tion. To say Truth, I make no Doubt but that most young
‘Women of the same Vivacity, and of the same innocent good
‘Disposition, in the same Situation, and with the same Studies,
‘would be able to make a large Progress in the same Follies.

‘Secondly, the Character of Arabella is more endearing
‘than that of Quixote. This will undoubtedly be the Case
‘between a beautiful young Lady and an old Fellow, where
‘equal Virtues in both become Candidates for our Favour.

‘Thirdly, the Situation of Arabella is more interesting.
‘Our Hearts are engaged very early in good Wishes for the
‘Success of Mr. Glanville; a Character entirely well drawn,
‘as are indeed many others; for in this Particular, the
‘English Author hath doubtless the Preference.

‘Fourthly, here is a regular Story, which, tho’ possibly
‘it is not pursued with that Epic Regularity which would
‘give it the Name of an Action, comes much nearer to that
‘Perfection than the loose unconnected Adventures in Don
‘Quixote; of which you may transverse the Order as you
‘please, without any Injury to the whole.

‘Fifthly, the Incidents, or, if you please, the Adventures,
‘are much less extravagant and incredible in the English
‘than in the Spanish Performance. The latter, in many
‘Instances, approaches very near to the Romances which he
‘ridicules. Such are the Stories of Cardenio and Dorothea,
‘Ferdinand and Lucinda, &c. In the former, there is nothing
‘except the Absurdities of the Heroine herself, which is
‘carried beyond Common-Life; nor is there any Thing even
‘in her Character, which the Brain a little distempered may
‘not account for. She conceives indeed somewhat prepos-
‘terously of the Ranks and Conditions of Men; that is to say,

'mistakes one Man for another; but never advances towards
'the Absurdity of imagining Windmills and Wine-Bags to
'be human Creatures, or Flocks of Sheep to be Armies.

'I might add more on this Subject, but I will pursue it no
'further; having already, I apprehend, given a larger Dose
'to Malice, Envy, and Ignorance, than they will care to
'swallow; but I cannot omit observing, that tho' the Humour
'of Romance, which is principally ridiculed in this Work, be
'not at present greatly in fashion in this Kingdom, our Author
'hath taken such Care throughout her Work, to expose all
'those Vices and Follies in her Sex which are chiefly pre-
'dominant in our Days, that it will afford very useful Lessons
'to all those young Ladies who will peruse it with proper
'Attention.

'Upon the whole, I do very earnestly recommend it, as a
'most extraordinary and most excellent Performance. It is
'indeed a Work of true Humour, and cannot fail of giving
'a rational, as well as very pleasing, Amusement to a sensible
'Reader, who will at once be instructed and very highly
'diverted. Some Faults perhaps there may be, but I shall
'leave the unpleasing Task of pointing them out to those
'who will have more Pleasure in the Office. This Caution,
'however, I think proper to premise, that no Persons presume
'to find many: For if they do, I promise them, the Critic and
'not the Author *will be to blame*.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1752. Numb. 25.

— *Video meliora, probog;
Deteriora sequor.* VIRG.

*I see and approve the Road to the Right;
Yet follow the left, with all my might.*

Tho' I know not well what to make of the following Letter,
I shall however give it to the Reader, who may perhaps see
farther into it than I am able; especially as it hath had the

Approbation of a Friend of mine, of whose Judgment I have the highest Opinion.

Mr. *Censor*,

AS I am a great Lover of Fruit, I never go to a Friend's House in the Country without paying an immediate Visit to his Kitchen Garden. To say Truth, there is nothing in the most elegant Beauties of Chiswick, or Stow, which gives me equal Delight with seeing Walls well lined with Peaches, Nectarines, Cherries, Plumbs, and such like; or Rows of fine Standards bowing to the Ground with the Weight of their Burden.

From this Humour of mine, I felt a very sensible Mortification the last Summer, at a Visit which I made to a Gentleman about twenty Miles from Town, whose Garden is one of the most delicious I ever saw. Here are no Evergreens, nor Forest-Trees; no Ground wasted in Walks, Lawns, Mounts, and such like. No, Sir, in this Garden which consists of about two Acres of Land, is the choicest Collection of Fruits, that is perhaps to be found in the Spot of the same Bigness in Europe; and particularly of Cherries, a Fruit of which I am above measure fond.

Guess then, Mr. *Censor*, what was my Concern, when upon my walking in this Garden, I perceived on all the Trees as well Wall-Trees, as Standards, the Shocks of a Devastation scarce credible. Insomuch, that from a hundred of the finest Cherry-Trees in the World, I believe it was scarce possible to fill a single Bushel with that Fruit, tho' all the Children in London might have loaded themselves with Cherry-stones, to their Heart's Content.

The Master of the Place, who was then with me, perceiving my Vexation prevented my expressing it, by saying, 'You see, Sir, what a dreadful Havock the Birds have made in my Garden. I do indeed, Sir, answered I, and am no less surprized than vexed at the Sight. I have endeavoured all I can to prevent it, replied he. You must perceive that I have

‘hung up the Carcasses of several of them in Terrorem, and
‘you see that Clacker there upon the Top of the Wall which
‘the Wind turns round all Day long. It is visible enough,
‘says I, Sir; and so are four or five Blackbirds, the wickedest
‘of all Felons, which are playing just by it, as if they enjoyed
‘the Noise and treated it with Derision.

‘It is very true, replied my Friend, I am apt to believe
‘they are not frightened in the least by all this: For I think
‘they plunder my Garden every Year more and more; but
‘still my Gardeners go on in their old Way, they now and
‘then indeed shoot one or two; but in Fact, I believe they
‘love *singing Birds*, and are unwilling to destroy the Breed.
‘Some Time ago a Gentleman was here, who is as fond of
‘Fruit as yourself, and equally lamented the Depredations
‘of the Birds. This Gentleman, continued my Friend,
‘acquainted us, with the Methods which he had taken in his
‘own Gardens with Success. First he had observed, he said,
‘that the destroying a single Bird now and then, was only
‘throwing away Powder and Shot, and produced no Manner
‘of Terror among the rest. He therefore had ordered the
‘Magistrates of his Garden (so he called his Gardeners, for
‘he is a comical Man) to be very diligent and attentive for
‘a Month together, so as not to let a single Thief escape.
‘This he said produced the desired Effect, and the Thieves
‘in a great Measure forsook the Place. Again, said he, as
‘I had observed, that the Clacker which I had exposed
‘publicly, availed but little, I contrived a Piece of Mechanism
‘which should operate by Means of Clockwork. This I
‘conveyed into the Middle of a thick Ivy Bush, where being
‘wound up at certain Times, it discharged a dreadful Report,
‘which was heard all over the Garden; and spread a Terror
‘among all the feathered Felons beyond Conception, which
‘I am convinced was much encreased by its not being seen.
‘This Hint the Gentleman said, he had first taken from
‘observing the very slight Impression which was made on
‘the Minds of Men by the public Execution of Felons, and
‘from imagining to himself the much greater Horrors which

‘would be inspired by the Report of their being put to death
‘in the Presence only of the Officers of Justice.’

So far, Mr. Censor, my Friend related from this unknown Gentleman, and added that he had acquainted his Gardeners with this Advice, who seemed to give very little Attention to it. That one of them answered with a Kind of Indignation, ‘What, Master, do you think we are to be taught our Trade ‘by every Fool! I have been a Gardener these forty Years, ‘and my Father was of the same Business forty Years before; ‘and I never saw, nor ever heard of any such Thing to be ‘done. Besides the Gentleman is a jesting Kind of a Gentleman, and to be sure knows nothing of the Matter. A likely ‘Business truly, that if the Birds are not frightened by seeing ‘the Clacker before their Eyes, they would be frightened by ‘only hearing it. But the Gentleman is only in Jest, as ‘appears by what he says about hanging Men in a public ‘Manner. Why are Men hanged, but in order to frighten ‘other Folks? And how can that be, if Folks can’t see them ‘hanged. It is true this will not do always; for I remember ‘Mr. Johnson that used to work with me, was a dear Lover ‘of going to see a Hanging-Bout; and he was hanged himself ‘last Year for the Highway; but that argues nothing, for so ‘he might have been, if he never seen the Gallows before. ‘And then as for killing all the singing Birds—to be sure ‘it would be Matter of great Cruelty, and I would not do it ‘for all the Fruit in the World. Six or seven now and then, ‘there is no great Matter in killing; but I would not quite ‘destroy the Breed neither.

‘Such, cries my Friend, were the Arguments of my ‘Gardener, which were perhaps as little satisfactory to me, ‘as they will be to you. But what is to be done? To be done, ‘answered I! Why, will you not try the Experiment, since ‘it appears so very unreasonable? will you suffer your Garden ‘to be spoiled, and all the Fruit carried away by these Vermin, ‘which you plainly see your present Methods will never ‘extirpate or terrify? I am afraid that must be the Case, ‘answered my Friend, nor will there be any Thing very

'extraordinary in it, if it should. How common is it in Life
'to suffer great Inconveniencies, as well in public as in private
'Affairs, by adhering with the Obstinacy of those Gardeners
'to Habits which have no *other Sanction* but that of Custom?
'How often do we continue to do certain Things for no other
'Reason but that ourselves and our Ancestors have been used
'so to do, when by pursuing a contrary Method, it is very
'visible we should avoid some experienced Evil, or attain
'some very apparent Good. But, indeed, my good Friend,
'said he, they know but little of the World who conclude that
'Men will or can always embrace what they perceive to be
'good, tho' it should be ever so much within their Reach, and
'should cost them nothing to come at it. We do great Injury
'to the Masters of Families or of Kingdoms, if we conceive
'that they do not often approve and affect right Measures,
'when they are obliged to pursue the contrary. The various
'Humours, Tempers, and Interests which both are oblig'd to
'consult, if they will not be Tyrants, often divert their wisest
'Purposes. I will tell you a short Story which may illustrate
'my Meaning better than the largest Dissertation. I once
'knew a Gentleman, whose House consisted of two Rooms
'below Stairs. The one was very large and commodious, the
'other small and inconvenient. He was a very hospitable
'Person, an excellent Companion, and had frequently several
'Friends to dine at his House, whom he constantly enter-
'tained in his lesser Apartment, by which they were often
'put to much Inconvenience. His Humour surprized many of
'his Acquaintances, and myself among the rest, as it appeared
'so very singular and unreasonable. One Day upon a Hint
'received from me, in a very intimate Conversation, he
'assigned the Cause of his Conduct. I wonder not said he,
'that you express your Surprize on this Occasion; for
'certainly it must seem very strange, that any Man will
'suffer Uneasiness himself, or give it to his Friends when
'the Redress is so very easy. You are to know then, that the
'Furniture of my large Room is very rich and valuable; and
'you know likewise, that I have a favourite Wife, who hath

‘two favourite Lap-Dogs that are never from her, and that, without Ceremony, perform all the Offices of Nature in her Sight. They are both extremely old, and she hath promised they shall have no Successors ’till their Deaths; therefore I am contented to lose the Benefit of the best Part of my House, rather than disoblige my Wife, or spoil my Furniture. Here you see a whole Family suffering a Grievance for the sake of two worthless Puppies, from which I desire to draw no other Conclusion than that I am not the only silly Fellow in the World.’

From what he said, as well as from his Manner of speaking, and from the Confusion which he betray’d in his Countenance, I saw he was ashamed of his Conduct in suffering the Obstinacy of his Gardener to destroy his Fruit, and therefore immediately changed the Subject to something else. When I reflected on this Scene, I thought a Moral might be drawn from it, not unworthy the Notice of the Censor. It is therefore at your Service, and do with it as you please.

I am,

SIR, &c.

C.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1752. Numb. 26.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite, posteri)
Nymphasque discentes, et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.*

HOR.

See the Translation at the End.

WHOEVER can contemplate any one of our capital dramatic Pieces, and attend to the several Excellencies which adorn it; the serious, the facetious, the pathetic, the terrible, and (what is above all) the sententious, the moral, and the

rational. — Whoever (I say) can contemplate all these Beauties, and mark how wonderfully they conspire in some single Performance, will not be surprized that not above ONE SHAKESPEAR should arise in a Century, and that when he comes he comes like a Prodigy of the better Sort, where Nature (according to the Phrase of a great Philosopher) may be said *to have outdone her usual Outdoings*.

Should my Readers ask me to what Purpose this Observation? I must answer, 'tis to prove what they would have owned perhaps without the Help of proving, viz. that *to write capital dramatic Pieces, is not a Gift vouchsafed by Providence to the Multitude*.

I may descend even lower. 'Tis no common Gift, no mean Accomplishment, to be able TO ACT *them* with an Accuracy suitable to their intrinsic Merit. So rare is it to find a Man endowed with the natural Eminencies of Mind and Body (for both must concur) to form a perfect Actor, that I suppose it will hardly be denied that where one is born fit to rival a *Garrick* or a *Quin*, many hundreds are qualified for passable Justices, for grave Doctors in any one of the Faculties; not to say thousands for Captains, Foxhunters, Stage-Coachmen, &c.

As far then as this, I take for granted, I go on Hand in Hand with my Readers. They will readily agree with me, that with Respect to dramatic Pieces, few are formed for *Actors*, and fewer still for *Writers*; I mean for such Actors, and such Writers, as may be truly said to approach the Standard of Perfection.

But from henceforward I fear we shall dissent. Tho' few think themselves qualified for Writers or Actors, yet all think themselves qualified to be adequate HEARERS: This is a Matter in which they have seldom any Scruples.

Now for my own Part, if I might venture to oppose so formidable a Body as the Multitude, and that in a Case which immediately affects them; I think there are so very few capable of being those Hearers which they fancy themselves,

that take a thousand of¹ human Race that have none of them lost their Ears, and 'tis well if there be ten among them *who have really Ears to hear*. That they have the outward and visible Organs, I freely admit; so to have other Animals.— Nay, some of them possess these natural Insignia in a much more noble and enlarged Form, than the mightiest and most august among Men can pretend to. Yet 'tis plain, this is not enough. Were we to recite Hamlet or Othello to these venerable Quadrupeds, I fear we should be sentenced to lose our Labour. In short, what I would assert is this, that Ears alone are no more sufficient to make a Hearer, than a Fiddle alone is sufficient to make a Fiddler.

What then (says one) is sufficient? — The Answer to this Question will more easily explain itself; in other Words, we shall be better able to shew who are truly and properly Hearers, if we consider *who in every Audience have no Pretensions to this Character*.

When Mr. Handel first exhibited his Allegro and Penseroso, there were two ingenious Gentlemen who had bought a Book of the Words, and thought to divert themselves by reading it before the Performance began. *Zounds* (cried one of them) *what damn'd Stuff this is!* — *Damn'd Stuff indeed*, replied his Friend. *God so!* (replied the other, who then first cast his Eyes on the Title-Page) *the Words are Milton's*.

It happened some Years since, that a low Farce was to be acted for the first Time after *Ben Johnson's Alchymist*. Two Heroes in the Boxes, had come there with an Intent to amuse themselves in damning the Farce. As their Attention to the Play had been taken off by their own more sublime Conversation, together with that of the Ladies who dispense Oranges, they unluckily took the End of the Play for the Beginning of the Farce, and set to hissing with the Voice not of Serpents but of Geese. The House was amazed; nor were they less amazed themselves, not to hear their Musick kindly returned by their Brother-Heroes in the Pit. In short, the Riddle was

¹ See I. 155. 22, and footnote.

not solved, 'till one who sat near them, informed them that the Play was not yet over, and of course the Farce not yet begun. This a little discomposed them, but they soon comforted themselves by observing *'twas but a musty Piece of old Johnson's, and so it did not much signify.*

There are many more such Stories to be collected. I shall, however, not dwell on a few Individuals, but pass to a common Practice of whole Crouds together. Whoever hath attended our Theatres, and seen our best Plays acted, must have heard many an exquisite Speech of the sedater Kind, delivered most exactly by an accomplished Actor, pass off unregarded in a Kind of cold Silence; while the empty Vociferation of some wretched Performer, hath been soon after rewarded with a thundering Clap of Approbation. One would imagine in such Case, that the Audience looked on the Actor as a Kind of Rival to themselves, and that they were desirous to shew him they could be louder than he was; or rather, (to give the Thing a more benevolent Explanation) that they were ambitious to pay him in his own Way, and generously to reward him with what he seemed so to delight in.

The Conclusion is, that none of these have Ears to hear; that to be a *real Hearer*, there must be SENSE, JUDGMENT, WISDOM, DISCERNMENT, call it as you please; and that not only in *Writing*, and in *Acting*, but that in HEARING too,

—SAPERE est principium et fons.

Another Circumstance which disqualifies Persons for *Hearers*, is *the Want of Attention*, or at least *the Want of proper Attention*. This Defect has no small Connection with our first Defect, *the Want of Judgment and Wisdom*, tho' sufficiently distinct to merit a separate Consideration.

I remember I was once present at a theatrical Entertainment of the graver Kind, which was very excellent. The Audience were giving it much the same Attention as is given to the reading of Depositions and Affidavits, when lo! an unfortunate Cat made her Appearance and ran across the

Stage. Pit, Box, and Gallery, in an Instant sympathized; their Attention became fixed to the same admirable Point; a louder Laugh never arose among Homer's Gods; nor did I ever remember the best Scenes in the Rehearsal to produce half so much Delight. That there are Facts of like Kind which happen every Week at the Theatres, I appeal to the Experience of those who frequent them.

When any fine Set of Company make their Appearance in the Boxes, a Scene commonly passes away before they have taken their Places. Another Scene goes off while the Bows and Curt'seys are exchanging. Then begin the Comments upon Persons and Dresses, which commonly last 'till the Play is at an End, and would last were it to begin and be acted over again, the Voice of the Actors having the same Effect upon these Talkers, as the Sound of human Voices hath upon Canary-Birds and Parrots.

There is one Species of Inattention which is something peculiar, and that is Inattention arising from the Performance itself; when a Person takes Occasion from some trivial Incident (a Phrase, a Gesture, an Accent, or the like) to enter into a heavy and prolix Dissertation; to the no small Grievance of his rational Neighbour, whom he compels by addressing him to feed upon Husks, while a Banquet is before him of the most exquisite Kind. A dull Digresser of this Sort is not unlike an old Woman at Church, turning to her Book for the Text as soon as the Preacher hath named it; where, if the Chapter happen to be mistaken, the Spectacles to be clouded, or the Leaf to be torn out, 'tis a Chance the Sermon is half over before she hath heard a single Syllable.

The Conclusion is like the former; that those *who cannot attend*, or at least *cannot attend properly*, have not *Ears to hear*; and that of course to be A REAL HEARER, there must not only be UNDERSTANDING, but just and adequate ATTENTION.

The *last* and by far the most blameable Obstacle to becoming a real Hearer, is the *Want of Candour and Humanity*; when the Sneer, the Grin, the Hoot, and the Horse-laugh, are

kept in readiness, like Troops, to appear at a Moment's Warning, and raise ungenerous Triumphs on the most iniquitous Occasions.

There are a Race of Mortals in this Country, who go by the Name of *Bucks*. On what Pretence they usurp the Name of that noble Animal, 'tis hard to say, there being both Beasts and Birds of very Different Species, by whose Names they would be much more aptly characterized. Be this however as it will, *Bucks* they are called. There are also two Species of Laughter; one derived from a free and social Spirit, which thro' every Part of it is harmless and inoffensive; the other, founded on Insolence and Pride, and which is Gall and Bitterness from Beginning to End. 'Tis to this last Species of Laughter, that the Bucks are commonly prone. I have beheld a Herd of these, at the most serious Scenes of a fine Tragedy, laugh with such an insolent Loudness, that the Audience who were all Attention, have not been able to hear a Word.

And what hath been the Occasion? — A stupid Witticism of their own upon the Performance; such a Witticism, as a Merry-Andrew of Reputation would have been ashamed of. These same Bucks have I seen stand the high Humour of Falstaff, with as much Insensibility, as if they had not been *Bucks*, but *Pigs of Lead*. Indeed, so great is their Dulness, so incorrigible their Insolence; so ready is their malevolent Grin to display itself on every Occasion; such Enemies are they to all that is decent, to all that is orderly, to all that is even elegant and truly polite; that if ever Knight-Errants were to arise again, I could wish they would arise, to extirpate this Race; to drive them from the Face of the Earth; to force them, after the Greek Phrase, εἰς κόρακας, after the English, *to the Dogs*. That such as these are no *Hearers*, is past Dispute. They have not only no *Ears* to hear; but they have neither *Heads* to hear, nor *Hearts* to hear. Humanity and Candour are Strangers to their Breasts.

Let us mark the Audience, described by Horace, in the Motto to this Paper. *I saw* (says he) *Bacchus in the remote*

Rocks teaching Verses; I saw the Nymphs learning, and the Ears of the goat-footed Satyrs erect. How different as to its Behaviour is this antique Audience from a modern one? For tho' the *British Fair* may be well said to equal the fairest Nymphs of Antiquity, and tho' our Beaus with their grotesque Visages most exactly resemble the Satyrs; yet 'tis to be feared our Ladies seldom attend (like the Nymphs) *so as to learn*; and that our Beaus seldom prick up their Ears, to listen (like the Satyrs) to any Thing, worth Attention.

The Conclusion of the whole is, *that to make a perfect Hearer there must be three Things concur; that is to say, JUDGMENT, ATTENTION, and HUMANITY.*

S.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1752. Numb. 27.

— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, Et non potuisse reselli.*

OVID.

'Tis true 'tis Pity, and Pity 'tis, 'tis true.

OF all the Oppressions which the Rich are guilty of, there seems to be none more impudent and unjust than their Endeavour to rob the Poor of a Title, which is most clearly the Property of the latter. Not contented with all the Honorables, Worshipfuls, Reverends, and a thousand other proud Epithets which they exact of the Poor, and for which they give in Return nothing but Dirt, Scrub, Mob, and such like, they have laid violent Hands on a Word, to which they have not the least Pretence or Shadow of any Title.

The Word I mean is the Comparative of the Adjective Good, namely BETTER, or as it is usually expressed in the Plural Number BETTERS. An Appellative which all the Rich usurp to themselves, and most shamefully use when they speak of, or to the Poor: For do we not every Day hear

such Phrases as these. *Do not be saucy to your BETTERS. Learn to behave yourself before your BETTERS. Pray know your BETTERS, &c.*

It is possible that *the Rich* have been so long in Possession of this, that they may now lay a Kind of prescriptive Claim to the Property; but however that be, I doubt not but to make it appear, that if the Word Better is to be understood as the Comparative of *Good*, and is meant to convey an Idea of superior Goodness, it is with the highest Impropriety applied to the Rich, in Comparison with the Poor.

And this I the rather undertake, as the Usurpation which I would obviate, hath produced a very great Mischief in Society; for the Poor having been deceived into an Opinion (for monstrous as it is, such an Opinion hath prevailed) that the Rich are their Betters, have been taught to honour, and of Consequence to imitate the Examples of those, whom they ought to have despised; while the Rich on the contrary are misled into a false Contempt of what they ought to respect, and by this Means lose all the Advantage which they might draw from contemplating *the exemplary Lives* of these their *real Betters*.

First then let us imagine to ourselves, a Person wallowing in Wealth, and lolling in his Chariot, his Mind torn with Ambition, Avarice, Envy, and every other bad Passion, and his Brain distracted with Schemes to deceive and supplant some other Man, to cheat his Neighbour or perhaps the Public, what a glorious Use might such a Person derive to himself, as he is rolled through the Outskirts of the Town by due Meditations, on the Lives of those who dwell in Stalls and Cellars! What a noble Lesson of true Christian Patience and Contentment may such a Person learn from his Betters, who enjoy the highest Cheerfulness in their poor Condition; their Minds being disturbed by no unruly Passion, nor their Heads by any racking Cares!

Where again shall we look for an Example of Temperance? In the stinking Kitchens of the Rich, or under the humble Roofs of the Poor? Where for Prudence but among those

who have the fewest Desires? Where for Fortitude, but among those who have every natural Evil to struggle with?

In Modesty, I think, there will be little Difficulty in knowing where we are to find our Betters: For to this Virtue there can be nothing more diametrically opposite than Pride. Whenever therefore we observe Persons stretching up their Heads and looking with an Air of Contempt on all around them, we may be well assured there is no Modesty there. Indeed I never yet heard it enumerated among all the bad Qualities of an Oyster-woman or a Cinder-Wench, that *she had a great deal of Pride*, and consequently there is at least a Possibility that such may have a great Deal of Modesty, whereas it is absolutely impossible that those to whom much Pride belongs, should have any Tincture of its opposite Virtue.

Nor are the Pretensions of these same Betters less strongly supported in that most exalted Virtue of Justice, witness the daily Examples which they give of it in their own Persons. When a Man was punished for his Crimes the Greeks said that he *gave Justice*. Now this is a Gift almost totally confined to the Poor, and it is a Gift, which they very seldom fail of making as often as there is any very pressing Occasion. Who can remember to have seen a rich Man whipt at the Cart's Tail! And how seldom (I am sorry to say it) are such exalted to the Pillory, or sentenced to Transportation! And as for the more reputable, namely the capital Punishments, how rarely do we see them executed on the Rich! Whereas their Betters, to their great Honour be it spoken, do very constantly make all these Gifts of Justice to the Society, which the other Part have it much more in their Power to serve by shewing the same Regard to this Virtue.

As for Chastity, it is a Matter which I shall handle with great Delicacy and Tenderness, as it principally concerns that lovely Part of the Creation, for whom I have the sincerest Regard. On this Head therefore, I shall only whisper, that if our Ladies of Fashion were sometimes for Variety only to take a Ride through St. Giles's, they might find *Something*

in the Air there as wholesome as in that of Hanover or Grosvenor-Square.

It may perhaps, be objected to what I have hitherto advanced, that I have ONLY mentioned the Cardinal Virtues, which, (possibly from the popish Epithet assigned to them) are at present held in so little Repute, that no Man is conceived to be the better for possessing them, or the worse for wanting them. I will now therefore proceed to a Matter so necessary to the genteel Character; that a superior Degree of Excellence in it hath been universally allowed by all Gentlemen, in the most essential Manner, to constitute *our Betters*.

My sagacious Reader, I make no Doubt, already perceives I am going to mention Decency, the Characteristic, as it is commonly thought, of a Gentleman; and perhaps it formerly was so; but at present it is so far otherwise, that, if our People of Fashion will examine the Matter fairly and without Prejudice, they cannot have the least Decency left, if they refuse to allow, that, in this Instance, the Mob are most manifestly their *Betters*.

Who that hath observed the Behaviour of an Audience at the Playhouse, can doubt a Moment to what Part he should give the Preference in Decency! Here indeed I must be forced, however against my Inclination, to prefer the upper Ladies (I mean those who sit in the upper Regions of the House) to the lower. Some, perhaps, may think the Pit an Exception to this Rule; but I am sorry to say, that I have received Information by some of my Spies, that the Example of the Boxes hath of late corrupted the Manners of their *Betters* in the Pit; and that several Shopkeepers Wives and Daughters have begun to interrupt the Performance, by Laughing, Tittering, Giggling, Chattering, and such like Behaviour, highly unbecoming all Persons who have any Regard to Decency: Whereas nothing of this Kind hath been imputed, as I have yet heard, to the Ladies in either Gallery, who may be truly said to be ABOVE all these Irregularities.

I readily allow, that on certain Occasions the Gentlemen

at the Top of the House are rather more vociferous than those at the Bottom: But to this I shall give three Answers; First, that the Voice of Men is stronger and louder than that of Beaus. Secondly, that on these Occasions, as at the first Night of a new Play, the Entertainment is to be considered as among the Audience, all of whom are Actors in such Scenes. Lastly, as these Entertainments all begin below-stairs, the Concurrence of the Galleries is to be attributed to the Politeness of our Betters who sit there, and to that decent Condescension which they shew in concurring with the Manners of their Inferiors.

Nor do these, our Betters, give us Examples of Decency in their own Persons only; they take the utmost Care to preserve Decency in their Inferiors, and are a Kind of Deputies to the Censor in all public Places. Who is it that prevents the Stage being crowded with grotesque Figures, a Mixture of the Human with the Baboon Species? Who (I say) but the Mob? The Gentlemen in the Boxes observe always the profoundest Tranquility on all such Occasions; but no sooner doth one of these Apparitions present its frightful Figure before the Scenes, than the Mob, *from their profound Regard to Decency*, are sure to command him OFF.

And should any Persons of Fashion in the Boxes, expose themselves to public Notice by any indecent Particularities of Behaviour; from whom would they receive immediate Correction and Admonishment, but from the Mob who are (for this Purpose perhaps) placed over them?

Was it not for this tender Care of Decency in the Mob, who knows what Spectacles the Desire of Novelty and Distinction would often exhibit in our Streets? For let Persons be guilty of the highest Enormities of this Kind, they may meet a hundred People of Fashion without receiving a single Rebuke. But the Mob never fail to express their Indignation on all Indecencies of this Kind: And it is, perhaps, the Awe of the Mob alone which prevents People of Condition, as they call themselves, from becoming more egregious Apes

than they are, of all the extravagant Modes and Follies of Europe.

Thus, I think, I have fully proved what I undertook to prove. I do not pretend to say, that the Mob have no Faults; perhaps they have many. I assert *no more* than this, that they are in all laudable Qualities very greatly superior to those who have hitherto, with much Injustice, pretended to look down upon them.

In this Attempt I may perhaps have given Offence to some of the inferior Sort, but I am contented with the Assurance of having espoused the Cause of Truth; and in so doing, I am well convinced *I shall please all who are REALLY MY BETTERS.*

A.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1752. Numb. 28.

———— Πένθος

Δὲ πιτνεῖ Βαρὺ

Κρεσσόνων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν.

Ζῶει μὲν ἐν Οὐλμπίοις,

PIND. OLYMP.

*No more let Grief bewail the Doom of
Fate;
In Heav'n he lives! How glorious the
Exchange!*

THE following Elegy on the late Prince of Wales, should have been published the Middle of last Month, had it not been unfortunately mislaid. This we hope will be a sufficient Apology to the ingenious Author; our Readers, we doubt not, will thank us for giving it them at any Time.

At Frederick's Shrine, near Thame's imperial Strand,
Their Vigils all the sacred Choir shall keep;
Mute o'er his Urn a mournful Train shall stand,
And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Virtue weep.

To dress the Spot where rests his princely Shade,
Fresh Garlands from the Plains each Swain shall bring;
From deep'ning Vale, and Woodland high, each Maid
Shall strip the flow'ry Bosom of the Spring,
There too the graver Patriot, good and old,
Shall come, and stoop to Earth his streaming Cheek;
And, as he kneels to kiss, the hallow'd Mold
Shall mourn, in "Words that weep, and Tears that speak"!
Mean Time the Clouds shall drop their wat'ry Head,
The South and Western Breeze shall jointly blow;
And wide, upon their spicy Pinions spread
The Sweets that issue from his Tomb below.

Ah me! the Swans that sail'd in stately Pride,
And whilom stopt by Kew's lov'd Vale to sing;
How slow and sad they row along the Tide!
How droop their Necks beneath their faded Wing!
For now, since Fate the cruel Arrow sped,
Sad Change befalls the Scenes that charm'd before;
The parting Genius of the Plains is fled,
The Fauns, and Dryad Train are seen no more:
The Nereids sigh beneath their coral Cave,
Their Sea-green Wreathes in rude Disorder torn;
The Bird of Calm forsakes the troubl'd Wave,
The Groves and Springs, and all their Echoe's mourn.

From this sad Hour to many a future Day,
As led by Love to drop a pious Tear;
The Stranger takes his solitary Way,
Thro' these blest Haunts to old Remembrance dear:
The village Hind that wont to tread the Place,
Long Tales of his departed Lord shall tell;
With sorrowing Steps his custom'd Walks shall trace,
And point the Bow'r where most he lov'd to dwell.
"Beneath this Beech, beside that hallow'd Stream,
"Oft with his Lyre he hail'd the op'ning Year;
"And still th' harmonious Strains, and pleasing Theme,
"Hang musical on ev'ry Shepherd's Ear.
"Oft fir'd to nobler Views, with godlike Mind,
"He sought yon poplar Shade in pensive Mood;
"For Britain's Weal some Patriot Plan design'd,
"Best, firmest, Architect of public Good."

O! How we hail'd him in his mid Career!
 How dawn'd his Morn! Meridian blaz'd how bright!
 'Till envious Death deform'd the rising Year,
 In Winter's Solstice like the sudden Night!
 So thron'd in Amber Car the radiant Sun,
 All glorious mounts the purple Road of Day;
 Before his Steeds, *Life, Warmth, and Vigour* run,
 As round he pours in Tides his golden Ray:
 But see! — as down he slopes his hasty Flight,
 Dark, sudden Clouds obscure his Ev'ning-Eye;
 In dewy Mists he shrouds his shorten'd Light,
 And sets in Tears beneath the western Sky.

But you, ye Guardians of the sacred Shears
 That wheel the adamantine Spindle round;
 Long, long extend Imperial Caesar's Years,
 And spare the Thread with which his Life is wound.
 Place to the Sire's Account the just Arrear,
 Due to his Annals whose fresh Loss we mourn;
 Late may we shed for George a second Tear,
 Late may his Ashes fill their fated Urn.
 So Peace shall spread her graceful olive Shade,
 Pale Faction hang her Head and shun the Light;
 Fair Freedom bid her tow'ring Spires invade
 The Clouds, and rival Heav'n's unmeasur'd Height.
 Mean Time rich Commerce wide from Pole to Pole,
 Shall stretch her Sails, remotest Climes explore;
 And, wafted back by prosp'rous Breezes, roll
 The Wealth of either World to Albion's Shore.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Mr. *Censor*,

Pall-Mall.

Being detained in this Town a few Weeks; like an unwilling Captive on Business, the many fine Strokes of Humour with which you delineate the Vices of this Age in your new COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, soon engaged my Attention, and made me ambitious of sending you one Essay on a Subject now grown ripe for your Observation.

It is the fashionable Vice of ROUTS which has so bewitched the Hearts of many of my fair Countrywomen, (for as for the Men I leave them to themselves) that my Indignation is rais'd at an Evil, which, if not soon discountenanced, will extinguish the few glimmering Sparks of ancient Virtue, even yet twinkling amongst us. But this is not all, Routs are so polite and sacred an Entertainment that no Time is judged proper for them, but the tedious Evenings of every Sabbath, at which our pious Fair observe a stricter Course of Vigils, than the best Christians I fear at their Devotions. Indeed they plead with some Shew of Modesty, that some of them are constant Attenders of divine Service on Sunday Mornings, and therefore think the Evening may be very innocently devoted to Pleasure; but doth this comport with that divine Precept, which tells us, that both the Outgoings of the Evening as well as Morning should praise our great Creator. I hope it will not be an improper Parallel to compare these Devotees to Gallantry to the Religious among the old Persians, who acknowledged two Principles or Deities, as Objects of their Adorations, viz. one the Author of all Good, the other of all Evil: But one unhappy Difference appears in our Case, viz. that the evil Principle has got a vast Ascendant over the Good in our Hearts and Manners.

Lest I grow tiresom¹ on a Subject, whose dark Shades are exposed to every common Eye, I will conclude with a short Contrast, which may set this Speculation in a clearer Light than a longer Dissertation; and here if you'll reflect on the languid Spirits and emaciated Features of those, whom the Morning Sun blushes on, as they rise from broken Dreams of guilty Scenes; and on the contrary, if you view the beauteous Bloom of Innocence, and Spring of Health and Joy, that glows in the Bosom of unspotted and virtuous Minds; in the former you will find all the Footsteps of the Loss of Paradise and Fall of our First Ancestors, in the

¹ So printed in the original text.

latter, you will see all the Display of Providence in the Dignity of Human Nature, and all the Beauty of Religion.

I am,

With great Esteem,

Sir, your's,

EUGENIO.

Mr. Censor,

NOTHING is more apt to mortify human Vanity, than to find ourselves deceived in any Particular on which we have built an Opinion of possessing the Esteem of others. I have lately undergone a sensible Mortification of this Kind; for to deserve Confidence, surely argues Merit; and to hold the Secrets of another, is a Post of Honour: How greatly then was I deceived by the following Accident! A Gentleman of whom the World speaks well, came to me the other Day, and, with a most important Face, told me that an ugly Affair had happened between him and a certain Lord, whose Name he could not mention; that he was in the highest Distress, nor did he know how to act. He then informed me, that the high Opinion he had as well of my Understanding as of my Honour, had induced him to come and make his Case known to me, in order to have my Advice; telling me at the same Time, that as he must be obliged to conceal nothing from me, he begg'd for God's Sake that I would not mention it to any human Creature, for that I was the only Person to whom he either had or intended to make this Affair known. He then having received proper Assurances of Secrecy, whisper'd his important Business in my Ear; on which I frankly gave him my Opinion: He received it with Joy, returned me his hearty Thanks, and left me, tho' not without reminding me of Secresy in the strongest Terms. A few Hours afterwards I was visited by an Acquaintance, who had not sat long before

he told me not only my Friend's Secret, but the very Opinion I gave him upon it; expressing at the same Time his Surprize at the Boldness of my Sentiments: He said he was enjoined Secrecy; but, as he knew I was acquainted with the Affair, he thought it no Breach of Trust to mention it. I made him little or no Answer; for I own my Vanity was hurt to find, that, after his Commendations on my Honour, he should think as well of another Man, and make him his Confident. But in the Evening a Friend of mine clear'd up the whole Matter. I ventured to tell him the Story; but had no sooner mentioned the Gentleman's Name who had thus honoured me with his Confidence, than he burst into a Horse-Laugh, and told me that my Secret was not only a Lye, but as old as Paul's; and that he dar'd to say, that this Gentleman had told it to hundreds; for, says he, he is a downright Secret-Monger, a Fellow that is everlastingly inventing Lyes, and telling them to others as important Secrets; and to show you that he is in the Confidence of the Great, he never fails to mix a Lord or Lady in his Story. By this Means he has made himself a Man of Importance with many, has gain'd several Points by this Stratagem, and is a Man who is thoroughly known as yet by few; for my own Part, I should imagine that this Character is quite extravagant: But you who have div'd into the inmost Recesses of human Nature, will best know whether it be natural; I am sure it is highly ridiculous, and an Object worthy your Pen; I have related to you the plain Fact, which, when drest by a little of your Cookery, will make a palatable Dish.

I am,

Your oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

Z. Z.

M.

* * * * *

*Proceedings at the Court of Censorial
Enquiry, &c.*

MR. Censor was pleased to recommend the Benefit of Mr. Havard, which is to be on Saturday next at Drury-Lane, in the following Manner.

‘Mr. Havard is the Successor of the first Mr. Mills in most
‘of his Parts on the Stage, and he no less resembled the
‘Character of Mr. Mills in his Life, being a sober, worthy,
‘honest Man.

‘The good Judgment of the Managers shews itself therefore
‘in their Disposition of those Parts to Mr. Havard’s Share;
‘where all the am[i]able Qualities of Human Nature are to
‘to be displayed; since he who exerts these Qualities in private
‘Life, is the most likely to represent them well on the
‘Stage; such are Horatio, the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet*, &c.
‘Mr. *Havard*, says Mr. Garrick, *always acts the Part of my*
‘*Friend*; and whether on the *Stage*, or off, *I never desire a*
‘*better*.

‘Characters of this Kind (as well the real as the person-
‘ated) seldom strike us in a very glaring Light, or carry off
‘any loud Applause either on the Theatre or in the World;
‘but in both Cases, they never fail to please the good and truly
‘judicious; and in both Cases, there must be great Merit to
‘preserve such a Character, and to support it well throughout.
‘I have heard it farther said of Mr. Havard, *that no Man*
‘*feels an Obligation with more Warmth, while none can be*
‘*less susceptible of any little Injury done to his Theatrical*
‘*Abilities*. Here another Parallel may be drawn between
‘this aimiable¹ Kind of Character in Life, and on the Stage.
‘In both, it is often oppressed by the Forward, the Insolent,
‘and the Worthless. I am afraid Mr. Havard hath expe-
‘rienced some such Treatment, in having his Benefit so long
‘postponed, since, except Mr. Garrick, I do not know that
‘he hath any Superior in Tragedy at that House.

¹ So printed in the original text.

‘However my Readers may agree with me in this, there are few, I am convinced, who will not think it a great Addition to their Entertainment on Saturday next, to reflect, that they are contributing to the Ease and to the Happiness, of a sensible, modest, and Good-natured Man; and of that Family of which he is the worthy Master.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1752. Numb. 29.

Τοῦ εἶν πάσχειν τὸ εὖ ποιᾶν οὐ μόνον κάλλιον, ἀλλὰ καὶ ΗΔΙΟΝ.

EPICURI APUD PLUT.

To do Good to others is not only more laudable, but more DELIGHTFUL than to receive it from them.

To the CENSOR.

My Dear Friend,

I Was extremely pleased with the Recommendation of Mr. Havard's Benefit in your last Paper; and I am the more pleased with you, as I am informed you have no other Acquaintance with the Person espoused than with his Character, of which I am convinced, you have given a very just Account to the Public.

This is that Conduct, my Friend, which our favourite Dr. Barrow hath pointed out to us, in one of his excellent Sermons. ‘A good Man, says he, stints not his Benevolence to his own Family or Relations, to his Neighbours or Benefactors; to those of his own Sect or Opinion, or of his Humour and Disposition: to such as serve him, or oblige him, or please him, &c.—but extends it to mere Strangers, towards such who never did him any good, or can ever be able to do him any.’

So preached that worthy Divine, who truly taught the

Doctrines of him, whose Follower he professed himself, and who truly liv'd the Life he taught. Let us set then before us both his Precept and Example; let us, in the Language of the Poet,

— *Leave all meaner Things*
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings;

and with that first of human Kind, the glorious Patron of Amelia, make Benevolence at once the Business and the Pleasure of our Lives.

Whatever our Talents are, let us convert them to the good of Mankind. Charity is not confined to giving Alms. If so, perhaps it would be but little within your Reach *or mine*. But the divine Founder of our Religion never intended to restrain a Virtue so essentially necessary to a Christian, to the Rich alone. As one Man's Talent lies in his Purse, another's may lie in his Pen; a third may employ his Tongue, and a fourth his Hands for the Service of others, nay the most Impotent may perhaps fully exercise this Virtue even with their Wishes, most certainly they may with their Prayers.

With what generous Pity must a Mind of this Temper look down on a Wretch who is bursting with Pride, Malice and Envy: Whose Understanding is tinctured with his Gall, who hates every Man that is better or wiser, or happier than himself; whose whole Study it is to undermine the Fame and the Fortune of his Neighbour; a secret Enemy to others, but a more secret, and perhaps more bitter Enemy to himself?

There is scarce one, even among those few (for Few, I hope, they are) that resemble this Picture, who would not view it with Scorn. We will rise therefore one Step from the odious to the insipid Character, from those who delight in doing Mischief, to those who have little or no Delight either in the Good or Harm which happeneth to others. Men of this Stamp are so taken up, in contemplating themselves, that the Virtues or Vices, the Happiness or Misery of the rest of Mankind scarce ever employ their Thoughts. This is a Character,

however truly contemptible it may be, which hath not wanted its Admirers among the Antients. These Men have been called Philosophers, and in the heathen Systems they might deserve that Name; but in the sublimer Schools of the Christian Dispensation, they are so far from being entitled to any Honours, that they will be called to a severe Account (those especially who have received very considerable Talents of any Kind) for converting solely to their own Use, what was entrusted only to their Care for the general Good.

I p[r]oceed¹ now, by another Gradation, to a third Species of Men, who will boldly tell us that they act upon Christian Principles; nay, and will find their Admirers among many who profess themselves very sincere Believers in the Christian Religion.

The Men I here mean, are, of all others, the greatest Usurers. Being possessed, either by their own Roguery or by that of their Ancestors, of a thousand times more than their Share of the good things of this World, they expect by parting with the ten thousandth Part of these Things to purchase Heaven a lumping Pennyworth. Every little Act of Kindness which they do, every trifling Alms which they bestow is sure to be brought into the Account, nay to be doubly posted: For first they expect, by some paultry Obligation, to bind the Person to whom it is done, in Bonds of perpetual Slavery; nor are they thus satisfied, but Heaven is made Debtor into the Bargain. This, as the Beggars tell them, and they seem to believe, is to restore them a hundred fold whatever they give on Earth.

But surely such mercenary Goodness as this, done as it were by way of Penance, can have but little Merit. Such Dabs of Alms, squeez'd out of a hard-bound Generosity, can produce no very sweet smelling Savour, in the Sense of a truly wise and benevolent Being; much less of a Being who possesses, in an infinite Degree, those Qualities.

¹ The letter in brackets is supplied to correct a misspelling.

Let us, my Friend, soar a Pitch higher. Let us leave the Merit of good Actions to others, let us enjoy the Pleasure of them. *In the Energy itself of Virtue* (says Aristotle) *there is great Pleasure*; and this was the Meaning of him who first said, *That Virtue was its own Reward*. A Sentiment most truly just, however it hath been ridiculed by those who understood it not. If we examine the Matter abstractedly, and with due Attention, we may extend the Observation of Aristotle to every human Passion: For in what, but in the Energies themselves, can the Pleasures of Ambition, Avarice, Pride, Hatred, and Revenge, be conceived to lie? What Rewards do these severe Task-masters bestow on their Slaves for all their Labours, but that common Reward of all Slaves, the Labour itself? Why is not Benevolence therefore as capable at least of repaying us with herself as any other Passion? Why must this most lovely of all Mistresses be pursued, not for her native Charms, but for the Fortune which she is to bring us?

‘As Nature (to quote once more my beloved Author ‘Dr. Barrow) to the Acts requisite toward Preservation of ‘our Life, hath annexed a sensible Pleasure, forcibly enticing ‘us to the Performance of them: So hath she made the ‘Communication of Benefits to others, to be accompanied with ‘a very delicious Relish upon the Mind of him that practises ‘it; nothing indeed carrying with it a more pure and savory ‘Delight than Beneficence. A Man may be VIRTUOUSLY ‘VOLUPTUOUS, AND A LAUDABLE EPICURE BY ‘DOING MUCH GOOD. *For to receive Good*, even in the ‘Judgment of Epicurus himself (the great Patron of ‘Pleasure) *is no wise so pleasant as to do it.*’

Let us cultivate therefore, my Friend, that excellent Temper of Mind, that Passion which is the Perfection of human Nature, of which the Delight is in doing Good. How mean then will appear to us the Motives of those who hope for private Acknowledgments, and public Applause, for every little Benefit which they confer on Mankind. Like base

Prostitutes they must be pleased and paid too, or rather indeed must be paid because they are insensible of Pleasure. The truly good Man laments not every Disappointment of private or public Gratitude. He goeth on doing Good, and enjoys it while he doth it; an Enjoyment which neither the Envy or Malice, the Folly or Malignity of Mankind, can deprive him of. And as to that glorious Reward, the only one indeed which is worthy of a wise man's Consideration, which will attend the good Man hereafter, nothing is more certain than that he who deserves it is sure of attaining it; and the more real Delight we take in doing Good, the more we seem to acquire of such Merit.

Morose and austere Men may, if they please, preach up Mortification and Self-Denial, may insinuate that a Man cannot be good and happy at the same Time, and may deny all Merit to all Actions which are not done in Contradiction to Nature; but I say, with Dr. Barrow, *Let us improve and advance our Nature to the utmost Perfection of which it is capable*, I mean by doing all the Good we can; and surely that Nature which seems to partake of the divine Goodness in this World, is the most likely to partake of the divine Happiness in the next. To speak a solemn Truth, such Natures alone are capable of such Beatitude.

I am,

My dear Friend,

Affectionately yours,

AXYLUS.

C.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1752. Numb. 30.

*Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea
nodo?*

HORAT.

*Say, with what Ties of Reasoning shall
I bind,
The Proteus Nature of the female Mind?*

A

DIALOGUE

AT

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS,

BETWEEN

A Philosopher and a Fine Lady.

After the Manner of PLATO.

Miss.

OH! dear Mr. *Downright*, I have the strangest Piece of News to tell you, what do you think it is?

Mr.

I cannot guess?

*Miss.*Then I'll tell you. Mr. *Gainlove* follows Miss *Bird*.*Mr.*

If he follows her, he may e'en catch her, and eat her into the Bargain. What's that to me?

Miss.

Incurious Creature! Nay but Miss *Bird* is no Gentlewoman: And to be sure a Gentleman should marry a Gentlewoman.

Mr.

No Gentlewoman, *Miss*?

Miss.

No. I heard Lady *Brazen*, and Mrs. *Danglecourt* both say so.

Mr.

How should they know Gentlewomen? But perhaps they heard others say so.

Miss.

You are the strangest Man! Well then, I will tell you; I know she is no Gentlewoman; for her Father —

Mr.

Her father, *Miss*! Why we are talking of the young Lady, who appears to be *genteel* in her Person, and *gentle* in her Manners: That she is a *Woman*, at present, we will take for granted. Now, *Miss*, according to my Notion of Things, if her Person and Manners are as I have described, I think *Miss Bird* may be a Gentlewoman, Lady *Brazen* and Mrs. *Danglecourt* may be two Furies, with Minds more hideous and distorted than their Bodies and Persons.

Miss.

Lord! Sir, you talk always to me in a quite new Language: But I won't believe one Word you say.

Mr.

That I know better than you can tell me; for Fashion will always get the better of Sense.

Miss.

Well! I suppose you in your wise Way have something to say about Fashion too.

Mr.

'Tis the Creed of Fools, and Conveniency of wise Men.

Miss.

But I shall believe in it, Mr. *Wiseman*, for all that you can say to the contrary.

Mr.

And follow it too?

Miss.

Certainly.

Mr.

But the Fashion is always changing.

Miss.

'Tis so.

Mr.

You then likewise must be always changing: And you will be aptly called the fluttering, the changing, the inconstant —.

Miss.

A Truce, pray, with your Compliments.

Mr.

No Compliments, I'll assure you, but plain Truth. — Well then, will you answer me one Question?

Miss.

What's that?

Mr.

You have learnt to cast up an Account?

Miss.

I have.

Mr.

And you can play on the Spinnet?

Miss.

True.

Mr.

When you learnt to cast up an Account, you was taught that two added to two, made four; and three times three, made nine. And I am certain you would believe it the greatest Imposition on your Understanding, should any one undertake to prove that two added to two, made twenty.

Miss.

I can't see what all this tends to.

Mr.

Have a little Patience, *Miss*; you will find it of great Service in Life. — And when you learn to play on the Spinnet, you found the Art, as far as you ever knew it, to consist of certain unvariable Principles.

Miss.

To be sure I was not to strike what Key I pleased, but what Key was proper.

Mr.

Have Courage, *Miss*, and you will become a Philosopher. — Then what was *proper* and *true* and right, you was always taught to follow in all the Arts and Sciences, which hitherto you have learnt?

Miss.

I was.

Mr.

And in all the other Arts and Sciences of human Life, don't you imagine we may reason after the same Manner? 'Tis not as we *please*, but what is *proper*: And we should take care to be rightly pleased.

Miss.

It may be so, for aught I know.

Mr.

It must be so. What then, *Miss*, becomes of Fashion? How comes this the chief Motive of Action? For you have

acknowledged that what was *proper* and *right* should direct Fashion; and if the contrary were allowed, the Nature of Things must be subverted.

Miss.

Then you would not have me be in the Fashion? And one had as good be out of the World, as out of the Fashion.

Mr.

I never said so.

Miss.

What did you say then?

Mr.

Why, I never could make Fashion a Rule for acting; but I would have higher and steadier Principles. Surely, *Miss*, it requires no great Depth of Logic, to make some Distinction between what may be convenient, and is necessary.

Miss.

Well! I could wish you did but hear Lady *Brazen* talk of the Fashion.

Mr.

I had rather hear old *Socrates*, were he alive. For my Part I have no Curiosity to be acquainted with Lady *Brazen*. Tho' I know several of her Family; there is hardly a County in *England*, where her Ladyship's Relations don't flourish. — But pray answer me, *Miss*.

Miss.

Well, your Question.

Mr.

When you want to buy a new Gown, what Shop do you go to?

*Mr.*¹

Where there is the best Goods, and the most Variety, and the fairest Tradesman.

¹ The *Mr.* in this line and the *Miss* in 315. 1 should be interchanged.

Miss.

And if you wanted to get Sense and Knowledge, to whose *Shop* would you repair?

Miss.

Your Servant, Sir! I see now what you would drive at. — But really I can't stay one Moment longer; — 'tis three a Clock, and I must dress myself, for I am going to dine with Lady *Brazen*, Mrs. *Danglecourt*, Capt. *Flutter*, and two or three Persons of Quality. — And so your Servant, good Mr. Philosopher.

J.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1752. Numb. 31.

*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua Carmina,
Mævi.*

VIRGIL.

*He who doth not hate one bad Commentator,
let him love a worse.*

SIR,

YOU are sensible, I believe, that there is nothing in this Age more fashionable, than to criticise on Shakespeare; I am indeed told, that there are not less than 200 Editions of that Author, with Commentaries, Notes, Observations, &c. now preparing for the Press; as nothing therefore is more natural than to direct one's Studies by the Humour of the Times, I have myself employed some leisure Hours on that great Poet. I here send you a short Specimen of my Labours, being some Emendations of that most celebrated Soliloquy in Hamlet, which, as I have no Intention to publish Shakespeare myself, are very much at the Service of any of the 200 Critics abovementioned.

I am, &c.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene 2.

To be, or not to be, that is the question.

This is certainly very intelligible; but if a slight Alteration were made in the former Part of the Line, and an easy Change was admitted in the last Word, the Sense would be greatly improved. I would propose then to read thus;

To be, or not. To be! That is the
BASTION.

That is the strong Hold. The Fortress. So Addison in Cato.

Here will I hold —

The military Terms which follow, abundantly point out this Reading.

Whether 'tis nobler in the *Mind* to
suffer
The *Slings* and Arrows of outrageous
Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Trou-
bles,
And by opposing end them.

Suffering is, I allow, a Christian Virtue; but I question whether it hath ever been ranked among the heroic Qualities. Shakespeare certainly wrote BUFFET; and this leads us to supply Man for Mind; Mind being alike applicable to both Sexes, whereas Hamlet is here displaying the most masculine Fortitude. *Slings* and *Arrows* in the succeeding Line, is an Impropriety which could not have come from our Author; the former being the Engine which discharges, and the latter the Weapon discharged. To the Sling, he would have opposed the Bow; or to Arrows, Stones. Read therefore WINGED ARROWS; that is, feathered Arrows; a Figure very usual among Poets: So in the classical Ballad of Chevy Chase;

The Grey-Goose Wing that was thereon
In his Heart's Blood was wet.

The next Line is undoubtedly corrupt — to take Arms against a Sea, can give no Man, I think, an Idea; whereas by a slight Alteration and Transposition all will be set right, and the undoubted Meaning of Shakespeare restored.

Or *tack* against an Arm 'oth' Sea of
 Troubles,
 And by composing end them.

By composing himself to Sleep, as he presently explains himself. What shall I do? says Hamlet. Shall I *buffet* the Storm, or shall I tack about and go to Rest?

— *To die*, to sleep;
 No more; and by a Sleep to say we end
 The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks
 The Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a *Consum-*
mation
 Devoutly to be wished. *To die*, to
 sleep;
 To sleep, perchance to dream; —

What to die first, and to go to sleep afterwards; and not only so, but to dream too? — But tho' his Commentators were dreaming of Nonsense when they read this Passage, Shakespeare was awake when he writ it. Correct it thus;

— To lie to sleep.

i.e. To go to sleep, a common Expression; Hamlet himself expressly says he means *no more*; which he would hardly have said, if he had talked of Death, a Matter of the greatest and highest Nature: And is not the Context a Description of the Power of Sleep, which every one knows puts an End to the Heart-ach, the Tooth-ach, Head-ach, and indeed every Ach? So our Author in his Macbeth, speaking of this very Sleep, calls it

Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's
second Course.

Where, by the bye, instead of second Course, I read SICKEN'D DOSE; this being, indeed, the Dose which Nature chuses to apply to all her Shocks, and may be therefore well said *devoutly to be wished for*; which surely cannot be so generally said of Death.—But how can Sleep be called a *Consummation*?—The true Reading is certainly *Consultation*; the Cause for the Effect, a common Metonymy, *i.e.* When we are in any violent Pain, and a Set of Physicians are met in a *Consultation*, it is to be hoped the Consequence will be a sleeping Dose. Death, I own, is very devoutly to be apprehended, but seldom wished, I believe, at least by the Patient himself, at all such Seasons.

For natural *Shocks*, I would read *Shakes*; indeed I know only one Argument which can be brought in Justifica[tion] of the old Reading; and this is, that *Shock* hath the same Signification, and is rather the better Word. In such Cases, the Reader must be left to his Choice.

For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams
 may come,
 When we have *shuffled* off this mortal
 Coil,
 Must give us Pause —

Read and print thus:

For in that Sleep, of Death what Dreams
 may come?
 When we have *scuffled* off, this mortal
 Call,
 Must give us Pause —

i.e. Must make us stop. *Shuffle* is a poultry Metaphor, taken from playing at Cards; whereas *scuffle* is a noble and military Word.

The Whips and Scorns of Time.

Undoubtedly *Whips* and *Spurs*.

When he himself might his *Quietus*
 make
 With a bare *Bodkin*.

With a bare *Pipkin*. The Reader will be pleased to observe, that Hamlet, as we have above proved, is here debating whether it were better to go to sleep, or to keep awake; as an Argument for the affirmative, he urges that no Man in his Senses would bear *The Whips and Scorns of Time, the Oppressor's Wrong, &c.* when he himself, without being at the Expence of an Apothecary, might make his *Quietus, or sleeping Dose*, with a bare PIPKIN, the cheapest of all Vessels, and consequently within every Man's Reach.

— Who would Fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary
Life?

Who indeed would bear any thing for such a Reward? The true Reading is

— Who would for th' Ales bear
To groan, &c.

Who would bear the Miseries of Life, for the Sake of the Ales. In the Days of Shakespeare, when Diversions were not arrived at that Degree of Elegance to which they have been since brought, the Assemblies of the People for Mirth were called by the Name of an ALE. This was the Drum or Rout of that Age, and was the Entertainment of the better Sort, as it is at this Day of the Vulgar. Such are the *Easter-Ales* and the *Whitsun-Ales*, at present celebrated all over the West of England. The Sentiment therefore of the Poet, is this; *Who would bear the Miseries of Life, to enjoy the Pleasures of it;* which latter Word is by no forced Metaphor called THE ALES OF LIFE.

And makes us rather bear the Ills we
have,
Than fly to others that we know not
of.

This, I own, is Sense as it stands; but the Spirit of the Passage will be improved, if we read

Than try *some others*, &c.

— Thus the native Hue of Resolu-
tion,
Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of
Thought.

Read,

— Thus the native Blue of Resolu-
tion,
Is pickled o'er in a stale Cask of Salt.

This restores a most elegant Sentiment; I shall leave the Relish of it therefore with the Reader, and conclude by wishing that its Taste may never be obliterated by any future Alteration of this glorious Poet.

A.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1752. Numb. 32.

— *Discordia semina Rerum.*

OVID.

Hints upon different Subjects.

The two first Letters which I shall give the Public this Day, the Reader will perceive have lain by me some Time, as they relate to Matters handled in my first Papers. We hope they will not on that Account prove the less acceptable. The third Letter relates to a Grievance which hath been attacked by all my Predecessors; but I think not in the Light in which it is here shewn.

TO

ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Esq;

Censor of Great Britain.

SIR,

I Am a Subscriber to your Paper, and therefore take the Liberty to tell you, that there is the damn'dest Letter in that of the 25th of January, I ever read; and I am so enraged at it that I can hardly keep my Temper.

I did not think, Sir, that any one Person in the World could have had the Assurance to justify, countenance, or support in Print, those two abominable Words WHY and WHEREFORE. They ought, by Act of Parliament, to be entirely prohibited; they are the Bane of every Thing that's joyous. O d—mn 'em, how many Pounds have they cost me? was it not for that cursed Word WHY, a Man might debauch Country Girls, almost for as little Money as one could buy a Turkey. Then, besides the Expence of Money, what an Expence of Lies and Oaths does this infamous Word WHY put us to? For if you attack a Farmer's handsome Maid or Daughter, she presently cries, "Why would you desire to "ruin a poor innocent Girl?" And there is no getting the better of this confounded WHY; till you have given her Money enough to satisfy her for what she calls her Ruin. Then if you make your Attempt higher, amongst the Parsons or Officers Daughters, which are generally our Mark, you are presently question'd with "Why would you ruin me? "Why won't you marry me? &c." Z—nds, Sir, is it not abominable, that a Man of Spirit and Fortune must be so plagued and stopp'd with this impertinent Word? For what is to be done? You must either give over the Pursuit, and lose perhaps the finest Girl in the World, or satisfy these WHYS, by Lying, Swearing, and a positive Promise of future Marriage. And is it not very hard, Sir, I say that Gentlemen must be driven to these mean Arts, as they are call'd, (and indeed I should in any other Case call them so myself) to get a fine Girl, only by that infamous Word WHY? A Word which all your d—mn'd modest Women have ever at their Fingers Ends? whilst a good honest Whore never says WHY, but *what* will you give me? and your noble generous Women of Intrigue scorn such paltry Interrogations; and only ask you When? Where? How? D—mn me, Sir, these are the Words that fill a Man with Joy and Rapture; and yet one cannot help running after those modest Toads, altho' they cost so much Pains before one gets them, and all owing to their confounded WHYS and WHEREFORES; and after all

our Pains, 'tis ten to one but we have Reason, in a very few Weeks, to grow tired of them. Many Instances I could give of the Disappointments these Words WHY and WHEREFORE have cost me in the Way of Gallantry; But I must tell you, Sir, the Mischief they do in all jolly Companies; for did not those Fellows, who are called sensible Men, sometimes come among us Bloods, and confound us with their WHYS and WHEREFORES, we should be the cleverest Fellows in England; and as they are generally Parsons, or old rum Dogs who have a Privilege from Years or Profession, we cannot have the Satisfaction of giving the only proper Answer to such a Question; which is knocking them down, or sending them a Challenge; and therefore know not how to deal with them. I have told a Story myself in Company, that has set every one laughing ready to kill themselves, except one of those queer Fellows, who had no Wit nor Humour, and could not find out the Joke: And by G—d, Sir, this Fellow only by asking me two or three damned WHYS, turned my Story in such a manner, and set all my heroic Exploits in such a trifling View, that the Company no longer laughed at the Story, but at the Person that told it. These Things I have seen often happen to others as well as myself, to the Bane of all Wit, Humour, Fun, and Jollity: And many a charming Scheme that has been proposed for breaking Windows, or storming a Bawdy-House, have I seen spoilt and laid aside, by a queer Fellow's happening to be of the Company, and bringing up some damn'd WHY and WHEREFORE.

There was poor Tom Gallop (who broke his Neck last Year, riding a Match he had made with Ned Raquett of five hundred Guineas, on his sweet Mare Cherry Lips) about three Years ago, as I and three or four more were going to Dinner at the —— at Newberry, came riding in full Speed, and, our Dinner being just ready, honest Tom made one of the Company. Down he sat in his Chair; and “D—mn me “(says he) how long do you think I have been coming, on “that Horse you saw me ride, from Hyde-Park-Corner.” I think 'tis upwards of sixty Miles; one said seven Hours,

another six, and another five: At last Tom swore, and shew'd his Watch, that it was under four Hours. But unluckily one of these WHY-ERS was in Company, who says to Tom, "I presume, Sir, you are come on some important Business, "by the Speed you have made." "Not I (says Tom) "D—mn me. I leave Business to those stupid Dogs who "cannot enjoy Pleasure." "Then pray Sir, replied the "other, *why* did you ride so hard, to tire both yourself and "Horse, when there was no Necessity for it?" Tom looked like a Fool, we all laughed, and a total Stop was put to all Tom's Wit and Humour, and he sat the whole Evening in the Dumps, nor dared to open his Lips about that or any Exploits of the same Kind, with which he intended to have entertained the Company for that Night. Thus, Sir, was the Mouth stopped of one of the jollyest Fellows in the Universe; and indeed, for fear of this d—mn'd WHY, very little Wit or Humour passed all that Evening.

Now after these Stories, and a hundred more I could tell you of my own Knowledge, will you, Sir, or any Man breathing, countenance the Petition or Complaint of WHY and WHEREFORE? Z—nds, Sir, it makes me in a Passion, and I am in a Passion, and if any Man breathing was to come into the Room, and ask me *why* I was in a Passion, d—mn me if I would not knock him down.

If you take proper Notice of this Letter, and forbid the Use of these Words in all polite and jolly Companies, you shall be always esteemed as a very honest Fellow, by

Your constant Reader, &c.

JACK BLOOD.

P. S. As to the Writer of the Letter signed Sophia, if 'tis a Man I am not the only one of the Bloods that would give him his Deserts, could we but find him: And if 'tis a Woman, you may let her know that if she is young and handsome, all her WHYS and WHEREFORES shall not hinder me from doing as I please with her, d—mn me.

TO

ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Esq;

SIR,

'T WAS with infinite Pleasure I read your Glossary, and only wish'd it greatly enlarged, in which I cannot think myself capable of giving you any Assistance; but beg, for the Sake of the Public, that you would continue to explain, according to the modern Meaning, all those Words that may daily occur to your Observation, and probably you will find still a very large Number that are at present doubtful in their Signification, or quite unintelligible.

Your giving to EATING the Title of a Science, is most humourously just in this Age, and I wish you had given us the Names of all the others, in the room of those old discarded Gentry, which are now scarce ever heard of, at least out of our two Universities.

In other Languages, that is, in the Greek and Latin, most Words are either of the masculine or feminine Gender; whereas in English, few but animated Things bear any Gender, except the Neuter: And I think these old-fashioned Things called the Sciences were all of the feminine Gender, which have led some People into a silly Argument, that Women had at least an equal Claim to them with the Men; and others again have from thence infer'd, that they were designed as Helpmates to the Men. But to prevent any such Disputes about the modern Sciences, suppose you was to divide them as below. (i.e.)

The two first to be call'd Masculine, as being only for the Study and Practice of Men. — The two next to be call'd Feminine, as chiefly studied by the Women. — The two following to be call'd of the Common of two as being studied and practised by both. — And to make up the Number seven, the last to be called Neuter, as being studied and practised by Neither.

<i>Masculine</i>	{ <i>Fencing.</i>
	{ <i>Lying.</i>
<i>Feminine</i>	{ <i>Dressing.</i>
	{ <i>Fainting.</i>
<i>Common of two</i>	{ <i>Eating.</i>
	{ <i>Gaming.</i>
<i>Neuter</i>	<i>Morality.</i>

TO

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt.

SIR,

I Am a young Fellow of twenty-five, and the only Son of a Squire, who hath an Estate of six hundred per Ann. in the West of England. Tho' I am what you call country bred, yet I have been at Grammar-School, and have learned to dance, and will dance a Hornpipe with any Man for 20 l. *I say done first.*

Now, Sir, you must know that my Father, who keeps his own Estate in his Hand, sends Oxen twice a Year to Smithfield Market, and I got'un this Bout, for the vurst Time, to let me come up along wi um. And to be sure it is natural for a Newcomer, to go and zee all the Zights that he can. Accordingly, Sir, I went a few Days ago to Ranilay, to the what-dye-call-it, the Jubberly Ball, which, thof it cost me above a Guinea, I do not begrutch my Money, vor it was the vinest Zight I ever zeed in my Life.

But here comes the Mischief; while I was walking about there, I spied a young Woman with.—Oh! Sir, it is impossible to tell you.—I never zeed such a Zight in all my born Days.—They were as round as a Bowl Dish, and as white as Snow itself.—Ycot! I zeed every bit o'urn, and to be zure it was a Zight enuff to make any young Man run mad.

Upon this, Sir, I went to several Volk, and asked 'um who the Lady was that was Owner of zuch Goods; but nobody could or would tell me. 'Till at last I took Courage, and, having watched my Opportunity, I opened my Mind to her, told her who I was, and asked her to ha' me; to which she answered that she was engaged. This drove me quite mad, especially as I had taken two or three Mugs that Afternoon; and I could not refrain, if I had been to be hanged, from kissing what I thought she could not shew for any other Purpose, but to dispose of.

Upon this the Lady seemed angry, and told me these Goods were already bespoke. Now, Sir, as I am told you are the only Person to be applied to for such Matters, I would be glad to know therefore whether it is a Custom here in London, for Volk to expose their Goods in the Market after they are sold or bespoke, especially such Goods as must make every Man's Mouth to water that looks at them.

I am, Sir,

Your Servant to
command,

HUMPHRY GUBBIN.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1752. Numb. 33.

Odi Profanum Vulgus.

HOR.

I hate profane Rascals.

SIR,

IN this very learned and enlightened Age, in which Authors are almost as numerous as Booksellers, I doubt not but your Correspondents furnish you with a sufficient Quantity of waste Paper. I perhaps may add to the Heap; for as Men do not always know the Motive of their own Actions, I may

possibly be induced by the same Sort of Vanity as other puny Authors have been, to desire to be in Print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my Judge, and if you should not think proper to take any Notice of the Hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude that I am an impertinent Correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial Critic. In my own Defence, however, I must say that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary Abilities employed in the Support of his Honour and Religion, who has so bountifully bestowed them. 'Tis for this Reason that I wish you would take some Notice of the Character, or rather Story here sent you. In my Travels westward last Summer, I lay at an Inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant Situation, and the obliging Behaviour of the Landlord, who, tho' a downright Rustic, had an awkward Sort of Politeness, arising from his good Nature, that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the Expression, was a Sort of good Breeding undrest. As I intended to make a pretty long Journey the next Day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious Luminary the Sun set out on his Course, which by the bye is one of the finest Sights the Eye can behold; and as it is a thing seldom seen by people of Fashion, unless it be at the Theatre at Covent Garden, I could not help laying some Stress upon it here. The Kitchen in this Inn was a very pleasant Room; I therefore called for some Tea, sat me in the Window that I might enjoy the Prospect which the Country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the Power of Imagination to frame. This House was situated on the Top of a Hill, and for two Miles below it Meadows, enlivened with Variety of Cattle, and adorned with a greater Variety of Flowers, first caught my Sight. At the Bottom of this Vale ran a River, which seemed to promise Coolness and Refreshment to the thirsty Cattle. The Eye was next presented with Fields of Corn that made a Kind of an Ascent, which was terminated by a Wood, at the Top of which appeared a verdant Hill, situate as it were in the Clouds, where the Sun was just arrived, and peeping o'er the Summit,

which was at this Time covered with Dew, gilded it over with his Rays, and terminated my View in the most agreeable Manner in the World. In a Word, the elegant Simplicity of every Object round me, filled my Heart with such Gratitude, and furnished my Mind with such pleasing Meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this State of joyous Tranquillity was not of long Duration: I had scarce began my Breakfast, when my Ears were saluted with a genteel Whistle, and the Noise of a Pair of Slippers descending the Stair-Case; and soon after I beheld a Contrast to my former Prospect, being a very beauish Gentleman, with a huge laced Hat on as big as Pistol's in the Play; a Wig somewhat disheveled, and a Face which at once gave you a perfect Idea of Emptiness, Assurance, and Intemperance. His Eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixt on me with a Stare which testified Surprize, and his Coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand Gold laced Waistcoat. In one Hand he had a Pair of Saddle-bags, and in the other a Hanger of mighty Size, both of which, with a graceful G— d—mn you, he placed upon a Chair. Then advancing towards the Landlord, who was standing by me, he said by G— Landlord your Wine is damnable strong. I don't know, replied the Landlord; it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all from London. Pray who is your Wine-Merchant? says the Man of Importance. A very great Man, says the Landlord, in his Way; perhaps you may know him, Sir, his Name is Kirby. *Ah, what honest Tom; he and I have crack'd many a Bottle of Claret together; he is one of the most considerable Merchants in the City; the Dog is hellish poor, damnable poor, for I don't suppose he is worth a Farthing more than a hundred thousand Pound; only a Plumb, that's all; he is to be our Lord-Mayor next Year.* I ask Pardon Sir, that is not the Man, for our Mr. Kirby's Name is not Thomas, but Richard. *Ay, says the Gentleman, that's his Brother; they are Partners together.* I believe, says the Landlord, you are out Sir, for that Gentleman has no Brother. *D—mn your Nonsense, with you and*

your Outs, says the Beau, as if I should not know better than you country Puts; I who have lived in London all my Lifetime. I ask a thousand Pardons, says the Landlord; I hope no Offence, Sir. No, no, cries the other, We Gentlemen know how to make Allowance for your Country-breeding. Then stepping to the Kitchen-door, with an audible Voice he called the Ostler, and in a very graceful Accent said, D—mn your Blood, you cock-ey'd Son of a Bitch, bring me my Boots; Did not you hear me call? Then turning to the Landlord, said, Faith that Mr. What-de-callum, the Excise-man, is a d—mn'd jolly Fellow. Yes, Sir, says the Landlord, he is a merryish Sort of a Man. But, says the Gentleman, As for that Schoolmaster, he is the queerest Bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say Boh to a Goose. I don't know, Sir, says the Landlord, he is reckoned to be a desperate good Scollard about us, and the Gentry likes him vastly, for he understands the Measurement of Land and Timber, knows how to make Dials, and such Things; and for Cyphering few can out-do'en. Ay, says the Gentleman, he does look like a Cypher indeed, for he did not speak three Words all last Night. The Ostler now produced the Boots, which the Gentleman taking in his Hand, and having placed himself in a Chair, addressed in the following Speech. My good Friends, Mr. Boots, I tell you plainly that if you plague me so damnably as you did Yesterday Morning, by G— I'll commit you to the Flames; stap my Vitals, as my Lord Huntington says in the Play: He then looked full in my Face, and asked the Landlord if he had ever been at Drury-Lane Play House; which he answered in the Negative. What, says he, did you never hear talk of Mr. Garrick and King Richard? No Sir, says the Landlord. By G—, says the Gent. he is the cleverest Fellow in England; he then spouted a Speech out of King Richard, which begins, with give me an Horse, &c. There, says he, that, that is just like Mr. Garrick. Having pleased himself vastly with this Performance, he shook the Landlord by the Hand with great good Humour, and said, By G— you seem to be an honest Fellow and good

Blood, if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your Skin full of Wine, and treat you with a Play and a Whore every Night you stay. I'll show you how it is to live, my Boy. But here, bring me some Paper my Girl; come lets have one of your Love-Letters to air my Boots. Upon which the Landlord presented him with a Piece of an old News-Paper, *D—n you, says the Gent. this is not half enough, have you never a Bible or Common-Prayer Book in the House? Half a Dozen Chapters of Genesis, with a few Prayers, make an excellent Fire in a Pair of Boots.* Oh! Lord forgive you, says the Landlord, sure you would not burn such Books as those. *No! cries the Spark, Where was you born; go into a Shop in London, and buy some Butter or a Quartern of Tea, and then you'll see what Use is made of these Books.* Ay, says the Landlord, we have a Saying here in our Country, that 'tis a[s] sure as the Devil is in London, and if he was not there, they could not be so wicked as they be. Here a Country-Fellow who had been standing up in one Corner of the Kitchen, eating of cold Bacon and Beans, and who I observed trembled at every Oath this Spark swore, took his Dish and Pot, and marched out of the Kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learnt, that the House would fall down about his Ears, for he was sure, he said, *that Man in the Gold Laced-Hat was the Devil.* The young Spark, having now displayed all his Wit and Humour, and exerted his Talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my Favour, and convinced me he was a Gentleman. He therefore with an Air addressed himself to me, and asked me, *which Way I was travelling?* To which I gave him no Answer. He then exalted his Voice; but at my continuing silent, he asked the Landlord if I was deaf? Upon which, the Landlord told him he did not believe the Gentleman was dunch, for that he talked very well just now. The Man of Wit whispered in the Landlord's Ear, and said, I suppose he is either a Parson or a Fool. He then drank a Dram, observing that a Man should not cool too fast; paid Sixpence more than his Reckoning, called for his Horse, gave

the Ostler a Shilling, and galloped out of the Inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever Fellow, and a Man of great Importance. The Landlord smiling, took up his Money, and said he was a comical Gentleman, but that it was a thousand Pities he swore so much; if it was not for that he was a very good Customer, and as generous as a Prince, for that the Night before, he had treated every body in the House. I then asked him, if he knew that comical Gentleman as he called him? No really Sir, said the Landlord, tho' a Gentleman was saying last Night, that he was a Sort of Rider, or Rideout, to a Linen-Draper at London. This, Mr. Censor, I have since found to be true; for having Occasion to buy some Cloth, I went last Week into a Linen Draper's Shop, in which I found a young Fellow whose decent Behaviour, and plain Dress, shewed he was a Tradesman. Upon looking full in his Face, I thought I had seen it before, nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same Beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The Difference in the same Man in London, where he was known, and in the Country where he was a Stranger, was beyond Expression; and was it not impertinent to make Observations to you, I could enlarge upon this Sort of Behaviour; for I am firmly of Opinion, that there is neither Spirit or good Sense in Oaths, or any Wit or Humour in Blasphemy. But as vulgar Errors require an abler Pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that Task to you, and am Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

R. S.

M.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1752. Numb. 34.

Natio Comæda est.

JUVENAL.

We are a Nation of Players.

IT is the Advice of Solomon, to train up a Child in the Way he shall go; and this in the Opinion of Quintilian can never be undertaken too early. He indeed begins his Institution even with the very Nurse.

The wise Man here, very plainly supposes a previous Determination in the Parent in what Way he intends his Child shall go: For without having fixed this with Certainty, it will be impossible for any Man to fulfil the Precept.

Now all the Ways of Life, in which, in this Country, Men Walk themselves, and in which they so manifestly intend to train their Children, seem to me, to be reducible to two; viz. the Way of spending an Estate and the Way of getting one. These may indeed, in this Sense, be called the two great high Roads in this Kingdom.

As to the former, it is much the less beaten and frequented Track, as it requires a certain Viaticum obvious to the Reader, which is not in the Possession of every one; in this Way therefore the eldest Sons of great Families, and Heirs of great Estates, can only be trained. The Methods of training here, are no more than twofold, both very easy and apposite; it is therefore no Wonder that they are both pursued with very little Deviation by almost every Parent. The one which is universally practised in the Country, contains very few Rules, and these extremely¹ simple; such as Drinking, Racing, Cockfighting, Hunting, with other rural Exercises. The other, which is proper to the Town, and indeed to the higher People, is somewhat more complex. This includes Dancing, Fencing, Whoring, Gaming, Travelling, Dressing, French Connoisseurship, and perhaps two or three other less material Articles.

¹ So printed in the original text.

But the great and difficult Point is that of training Youth in the other great Road, namely, in the Way to get an Estate. Here, as in our Journey over vast and wide Plains, the many different Tracks are apt to beget Incertainty and Confusion, and we are often extremely puzzled which of these to chuse for ourselves, and which to recommend to our Children.

The most beaten Tracks in this Road are those of the Professions, such as the Church, the Law, the Army, &c. In some one of these, the younger Children of the Nobility and Gentry have usually been trained, often with very ill Success; arising sometimes from a partial Opinion of the Talents of the Child, and more often from flattering ourselves with Hopes of more Interest with the Great, than we have really had.

To all these Professions many Things may be objected, as we shall presently see, when we compare them with a Path in Life, which I am about to recommend to my Reader, and which we shall find clear from most of the Objections that may be raised against any other.

Without further Preface, the Way of Life which I mean to recommend, is that of the Stage, in which, I shall hope for the future, to see several of our young Nobility and Gentry trained up, and particularly those of the most promising Parts.

In the first Place then, the Stage at present promises a much better Provision than any of the Professions: For tho' perhaps it is true that there are in the Church, the Law, the State, the Army, &c. some few Posts which yield the Possessors greater Profit than is to be acquired on the Stage; yet these bear no Proportion to the infinite Numbers who are trained in the several Professions, and who almost literally starve. The Income of an Actor of any Rank, is from six to twelve hundred a Year; whereas that of two-thirds of the Gentlemen of the Army is considerably under one hundred; the Income of nine-tenths of the Clergy is less than 50 l. a Year; and the Profits in the Law, to ninety-nine in a hundred, amount not to a single Shilling.

And as for those few Posts of great Emolument, upon which we all cast our Eyes, as the Adventurers in a Lottery do on the few great Prizes, if we impartially examine our own Abilities, how few of us shall dare to aspire so high; whereas on the Stage, scarce any Abilities are required, and we see Men whom nobody allows to deserve the Name of Actors, enjoying Salaries of three, four, and five hundred a Year.

Again, if we consider the great Pains and Time, the Head-achs and the Heart-achs, which lead up to the Top of either the Army or the Law,

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere
metam,
Multa tulit, fecitq; puer.*

This Consideration will sufficiently discourage our Attempts, especially when on the other Hand we may on the Stage leap all at once into Eminence; and if we expect no more than four or five hundred Pound for the first Year of our acting, our Demands will be thought modest.

And farther in any of the Professions, all our Abilities will be thrown away, and all our Time and Labour lost, unless we have other Ingredients to recommend us. Unless we have some powerful Friend or Relation, or some beautiful Wife or Sister, we shall never procure an Opportunity of shewing the World what we are; whereas to the Stage no Interest is necessary to introduce you. The publishing the Name of a Gentleman who never acted before in the Play-bills, will fill the House as surely as if he proposed to get into a Bottle, and no Manager is ashamed of putting you at first into any of his principal Parts.

And if we view this in the Light of Ambition, the Stage will have no less Advantage over the Professions. To personate a great Character, three Hours in the twenty-four, is a Matter of more Consequence than it is generally esteemed. The World itself is commonly called a Stage; and, in the Eye of the greatest Philosophers the Actions in both appear to be equally real, and of equal Consequence. Where then is

the mighty Difference between personating a Great Man on the great Theatre, or on the less? In both Cases we often assume that Character when it doth not really belong to us, and a very indifferent Player acts it sometimes better than his Right Honourable Brother, and with ten thousand times the Applause.

It was not therefore without Reason that our worthy Laureat, in the excellent Apology for his Life, gave Thanks to Providence that he did not in his Youth betake himself either to the Gown or the Sword. Wise indeed as well as happy was his Choice, as many of his Cotemporaries, whose ill Stars led them to the Way of those Professions, had the Question been put to them on their Death Bed, must have acknowledged. How many of these his Cotemporaries, who have professed the Laws or Religion of their Country; how many others who have fought its Battles, after an obscure and wretched Life of Want and Misery, have bequeathed their Families to the Stalls and the Streets?

That the Reverse hath been the Fate of this Gentleman I need not mention, and am pleased to think. And yet in the Days of his acting, nothing like to the present Encouragement was given on the Stage. Mrs. Oldfield herself (as I have been informed) had not half the Theatrical-Income of our present principal Actresses. To what greater Height it may rise I know not; but from the present flourishing Condition of the Stage, and from the proportionable Decline of the learned Professions, I think it may be prophesied, that it will be as common hereafter to say, that such a particular Estate was got by the Stage, as it was formerly to see great Houses rise by the Law.

C.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1752. Numb. 35.

Απόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
 Ο τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας;
 Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφὸς
 Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆς,
 Πόλεμοι φόνοι δι' αὐτόν.

ANACREON.

See the Translation afterwards.

TO

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

Bedlam, April,
 1752.

SIR,

I Make no Question but before you have read half through my Letter, you will be surprized at its being dated as above; and may perhaps agree with the Conclusion which I have made long ago, that this Place is set apart by the English for the Confinement of all those who have more Sense than the rest of their Countrymen.

However that be, I shall begin by telling you very bluntly, that if you really intend to bring about any Reformation in this Kingdom, you will certainly miss your End, and for this simple Reason, because you are absolutely mistaken in the Means.

Physicians affirm, that before any vicious Habits can be repaired in the natural Constitution, it is necessary to know and to remove their Cause. The same holds true in the political. Without this in both Instances we may possibly patch up and palliate, but never can effectually cure.

Now, Sir, give me Leave to say, you do not appear to me to have in the least guess'd at the true Source of all our

political Evils, neither do you seem to be in any Likelihood of ever acquiring even a Glimpse of any such Knowledge. It is no Wonder therefore, that instead of pursuing the true Method of Cure, you should more than once, in the Course of your Lucubrations, have thrown out Hints which would actually tend to heighten the Disease.

Know then, Sir, that it is I alone who have penetrated to the very Bottom of all the Evil. With infinite Pains and Study I have discovered the certain Cause of all that national Corruption, Luxury, and Immorality, which have polluted our Morals; and of consequence it is I alone who am capable of prescribing the Cure.

But when I lay this sole Claim to such Discovery, I would be understood to have Respect only to the Moderns. To the Philosophers among the Antients, and to some of their Poets, I am well apprized that this invaluable Secret was well known, as I could prove by numberless Quotations. It occurs indeed so very often in their Works, that I am not a little surprized how it came to escape the Observation of a Gentleman who seems to have been so conversant with those illustrious Lamps of real Knowledge and Learning.

Without further Preface then, what is the true Fountain of that Complication of political Diseases which infests this Nation, but Money? Money! which, as the Greek Poet says in my Motto, *may he perish that first invented; for this it is which destroys the Relation of Brother and of Parent, and which introduces Wars and every Kind of Bloodshed into the World.*

If this be granted, as it surely must, where is the Remedy? Is it not to remove the fatal Cause, by extirpating this poisonous Metal, this Pandora's Box out of the Nation.

But tho' the Advantages arising from this Abolition, are, in my Opinion, extremely self-evident; yet as they may possibly not strike with equal Force upon the Minds of others, since no Man hath in my Memory given the least obscure Hint of such a Project; I shall mention some few of the greatest; and, to avoid a common Place of those Authors

I have above mentioned, I shall confine myself to such Instances as particularly affect this Country.

First then, it would effectually put an End to all that Corruption which every Man almost complains of, and of which every Man almost partakes; for by this Means those Contentions which have begun and continued this Corruption, and which always will continue it, will immediately subside. The Struggle will be then, not who shall serve their Country in great and difficult Posts and Employments; but who shall be excused from serving it: And the People being left to themselves, will always fix upon the most capable, who by the Fundamental Laws of our Constitution will be compelled to enter into their Service. Thus a certain Method called Election, which is of very singular Use in a Nation of Freedom, will be again revived; otherwise it may possibly sink only to a Name.

For tho' I admit it possible, that bare Ambition may incite some Persons to attempt Employments for which they are utterly unfit, yet the very Powers of Bribery would be thus taken away, or would be rendered so public, that it would *then* be easily within the Power of Law to suppress it: For no Man could distribute a Herd of Cattle or a Flock of Sheep in private.

Secondly this Method would effectually put a Stop to Luxury, or would reduce it to that which was the Luxury of our Ancestors, and which may more properly be called Hospitality.

Thirdly, it would be of the highest Advantage to Trade, for it would prevent our dealing any longer with those Bloodsucking Nations, who take not our own Commodities in Barter for theirs. This Kind of Traffic, I might perhaps be expected to speak more favourably of, as it so plainly tends to remove the Evil of which I complain, and in Process of Time would possibly effect that excellent Purpose. But I must observe, that however advantageous the End may be, the Means are not so adviseable; nay if we suffer any Money to remain among us, I think there may be good Reasons

shewed, why we should retain as much as we can. It is often indeed mischievous to do that by halves, which it would be highly useful to do effectually: For this must certainly be allowed, that while Money is permitted to be the Representative of all Things; as it is at present, none but a Nation of Idiots would constantly put it into the Hands of their Enemies.

Fourthly, it would restore certain excellent Things, such as Piety, Virtue, Honour, Goodness, Learning, &c. all which are totally abolished by Money, or so counterfeited by it, that no one can tell the true from the false; the Word Rich indeed is at present considered, to signify them all; but of this enough may be found in the old Philosophers and Poets, whom I have before mentioned.

Again how desirous would the Lawyers be to put a speedy End to a Suit, or the physical People to a Disease; if once my Scheme should take Place. It may be said indeed, that they would then carry away Men's Goods and Chattles, as they do now from those who have no Money; but I answer, that this is done in Order to convert them into Money; for otherwise, they would hardly admit the ragged and lousy Bed of a poor Wretch into their Houses.

For the same Reason my Scheme would effectually put an End to all Robberies; a Matter which seems so much to puzzle the Legislature: For tho' our Goods are sometimes stolen as well as our Money, yet the former are only taken in Order to convert them into the latter. It is not the Use, but the Value of a Watch, Snuff-Box or Ring, that is considered by the Robber, who always thinks with Hudibras,

*What is the Worth of any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?*

I shall add but one Particular more; which is, that my Scheme would most certainly provide for the Poor, and that by an infallible (perhaps the only infallible) Method, by removing the Rich. Where there are no Rich, there will of Consequence be found no Poor: For Providence hath in a

wonderful Manner provided in every Country, a plentiful Subsistence for all its Inhabitants; and where none abound, none can want.

Having long meditated on this excellent Scheme, so long that if you will believe some People, I have cracked my Brain, I was resolved to acquit myself, and to shew by way of Example, how fully I was convinced of the Truth of my Principles. I therefore converted an Estate of three hundred Pounds a Year into Money; of this, I put a competent Sum in my Pocket, and took my next Heir with me upon the Thames, where I began to unload my Pockets into the Water. But I had scarce discharged three Handfuls, before my Heir seized me, and with the Assistance of the Waterman, conveyed me back to Shore. I was for a Day secured in an Apartment of my own House; and thence the next Morning, by a Conspiracy among my Relations, brought hither, where I am like to remain, till the rest of Mankind return to their Senses.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

MISARGURUS.

A.

TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1752. Numb. 36.

NEMO adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit.

HOR.

*NOBODY is such a Rascal, that I have
no Hopes of reclaiming him.*

*Every Body to the Censor of Great Britain,
Greeting.*

SIR,

THO' I have not *altogether* the Pleasure of any personal Acquaintance with you, I have heard of your Fame, and am,

for the most Part at least, your Admirer. I do not however preface thus, in order to induce you to do me Justice in your Censorial Capacity: this I am convinced you would do me, tho' I was a mere Stranger, nay even tho' I was your Enemy.

To you then, Sir, as Censor of Great-Britain, I make my Complaint. My Name is EVERY-BODY, and the Person against whom I complain is NO-BODY. I do not love to use harsh Appellations, but I might be almost justified, if Passion should hurry me so far, since the Injuries done me by Nobody, are such as almost defy all human Patience.

You are to know, Sir, that among other Things, I am one of great Business. Indeed every thing which belongs to the Public, is properly my Care; tho' at the same Time I have the Honour to say, that I receive no Salary from the Government. Now Sir, this officious Fellow, No-body, asserts, that whatever is my Business, is his. This Falsehood, however monstrous it may appear, he hath actually persuaded the Generality of People to believe, so that if ever I meddle in public Affairs, I am sure to be laughed at for my Pains; and as this is a great Discouragement, it cannot be wondered at, that I have long declined doing any Service to my Country, the Consequence of which is, that No-body takes upon him to regulate and reform all Manner of public Grievances and Nusances,¹ and when Nothing of this Kind is done as it should be, I am sure to bear the Blame.

It is incredible what a Party this Wretch hath got on his Side. Above a Year ago a certain Gentleman published a little Book, in which, he endeavoured to set forth the national Misconduct in their Manner of *providing for the Poor*. I immediately fell to Work and within a few Months produced a vast Number of Schemes for redressing this Evil, when my old Antagonist began to put in his Claim, and all his Party cried out, that No-body was equal to the Task, nay it was confidently asserted, that I myself acknowledged it, tho' I solemnly assure you, I never said any such Thing.

¹ So printed in the original text.

Numberless indeed are the Instances of this horrid Kind of Injustice done me by this Monster and his wicked Crew. Nothing being commoner, than to put Words into my Mouth, and to make me the Inventor and Reporter of the most horrid Slanders, even such as I never heard of. And what is most astonishing, when the Falshood¹ of some of these Stories have been detected, and the Friends of the injured Parties have endeavoured to bear them to the Fountain-Head, No-body hath had the Assurance openly to confess himself to be the Author.

Again, Sir, when I have attempted to do Justice to some great and good Character, and if I may be allowed the Expression, to blow the Trumpet of his Fame, there have not been wanting among the Creature of this No-body, some who have transferred the Honour of applauding Merit from me to him, and have boldly asserted, that No-body ever gave the Person a good Word, when in Reality it was I that commended, and No-body ever spoke against him.

If I was to enumerate all the Injuries done me by this Fellow and his Family, it would tire your Patience to read the Half of them. Nothing is more common than for some young Lady of the Family to report that I was present at a silly Drum or Rout, where I should be ashamed to shew my Face; and at last it hath come out that the young Lady meant some insignificant Beau or Coxcomb who had the Impudence to personate me, tho' he was in Reality a Branch of the Nobodies.

In the same Manner I am often abused for saying Things which I never said, and doing what I never did. I am indeed brought as an Example to justify all the Folly of the Age. I am far however from laying this on Nobody, but I can with great Truth accuse his Family, the female Nobodies in particular. If one of these makes herself ridiculous by an Oddity in her Dress, and it is mentioned to her by her Friend, she immediately cries, 'Why do you blame me? *Every Body*

¹ So printed in the original text.

'wears it.' So if you speak or act absurdly, poor Every-Body speaks and acts in the same Manner.

Infinite Mischief hath been produced in the learned World by this Method; for, whether I deserve it or no, my Taste and Judgment will be always regarded; and many a Book hath been esteemed by the Public, for no other Reason but because it hath been confidently reported that I have read it. On the contrary, tho' I am well assured that Nobody will deny it, I do assert that many a Work hath been consigned to Oblivion, merely from an Opinion that Nobody hath read it.

To shew you my Candour, however, I do not commend this Way of thinking; nay I am ready to acknowledge that I have sometimes read over the silliest Performances, and again have no doubt but that Books of much intrinsic Worth have been read by Nobody. But indeed, Sir, wonderful are the Misrepresentations of this Kind, by malicious People; I have been often reported to have slighted what I have greatly admired, merely because some few of my Relations who are Scandals to my Family, have turned up their Nose at what they have not understood; and the Commendations which I have bestowed on such Occasions, have been falsely reported to have come from Nobody's Mouth.

Upon the whole, Mr. Censor, I hope you will take this Matter into your serious Consideration, and do me that Justice against Nobody which your censorial Capacity gives you such full Power to execute, and not only against him but against all his Adherents. I make no Question but that you are well apprized of my real Consequence in the Society, and that all Government was instituted for my Sake, and for my Sake only. This may seem a bold Word, but it is nevertheless true, notwithstanding what some of the most worthless and impudent of the Family of the Nobodies have presumed to insinuate. Nor will you, I hope, think me vain, when I aver, that unless I set about it, and that heartily, that Reformation which can alone (I say it) prevent the speedy Ruin of this Kingdom, can never be brought about. It is

by my Encouragement of Religion, Virtue, Science, and Art, that they can again be brought to hold up their drooping Heads. It is I must begin, by setting the Example in every thing that is laudable, without expecting it from others. I am he that must first shake off Prostitution and Corruption, and every Kind of Infamy. I alone who must resolve to give Praise and Honour to the truly Deserving, and treat Vice and Meanness with their just Contempt, however distinguished and elevated by Fortune, Title, or Station.

All this however, no nor any Part of this, will I perform, while you suffer that cursed Maxim to prevail, That Every-body's Business is Nobody's.

I am, Sir,

Your real Admirer,

Well-Wisher,

And Friend,

EVERY-BODY.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1752. Numb. 37.

Scilicet in Vulgus manent Exempla Regentum.

CLAUDIAN.

THE CREATURES *will endeavour to*
ape their Betters.

THERE are many Phrases that Custom renders familiar to our Ears, which, when looked into, and closely examined, will appear extremely strange, and of which it must greatly puzzle a very learned Etymologist to account for the Original.

Of this Sort is the Term, PEOPLE OF FASHION. An Expression of such very common Use, and so universally understood, that it is entirely needless to set down here what is meant by it: But how it first acquired its present Meaning,

and became a Title of Honour and Distinction, is a Point, I apprehend, of no small Difficulty to determine.

I have on this Occasion consulted several of my Friends, who are well skilled in Etymology. One of these traces the Word Fashion through the French Language up to the Latin. He brings it from the Verb FACIO, which, among other Things, signifies TO DO. Hence he supposes *People of Fashion*, according to the old Derivation of *Lucus a non lucendo*, to be spoken of those who do Nothing. But this is too general, and would include all the Beggars in the Nation.

Another carries the Original no farther than the French Word FACON, which is often used to signify *Affectation*. This likewise will extend too far, and will comprehend Attorney's Clerks, Apprentices, Milliners, Mantuamakers, and an infinite Number of the lower People.

A third will bring Fashion from *φάσις*. This in the genitive Plural makes *φασίων*, which in English is the very Word. According to him, by People of Fashion are meant People whose Essence consisteth in Appearances, and who, while they seem to be something, are really nothing.

But tho' I am well apprized that much may be said to support this Derivation, there is a fourth Opinion, which, to speak in the proper Language, hath yet a *more smiling* Aspect. This supposes the Word Fashion to be a Corruption from Fascination, and that these People were formerly believed by the Vulgar to be a Kind of Conjurers, and to possess a Species of the Black Art.

In Support of this Opinion, my Friend urges the Use which these People have always made of the Word Circle, and the Pretence to be enclosed in a certain Circle, like so many Conjurers, and by such Means to keep the Vulgar at a Distance from them.

To this Purpose likewise he quotes the Phrases, a polite Circle, the Circle of one's Acquaintance, People that live within a certain Circle, and many others. From all which he infers, that in those dark and ignorant Ages, when Conjurers were held in more Estimation than they are at

present, the credulous Vulgar believed these People to be of the Number, and consequently called them *People of Fascination*, which hath been since corrupted into *People of Fashion*.

However whimsical this Opinion may seem, or however far fetched the Derivation may sound to those who have not much considered the barbarous Corruption of Language, I must observe in it's Favour how difficult it is by any other Method, to account not only for that odd Phrase, *People of Fashion*; but likewise for that Circle within which those People have always affected to live.

Even now, when Conjurers have been long laughed out of the World, the Pretence to the Circle is nevertheless maintained, and within this Circle the *People of Fascination* do actually insist upon living at this Day.

It is moreover extremely pleasant to observe what wonderful Care these People take to preserve their Circle safe and inviolate, and with how jealous an Eye they guard against any Intrusion of those whom they are pleased to call the Vulgar; who are on the other Hand as vigilant to watch, and as active to improve every Opportunity of invading this Circle, and breaking into it.

Within the Memory of many now living, the Circle of the *People of Fascination* included the whole Parish of Covent Garden, and great Part¹ of St. Giles's in the Fields; but here the Enemy broke in, and the Circle was presently contracted to Leicester-Fields, and Golden-Square. Hence the *People of Fashion* again retreated before the Foe to Hanover-Square; whence they were once more driven to Grosvenor-Square, and even beyond it, and that with such Precipitation, that had they not been stopped by the Walls of Hyde-Park, it is more than probable they would by this Time have arrived at Kensington.

In many other Instances we may remark the same Flight of these People, and the same Pursuit of their Enemies. They

¹ See footnote to I. 207. 12.

first contrived a certain Vehicle called a Hackney-Coach to avoid the Approach of the Foe in the open Streets. Hence they were soon routed, and obliged to take Shelter in Coaches of their own. Nor did this protect them long. The Enemy likewise in great Numbers mounted into the same *armed Vehicles**. The People of Fascination then betook themselves to Chairs; in which their exempt Privileges being again invaded, I am informed that several Ladies of Quality have bespoke a Kind of Couch somewhat like the *Lectica* of the Romans; in which they are next Winter to be carried through the Streets upon Men's Shoulders.

The Reader will be pleased to observe, that beside the local Circle which I have described above, there is an imaginary or figurative one, which is invaded by every Imitation of the Vulgar.

Thus those People of Fascination, or if they like it better, of Fashion, who found it convenient to remain still in Coaches, observing that several of the Enemy had lately exhibited Arms on their Vehicles, by which Means, those Ornaments became vulgar and common, immediately ordered their own Arms to be blotted out, and a Cypher substituted in their Room; perhaps cunningly contriving to represent themselves instead of their Ancestors.

Numberless are the Devices made use of by the People of Fashion of both Sexes, to avoid the Pursuit of the Vulgar, and to preserve the Purity of the Circle. Sometimes the Perriwig covers the whole Beau, and he peeps forth from the midst like an Owl in an Ivy Bush; at other Times his Ears stand up behind half a dozen Hairs, and give you the Idea of a different Animal. Sometimes a large black Bag, with Wings spread as broad as a Raven's adorns his Back, at other Times, a little lank Silk appears like a dead Black-bird in his Neck. To Day he borrows the Tail of a Rat, and To-morrow that of a Monkey; for he will transform himself into the Likeness of the vilest Animal, to avoid the Resemblance of his own Species.

* Rather *Coat of armed*.

Nor are the Ladies less watchful of the Enemy's Motions, or less anxious to avoid them. What Hoods and Hats and Caps and Coifs have fallen a Sacrifice in this Pursuit! Within my Memory the Ladies of the Circle covered their lovely Necks with a Cloak; this being routed by the Enemy, was exchanged for the Manteel; this again was succeeded by the Pelorine, the Pelorine by the Neckatee, the Neckatee by the Capuchine; which hath now stood its Ground a long Time, but not without various Changes of Colour, Shape, Ornaments, &c.

And here I must not pass by the many admirable Arts made use of by these Ladies, to deceive and dodge their Imitators; when they are hunted out in any favourite Mode, the Method is to lay it by for a Time, and then to resume it again all at once, when the Enemy least expect it. Thus Patches appear and disappear several Times in a Season. I have myself seen the Enemy in the Pit, with Faces all over spotted like the Leopard, when the Circle in the Boxes have with a conscious Triumph displayed their native Alabaster, without a simple Blemish, tho' they had a few Evenings before worn a thousand: within a Month afterwards the Leopards have appeared in the Boxes to the great Mortification of the Fair Faces in the Pit.

In the same Manner the Ruff after a long Discontinuance some Time since began to revive in the Circle, and advanced downwards, till it almost met the Tucker. But no sooner did the Enemy pursue, than it vanished all at once, and the Boxes became a Collection of little Hills of Snow, extremely delightful to the Eyes of every Beholder.

Of all the Articles of Distinction the Hoop hath stood the longest, and with the most obstinate Resistance. Instead of giving Way, this the more it hath been pushed, hath encreased the more; till the Enemy hath been compelled to give over the Pursuit from mere Necessity; it being found impossible to convey seven Yards of Hoop into a Hackney-Coach, or to slide with it behind a Counter.

But as I have mentioned some of the Arts of the Circle, it would not be fair to be silent as to those of the Enemy, among whom a certain Citizen's Wife distinguished herself very remarkably, and appeared long in the very Top of the Mode. It was at last however discovered that she used a very unfair Practice, and kept a private Correspondence with one of those Milliners who were intrusted with all the Secrets of the Circle.

A.

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1752. Numb. 38.

Scire Potestates Herbarum, Usumque medendi.

VIRG.

TO

Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, Knt.

SIR,

THE Desire of Health was so early implanted in Man, and so originally interwove with his very Nature, that it may be said to be the genuine Child of that all ruling Principle, Self-Preservation. We see the Impulse for continuing the Search, not only diffused through the human Race; but the Brutes, from amidst an Exuberance of vegetable Variety, can select with the nicest Skill their peculiar Physic out of the Fields and Woods.

It is said, that in some Instances, Mankind have been their Pupils, and indebted to them for Instruction; that they have not only led us to the Knowledge of some useful Discoveries and Operations, but whilst their Lords, boasting of superior Reason, have been employed in the laborious Task of distinguishing the outward Characteristic of Plants, and ranging them as Matter of Curiosity, with no little Parade, the humble Beasts have taught us better Lessons; have shewn

a shorter Way to the Virtues of several Simples, by making them at once the subject of their Cure, and thereby evincing their Properties.

No Doubt the still lower Classes of the Creation, Reptiles, as well as Insects, have the Power given them to exercise this medicinal Art.

That the Practice of the Brutes have suffered less Mutations than that of erring Man, is a Circumstance I shall not here enlarge upon, but could have wished, that in the Systems of the latter, their Changes had always been attended, with more substantial Views of real Foundation.

Whatever Tendency to Evil this has produced, whatever Neglect and Indignity have been offered to simple Remedies, and what Attachment we have given to a useless Farrago of Drugs, the Imputation however cannot fairly be charged upon the Profession but the Professors. The Science itself is highly worthy the Pursuit of the most rational Enquirer, though perhaps, not altogether of those great Liberalities and Distinctions, which from the remotest Antiquity have been paid it. Kings as well as Peasants have at all Times from Choice or Necessity become its Votaries: But this is feeble Evidence of its Use, when compared to the Sanction given it by the sacred Writings of the Son of Syrac, or the divine Authority of Apostolic Function. Proofs which conspire to own its noble Origin, though it must be confessed that Nations amongst the wiser Heathens were guilty of the most extravagant Excess. We read, that amongst Physicians, Crowns and Apotheoses were the attendant Honours of their Life and Death; and Macrobius speaks of Hippocrates in such applauding Strains, as can only be applied to infallible Wisdom.

— *qui tam fallere quam falli nescit.*

This universal Persuasion, this general Acknowledgement of the Excellency of the healing Art, (which was then and indeed till late, in all its Branches, jointly exercised) will

serve to demonstrate how natural, how essential it is for every Individual, the least solicitous for its Preservation, to apply to those restoring Remedies, which God in his infinite Munificence, has so plenteously created and ordained for the Use of Man: And that Societies employed for the Advancement of Medical Learning should at all Times be encouraged by the public Suffrage. The various Seminaries of the medical Kind, both here and abroad, must necessarily give a liberal Mind very affecting Pleasure.

Those who have already availed themselves by the Powers of such Skill, may feelingly display it[s]¹ Use and Importance; and those who by unskilful Treatment, or empiric Ignorance, have too unhappily suffered, will have the greater Reason to approve any Institution, calculated for avoiding Error, and promoting the Good of their Fellow-Creatures. A Good, no less than that of recovering Health, that inestimable Gem, always the most valued when the least possessed, and which no temporal Blessing can be put in Competition with; for without that Comfort, no Enjoyment can have its Relish. Our Summer's Sunshine would be Zembla's Winter, and terrestrial Paradise, a dreary Desert.

That Physic has yet its Perplexities and Defects, its Rocks and Shoals, is a Truth I believe the warmest Advocate for its Perfection will not venture to deny. To explore those Tracks, to make Discoveries, and point out Dangers in the Regions of that Science, is a Task, however formidable, yet meritorious in those who attempt it, and of the greatest Consequence to Humanity. It is with no small Satisfaction that I view the laudable Endeavours of the medical Society of Surgeons of the Royal Navy directed to this salutary End. A Set of Gentlemen, from whose peculiar Situations, and from those personal Visits which its Members are constantly paying to various and distant Climates, the Public may reasonably expect Improvement, as they must be more immediately enabled to investigate Diseases, and to observe

¹ Printed *it* in the original.

Nature and her Laws, not only in the animal Economy, but in her manifold Productions, under the Co-operation of contrasted Soils and Seasons, from farthest India to the utmost Boundaries of the North.

Though they are not apprized of these Reflexions, much less have I their Consent for them, I shall take the Liberty to insert here the second Article of their Plan, which, as it is but in the Hands of few, tho' intended for public View, by its being printed and advertized to be called for, I hope on that Account the Members of that Society will not be offended at this Proceeding.

“II. That as one considerable Purpose of this Undertaking is to pursue, particularly, such Branches of medical Knowledge, as fall more immediately under the Observation of the Navy-Surgeons, who may be reasonably presumed to have Advantages, for some particular Disquisitions, peculiar to their Situation; such as — an Opportunity of enquiring into the Nature of Sea Diseases, and any specific or material Difference between them and those at Land; — of observing any particular Effects of Medicines at Sea; — the common Effects of the principal Operations of Surgery on that Element; especially where any remarkable Diversity occurs from their general Events on Shore; and any different Success of the same Operations in different Climates, at Sea and Land; — the Effects of Sea-Air and Diet in general, in various Diseases, and the particular Changes of the Constitution, produced by them under the Co-operation of different Seasons and Climates; — the various Distempers endemic on their different Stations; and any remarkable Diversity in the Symptoms, and the general Event of the Disease, between Natives and Strangers; with the usual Method of treating such Disease, or its ordinary supervening Symptoms, by Practitioners of the best Note and greatest Experience, in those Countries, and the most frequent Consequence of it. — It is therefore strongly recommended to them to be carefully attentive to those very material Articles: And further to improve every

“Opportunity of informing themselves, of the popular
“Methods of treating different Distempers in those Places,
“where Physic is little cultivated; — of attaining the natural
“History of the Country; — the Weather; — the Animals; —
“Plants (especially all indigenous physical ones) and
“Fossils; — to endeavour to discover the Process and
“Manufacture of any Drugs in it; — and to furnish them-
“selves with the best Collection of such Productions, as they
“can conveniently procure. But to prevent the Multiplicity
“of Volumes, without adding to the Stock of useful Knowl-
“edge, it is agreed that no other Cases or Observations in
“Physic or Surgery shall be published, but such as may be
“instructive in their own Nature, or rendered so, by judicious
“and extensive Reflexions deduced from them, in order to the
“Establishment or Confirmation of general Axioms.”

Such is one Article, of seven, of which their Plan at present consists. A Plan, which as Usefulness first formed, so Propriety seemingly continues to direct. In Conformity to this, they have laid a Foundation, on which an ample Superstructure is to be raised; and as they have distinguished a good Judgment in the Assortment of some Materials for their Building, it is not to be questioned but the Society will proceed in the same Method towards its farther Completion.

In order to render it as worthy their Design as possible, I am very credibly informed that no Expence within their Sphere is spared, that can contribute to its Advancement. Anatomy and Materia Medica, the two Eyes of Physick, are encouraged and publicly professed amongst them, by Persons deservedly of the first Character in their respective Classes. So that the more ingenious Part of that Body may retain and still advance in Knowledge; and the less qualified may resort to it as to a School or Nursery, when ever Convenience and the Desire of Improvement prompt them.

Great Advantage and Lustre might be derived to the Society, from the Mention of some honorary Members and Encouragers of it. Persons whose Candour, Ingenuity, and Learning, do Honour not only to this Society, but to

Humanity itself. Indeed it may suffice at once to say, that of whatever is praiseworthy and of real Estimation, those Persons are the true and rightful Patrons.

Sordid Partiality, and narrow Interestedness, may seek Shelter and Protection, but seek it too in vain; for Names in this Age, however dignified, though they may greatly cherish the tender Shoots of Desert; yet they do not, neither can they, support the Offspring of spurious Knowledge.

BENEVOLUS.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1752. Numb. 39.

Liberalitate nihil est Naturæ hominis accommodatius.

CICERO *de Offic.*

NOTHING, says the great Cicero, in my Motto, *is more agreeable to the Nature of Man than Liberality.* A Sentiment which seems to flow from that noble Philosophy which taught every Man to suppress, as much as possible, all narrow and selfish Principles, and to consider himself only as a Part of a Whole; a Member of that political Body to which he belongs. In this Sence, to confer Benefits on each other, and to do mutual Good, will appear to be as agreeable to Nature, as for the right Hand to assist the left, or for any one Member of the human Body to administer to the Use and Good of another; indeed to the Emolument of the Man himself. In this Sence the Roman Philosopher speaks in another Part of his Works, where he says, *that for Man to do an Injury to Man for his own private Advantage, is to act in direct Opposition to his Nature.*

If this Doctrine be admitted, the Person who is void of all Liberality, is not worthy the Name of a Man; but is to be considered as an unnatural Monster, below the Dignity of Humanity.

Again, if we view this Matter in the Light in which it is placed by the Writers on the Law of Nature, the Man who refuses to relieve the Wants of another with his own Superfluities, is guilty of great Injustice: For according to them, no Man hath any Right or Title to withhold from his Neighbour that Bread which he himself doth not want, and which his Neighbour absolutely doth want.

Mr. Lock, treating of the first Methods of acquiring Property, raises the following Objection. It will perhaps be objected, says he, that *if gathering the Acorns or other Fruits of the Earth, &c. makes a Right to them, then any one may ingross as much as he will.* “To which (says he) I “answer, not so. The same Law of Nature that does by this “Means give us Property, does also bound that Property too. “*God has given us all Things richly,* is the Voice of Reason “confirmed by Inspiration. But how far has he given it us? “To enjoy.¹ As much as any one can make use of to any “Advantage of Life before it spoils, so much he may by his “Labour fix a Property in; whatever is beyond this is more “than his Share, and it belongs to others.’ And again, ‘Nature “has well set the Measure of Property, by the Extent of “Mans Labour and the Conveniencies of Life: No Mans “Labour could subdue or appropriate all, nor could his “Enjoyment consume more than a small Part; so that it was “impossible for any Man, this Way, to intrench upon the “Right of another, or to acquire to himself a Property to the “Prejudice of his Neighbour, who would still have Room for “as good and large a Possession after the other had taken out “his)² as before it was appropriated.’

Bishop Cumberland having shewn that the Law of Nature commands an Endeavour to promote the common Good, proceeds thus: ‘It is manifest that this greatest and noblest ‘End, cannot be obtained by a bare abstaining from Evil; ‘but it is necessary that every one contribute his Share, by

¹ So printed in the original text.

² Obviously a printer’s error.

‘a true, certain, and constant Application, as well of Things ‘external, as of his Powers towards the gaining this Point.’ Upon this Account it is (says he) a natural Precept, ‘That ‘if at any Time, the Nature of the chief End so requiring ‘it, we should transfer to another some Right of ours, either ‘by Gift at present, or by Promise or Compact afterwards to ‘be performed; we make that Promise validly and faithfully, ‘and not with an Intention to deceive; for it is only such ‘a firm transferring of any Thing, or of our Services to the ‘Use of another, as I have mentioned, which can at all ‘conduce to the End commanded us.’

Grotius, to the same Purpose, reasons thus — I will translate him literally. ‘Let us moreover consider, whether any ‘Right to Mankind in common, may attach in us those Things ‘which are already become the Property of others. Some ‘may perhaps wonder this should be made a Question, as ‘Property may seem to have absorbed all that Right which ‘arose from the Community of Things. But this is not so: ‘For we must examine into the Intention of those Persons ‘who first introduced private Property (*Dominia Singularia*) ‘which is to be interpreted so as to depart as little as possible ‘from natural Equity: For if written Laws are as far as ‘possible to receive this Interpretation, much more are those ‘unwritten *Principles* or Manners, which are not bound down ‘by the Chains of Language.’

Hence it follows. First, that in the last and greatest Necessity, ‘that old Law of using all Things in common, ‘revives again, as if they had always so remained; because ‘in all human Laws, and so in the Laws of Property, this ‘last Necessity seems to have been excepted.’

Puffendorf after having thrown some Difficulties which attend this Exposition, as it may give too great a Latitude to Force or Fraud, (and which are the Reasons given by Lord Hale, why this Plea of Necessity in Case of Theft is not admitted in our Law) proceeds thus, ‘We think therefore ‘that this Point of Dispute will be more clearly determined ‘by the Principles and the Method which we have laid down;

‘that is, by saying in short, that the wealthy Person is bound
‘to relieve him, who innocently wants, by an imperfect
‘Obligation; to the performing of which, though regularly no
‘Man ought to be compelled by Violence, yet the Force of
‘extreme Necessity is so great, as to make these Things
‘recoverable by the same Means as those which are truly
‘and rightfully due. That is by making Complaint to the
‘Magistrate, or when the Urgency of the Distress cannot allow
‘Time for such an Expedient, then by seizing what is ready
‘at hand either in a secret or an open Manner.’

Berbeyrac in his Notes on this Passage seems to blame his Author for calling it an imperfect Obligation. ‘This
‘(APPLICATION to the Magistrate) says he, is their only
‘Refuge who believe that the greatest Necessity cannot
‘authorize any Man of himself to take the Goods of another,
‘but as Thomasius observes, they tacitly acknowledge, that
‘such a Necessity gives a Man a perfect Right to require
‘what he wants; for only those Things which are due by
‘Virtue of a perfect Obligation, can be subject to the Decision
‘of the Magistrate.

Upon the whole, it seems to be agreed by all these great Men, that those who want, have by the Laws of Nature A RIGHT to a Relief from the Superfluities of those who abound; by those Laws therefore it is not left to the Option of the Rich, whether they will relieve the Poor and Distressed, but those who refuse to do it, become unjust Men, and in reality deserve to be considered as ROGUES AND ROBBERS OF THE PUBLIC.

But if Liberality or Charity be so certain a Duty by the Law of Nature, how much more clearly and expressly is it enjoined by the divine Dispensation, as well the Jewish, as the Christian!—Thus in Deuteronomy; *Thou shalt not harden thy Heart, nor shut thine Hand from thy poor Brother. And again, Thou shalt open thy Hand wide unto thy Brother, unto thy Poor, and to thy Needy in the Land. So the Prophet, Relieve the Oppressed, judge the Fatherless, plead for the Widow.*—And again, *Is not this the Fast*

which I have chosen!——Is it not to deal thy Bread to the Hungry, and that thou bring the Poor that are cast out to thy House; when thou seest the Naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own Flesh?

The New Testament is so full of Precepts and Exhortations to this Duty of Charity, that it would be endless to transcribe them; nor can it be in the least necessary to a Christian Reader. *Give to every Man that asketh thee*, is the Command of our Saviour; who in another Place affirms that in the Performance of this Duty consists PERFECTION. *If thou wilt be perfect sell all thou hast and give to the Poor.* ‘These Words, says Dr. Barrow, do indeed sound high; nor ‘can they signify or design less than that we should be always ‘in Affection and Disposition of Mind, ready to part with ‘any Thing we have for the Succour of our poor Brethren, ‘that to the utmost of *our ability*, (according to moral Estimation prudently rated) upon all Occasions we should really ‘express that Disposition in our Practice; that we are exceedingly obliged to the continual Exercise of these Duties in a ‘very eminent Degree. Duties which were enforced by the ‘constant Example of Jesus himself; and by the Preaching ‘and Practice of all his Disciples.’

Upon the whole, I hope, it appears, that a Person void of Charity, is unworthy the Appellation of a Christian; that he hath no Pretence to either Goodness or Justice, or even to the Character of Humanity; that he is in honest Truth, an Infidel, a Rogue, and a Monster, and ought to be expelled not only from the Society of Christians, but of Men.

C.

TUESDAY, MAY 19, 1752. Numb. 40.

——— *Professus grandia turget.*

HOR.

TO THE

CENSOR of Great-Britain.

SIR,

AMONGST the various, and almost innumerable Objects of your censorial Jurisdiction, Authorship, or the Manner of writing Books, is not the least considerable and important Article. Now tho' passing your Judgment on such as are actually published, and claim the Censor's Consideration, be the principal Duty in that Part of your Office, yet, I presume, you will not disdain to lend your Attention for a few Minutes, even to the Embryo of a Treatise, if it is remarkable and interesting.

My old Friend Jack Penflow, is, I believe, of all Men the most deeply smitten with that Disease commonly called scribendi Cacoethes, or in English the Itch of Writing; I say Writing, for I think Scribbling, as it is sometimes termed, is rather too dishonourable an Appellation for my Friend's Productions. He writes in a common Way one Third Part of his whole Time. He hath by him many Reams of Manuscripts of his own Composition and Hand-Writing; and has been more than once obliged to change his Lodgings, in order to be accommodated with a light Closet, large enough to contain himself, his Bureau, and his Papers. He is withal extremely close and shy with respect to his Productions. He never vaunts of having written on this or that Subject; and can seldom or never be prevailed upon, even by his most intimate Friends, to let them have a Reading of any of his Papers. However, as he is a very great Humorist, I one Day by a Stratagem procured the Perusal of a pretty large Bundle of Sheets, which I found to contain uncommon and curious Matter; and, as I was not tied down to Secrecy, I think myself

at Freedom to give some Account thereof to your censorial Worship, as far as I can at present. The Performance is rather a Sketch or the Adversaria of a Treatise, than a regular and finished one; as I believe all his Compositions are. But the Title is written out as fair and pompous, and as nicely distinguished with different Sizes of Characters, and Lengths of Lines, as if it were prepared for the Press. It stands thus,

Peri Tharsûs,

A

TRE A T I S E

ON THE

CONFIDENT and PERT.

A modern Improvement in Writing;

OR,

The Art of Swaggering in Print.

A Work useful to all Kinds and Classes of Authors at this Day, but more particularly to Polemic Divines, Paradoxical Historians, Self-taught Commentators, Hypothetical and Heretical Physicians, Daily-Essay Writers, Quack-Bill Writers, and Advertisers.

I imagine my Friend, by the Floridness of this Frontispiece, designs to exhibit a Sample of his Subject.

And he himself the great pert Thing he draws.

In his introductory Discourse, he observes that a Work of this Kind is a Desideratum in Literature, and wonders it hath hitherto been unattempted: 'We have, says he, a 'Treatise *Peri Hypsûs*, or of the Sublime, by an illustrious 'Ancient; and another *Peri Bathûs*, or of the Profound, by

‘a no less illustrious Modern. We have likewise Discourses
‘on the Logomachies of the Learned; on the Meteors of
‘Stile; and one which comes the nearest to our present
‘Purpose, on the Charlataneria, or Mountebankishness of
‘Authors. But we still want a precise and full Account of
‘the Confident or Pert, its Nature, and Usefulness in Writing;
‘the Rules by which it may be acquired, and according to
‘which it may be applied, and put in Practice to the best
‘Advantage.’

He next endeavours to shew that the Doctrine and Practice of the Pert is in a great Measure a modern Invention, or at least a modern Improvement, there being very little of that Kind to be found in the Writings of the Ancients, if we except Works of Drollery, as Comedies, where a pert Character is introduced, some few controversial Tracts, and Pleadings at the Bar. He assigns Reasons why the Ancients were such poor Proficients in this Qualification; and highly extols the Ingenuity of the Moderns, to whom the Glory was reserved of rescuing it from the narrow Confinement, within which the Ancients had pent it up, and allowing it the Liberty of ranging and expatiating in Works of every Kind, without Controul or Distinction. But his own Words will best express his Meaning. ‘The Ancients, saith he, were so weak as to
‘idolize an everlasting Fame; and seemed to have expected
‘some real Benefit, in the Grave or beyond the Grave, from
‘the Praises bestowed on their Works by latest Posterity;
‘to ensure which, besides the great Care they took to make
‘their Works correct, both as to Matter and Stile; they were
‘sollicitous to the last Degree to shun any Thing, that might
‘disgust their most delicate Readers in their Manner of
‘addressing them, and so bring upon themselves the Imputa-
‘tion of being conceited Prigs and Coxcombs. They looked
‘upon the Public taken collectively, as superior to any single
‘Writer whatever, were he a General, a Statesman, or even
‘a crowned Head. Hence proceeded that bashful Modesty,
‘or rather sheepish Diffidence, so happily expressed in French,
‘by the Appellation of *Mauvais Honte*, with which they

‘accost the Reader in their prefatory Discourses. The
‘Moderns, on the other Hand, proceed on more demonstrative
‘Principles. Amongst which, the chief fundamental Maxim
‘is this undeniable one, that as Posterity neither will, nor
‘can, do any Thing for our Advantage, it is of no Business
‘of ours to attempt any Thing for the Advantage of Posterity.
‘They wisely regard Fame, even that bestowed by Co-
‘temporaries, as little better than Wind, and that by
‘Posterity, as not so good; but a mere *Ens rationis*, a Non-
‘entity, according to the School Axiom, *De non existentibus*,
‘& *non apparentibus idem esto judicium*. They have there-
‘fore unanimously, excepting a very few old fashion obstinate
‘Dissentients, exploded the fruitless Labour of compiling
‘lasting Works, therein imitating the prudent Tenant, who,
‘in building upon another Man’s Ground, proportions his
‘Expences to the Duration of his Lease. Moreover, by a
‘maturer Knowledge of the World than their Ancestors,
‘who lived near the infant State thereof, could be possessed
‘of, they have observed, that in mixt Companies and Con-
‘versation, the confident and pert Praters are constantly
‘applauded by the Majority, who look upon such as pretty,
‘clever, mettled Fellows, and interpret their Self-Sufficiency,
‘as real Ability. Hence they conclude, that a Book calculated
‘not to last Ages, but to produce an immediate Effect ought
‘to approach nearly to the Air and Manner of common
‘Discourse, and catch the many, as it were by Surprise, before
‘the Judgment of the few can interpose. To compass which
‘desireable End, nothing conduces so much as an artful Dash
‘of the Pert; and that not a sparing one.’

I had just wrote down the last Word from the Manuscript, when I was disagreeably surprised by my Friend’s starting up at my Elbow. I imagine he suspected what I was about; for he stole in, my Parlour-Door being a-jar, before I was aware. He carried off his Papers in a great Passion, and vow’d he never would communicate any more of them. But perhaps I may hereafter find Ways and Means to pacify him,

and make him better than his Word. If I succeed, you shall hear more from me on the same Subject.

I am,

SIR, yours, etc.

MISOTHARSUS.

You Mr. Censor,

D—N you Sir, do you think to bully us into Charity with your *Grocer*, and the Fellow whose Name begins with Puff? Very pretty faith! I am obliged to give my Money, whether I will or no! However as I think the Case, a compassionate Case, I have sent you a Guinea for the Baker; but I would not have you think I do it because you have persuaded me that it is my Duty. No, Sir, I do it because it pleases me, and I do not know a Way to please myself better with the Sum I send you. As for your Arguments, ———

White's, Saturday,

Yours,

Four o'Clock.

TOM. THOUGHTLESS.

Worthy Mr. Censor,

I Have read your excellent Paper on Charity, with very high Satisfaction. You have indeed, with great Learning, demonstrated how indispensably we are bound to that great Duty, as Men, as just Men, and as Christians. I much applaud the Goodness of your Undertaking, and I make no Doubt but it will be attended with the Success it deserves: For which Success (as well in this Case as in all your other laudable Endeavours for the Good of the Public) I shall offer up my hearty Prayers; a Matter of much more Consequence than any trifling Mite which I could add to your Subscription.

Lombard Street,

I am,

May 16, 1752.

Worthy Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

PETER UPRIGHT.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1752. Numb. 41.

*Audi alteram partem.**Hear the Defendant.*

SIR,

I Am very much surprised, to see a Gentleman of your Character interfering in a private Quarrel, as you manifestly did when you published that malicious Letter signed *Every-Body*, in your Censor of the 5th Instant.

As to the Writer, I may surely, with great Truth, accuse him of Malice; since he hath attacked me without any (the least) Provocation: For I have been always too wise to enter into a Quarrel, or to maintain any Dispute with him.

But since he hath thought proper to call upon me in this public Manner, I shall be justified in the Opinion of all Mankind in defending myself, and in pointing out the many Misrepresentations and Falshoods¹ contained in his Letter.

He sets out with asserting, *that he is a Man of great Business, and that all the Concerns of the Public belong to his Care.* This is a vulgar Error, and the Cause of many political Evils. The Truth is, that Every-Body is impertinent and officious, and is too apt to meddle with the Business of Some-Body; and if Some-Body will but undertake to do his Duty, no Man can have the Assurance to charge me with interfering: But if this Some-Body will neglect his Duty, and give it up to Every-Body, I declare honestly that I shall always think it belongs to me to perform it.

As to the particular Instance of providing for the Poor, I shall only say that if Some-Body doth not undertake it, and if Every-Body, instead of planning a thousand ineffectual Schemes of his own, doth not agree without Envy or Malice, to support Some-Body in his Undertaking, that Business will never be accomplished.

As to the Invention of Slanders, which is wickedly fathered upon me, I may, I think, appeal to the Public for

¹ So printed in the original text.

the Proof of my Innocence; since I believe my Character is so well known, that not a single Person, except this Writer, will charge me with having been the Author of one single Article of Scandal. I do not indeed say, that Every-Body is guilty of inventing; but sure I am, that if he did not take Delight in hearing and spreading these Slanders, but would (as he ought to do) discountenance and despise them, this great Evil would soon cease in the Community.

And as to the Accusation of abusing Men of Merit, I do most solemnly deny it; and I defy him to produce a single Instance of one great and good Man, against whom No-Body ever spoke an evil Word.

Again, he upbraids me with the false Accusations brought against him by a young Lady, of being at some Drum or Rout where he would be ashamed of being seen. The Fact may be true, for any thing I know to the contrary; but why am I to answer for the Behaviour of Ladies, who are so far from being my Friends, as he falsely says, that they are all such as Every-Body knows, and would resent being thought to be acquainted with me as the most cruel Aspersion.

As for the Injury done to Books of Merit, by a Report that I have read them; is this my Fault? I might as justly lay to his Charge the Propagation of half the Nonsense, Dulness, and Scurrility, with which the Age abounds; but I CAN truly say, I HAVE no Delight in Scandal.

If I was not afraid of tiring you, or *your Reader*, with the Controversy, I could say much more; but this shall suffice. Nor do I doubt but you will do me the Justice of printing this; since I assure you, that while you persevere in exposing the Vices and Follies of the Age; while you avoid any base Attachment to Party, any servile Flattery to the Great, and any Reflections on private Characters, you will be sure to find a professed Admirer, and zealous Friend, in

Your most humble Servant,

NO-BODY.

A.

TO

Sir Alexander Drawcansir.

SIR,

IF the Society, which Crito, in the Gazetteer on the 16th Instant, somewhat invidiously calls upon, hath not yet given Proofs to the Public of its Improvements, let it be remembered by what slow Gradations every new Institution approaches to Fame.

It is a well known Fact, that the Members of the Royal Academy of Surgery at Paris, were many Years before they appeared in Print; and Persons suspended their Contributions and Assistance to that Work, 'till the Society had established a Character by the Press, or some other Means. No Doubt the same Cause as Powerfully prevails, in this our present and domestic Instance, as it must in all others of the like Kind, where Men wait only for a Specimen to be determined in their Conduct. But it must be confessed, that this is a Circumstance somewhat to be lamented; for the Friends of Science ought to consider, that were such Sentiments general, it would be impossible to form even a Beginning. The Scotch medical Essays were indeed quickly perfected, but it is not difficult to assign a Reason for such uncommon Maturity.

It was the Accumulation of Papers, in some private Hands, that first gave Birth to their Proposals; hence, principally, arose that learned Association; so that it may be said, the Papers of which they were previously in Possession, gave Rise to that Society, rather than that Society to the Papers. Hence, did an able Set of Gentlemen, oblige the World, with those valuable and curious Essays, so universally known, without that usual Suspence, which has hitherto attended the Productions of most other Bodies of Literature. The Insinuation that the Navy Medical Society is of modern Date can scarce affect it in the slightest Degree. The trite and antient Adage that 'it is never too late to do Good' may be here applied. The oldest and best Institution has had its infant State.

It is not for me, in my private Capacity, to enter into the Nature of the Committee's Business; I shall only say, that all due Care is promised, in the revising and digesting Materials for the Press, and that nothing will be published, but what has undergone a fair and impartial Scrutiny. For Candor, not invective Criticism, is one of their established Rules.

In Regard to the Royal Society; that illustrious Body entertains much higher Notions of Things, than to suppose their Province invaded. Real Science is a Stranger to all Jealousy; and its true Sons ever rejoice with Company, in the Road to Truth. They well know, that there is Matter enough undetected, to exercise any different Set of Men, to all succeeding Generations. Nature is not so easily mastered, or the Springs of her Actions so soon exposed, as not to furnish almost infinite Variety of Pursuit, even in any single Branch. The Situation of the Navy Surgeons, as has been before observed, strongly points to the Use and Advantage of such an Institution, and considering the superior Opportunities they have for many particular Disquisitions, it is somewhat a Surprise, that this naval Society was not more early formed. For to take it in its whole Extent, it is the first of the Kind, that this Kingdom, or any other has produced. It is especially adapted to the Genius of a maritime Power; to the Benefit, Welfare and Preservation, of that useful Body our Sailors; the Instruments of British Glory, the Nerves and Sinews of this Land.

The Diseases to which these are peculiarly incident, and the many Obstacles to a Cure, which by their Manner of living upon that Element they must necessarily encounter with require the greatest Skill in the Surgeon. Hence, it will appear, that this Undertaking has a manifest Tendency to advance the public Service. Upon Maxims therefore of sound Policy, or a national Concern, it is to be hoped, that Success will attend the Labours of the Society, which has already made some Progress, and is daily assiduous in pursuing the Means to beneficial and lasting Attainments.

Natural History being as it were the Path to Medicine, the Society's Claim to Enquiries, in that Branch of Knowledge, is too evident and justifiable to be disputed. Besides, their transplanting the Improvements of other Countries, and availing themselves of every useful Hint from Men of Science in foreign Climes, they likewise propose to furnish themselves with what natural and rare Materials the habitable Parts of the Globe produce. For to whom is mostly owing every Collection of Rarities, but to those, who for a while, 'occupy their Business upon the great Deep?' Every Repository of this Sort, is enriched by them; nor is it intended that any Recess, where Britons visit, shall escape their laudable Curiosity.

Every Member employed on board any of his Majesty's Ships in foreign Voyages, is desired to give the Committee a seasonable Notice of their Departure, that they may recommend to them such Memorandums and Enquiries, as they judge most interesting and necessary for the Society, the most conducive to the common Weal, and the accomodating Speculation to useful Practice.

So far, for the Propriety and Consistence in their including such a fundamental Part of Medicine as natural History. Nature under a certain Limitation is their Object, for which Physic is well known to be but a synonymous Term. As to the subaltern Classes as specified in their Plan, their Title to them is too palpable to need explaining.

The successful Labours of the Royal Society are above my Animadversions; and it is no Reflection upon the Body itself, or on those great and excellent Persons which compose it, that of all the Papers exhibited there, the Majority of its Members pay the least Attention to medical Subjects. They have, besides, such ample Fields to range in, such inexhausted Considerations, in the Stores of Learning, that no Wonder they should consider the immediate Cultivation of Medicine and its Relatives, as less adapted to general Study, and more suitable to the Pursuit of particular Bodies.

BENEVOLUS.





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